April 12, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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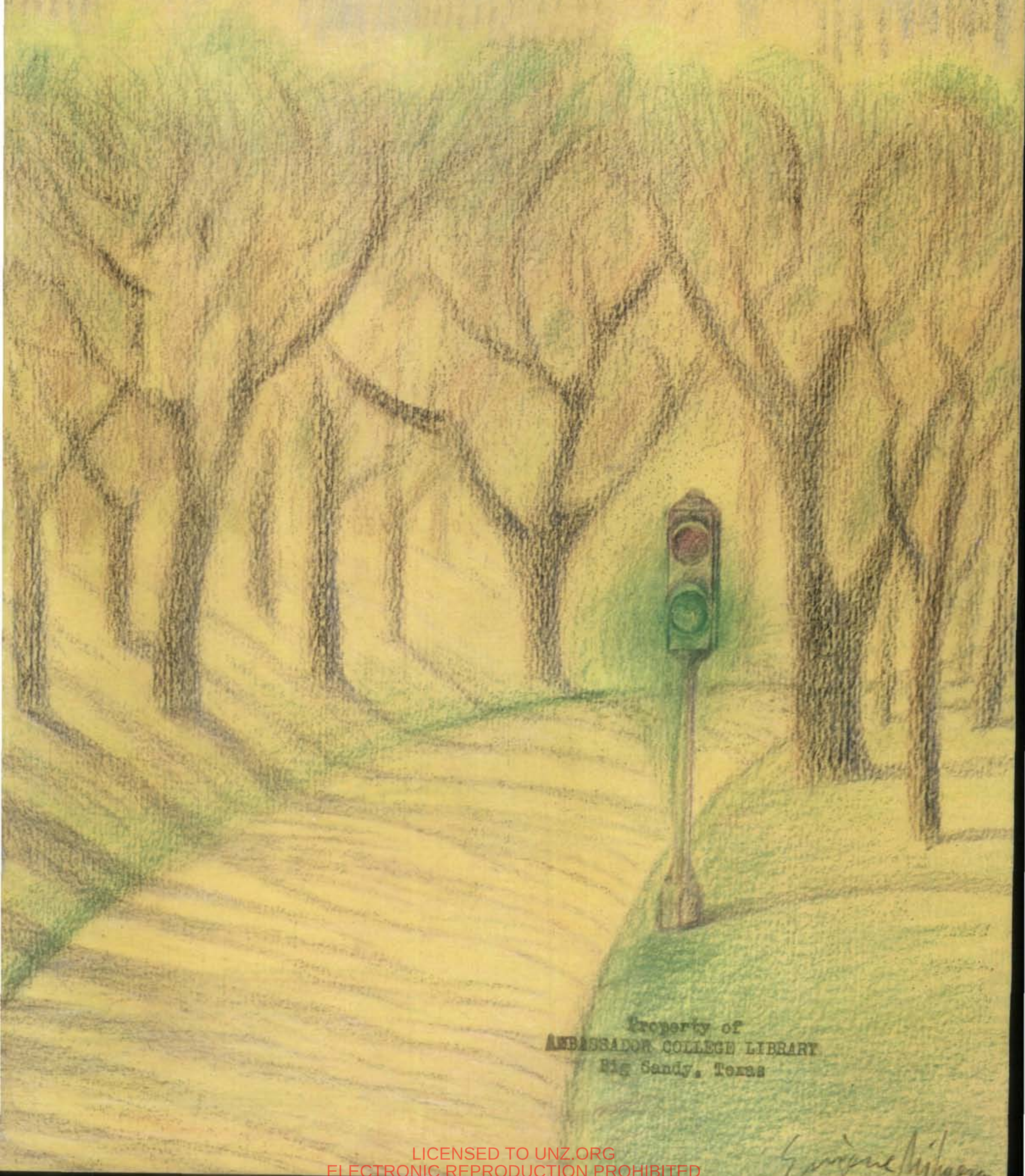
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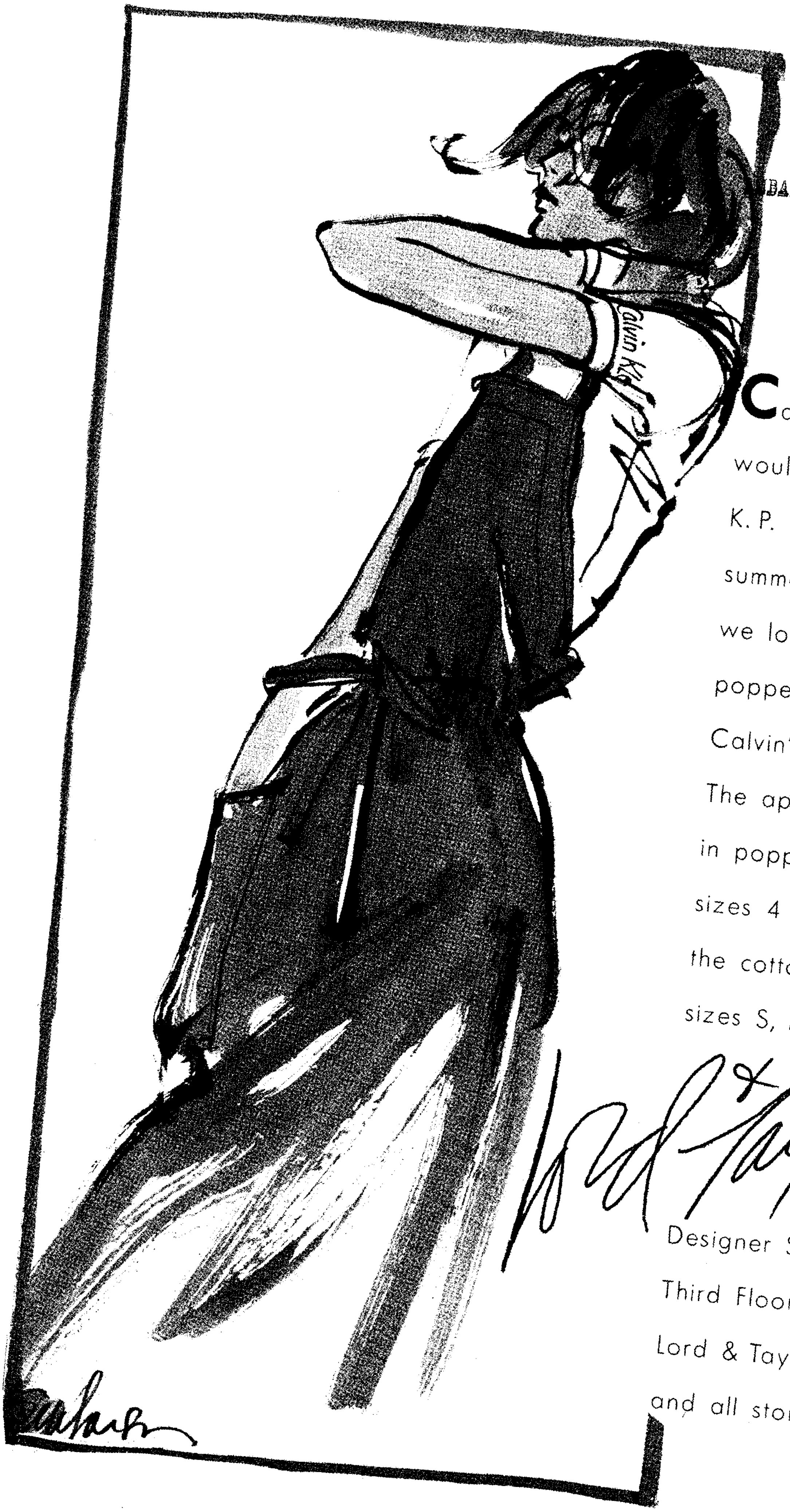

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, April 14, at 2.)

Eden—The setting of Steve Carter's play is somewhere in the West Sixties, back in the nineteen-twenties. The leading character is a stern West Indian paterfamilias, who is a follower of Marcus Garvey and his Back to Africa movement, and most of the action concerns a kind of guerrilla warfare he conducts with a young American Negro and his aunt, in the apartment next door. Needless to say, his daughter falls in love with the American and he with her. The play is funny, sad, convincing, and thoroughly honorable. The cast headed by Graham Brown is very good, indeed. Edmund Cambridge directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—Lanford Wilson's play **THE RIMERS OF ELDRITCH** is the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 11. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Leonard Frey is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave is the lady, and nothing else matters. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn with merry acerbity pretending to be almost eighty. The scene is a charming English country house, and Enid Bagnold, who wrote the play, knows a lot about houses, gardens, and (being eighty-six) the eighties. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 10.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

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Medal of Honor Rag—The entire action of Tom Cole's play is a psychiatric session at an Army hospital, the patient being a black soldier—a Vietnam veteran who has won the Congressional Medal of Honor for an episode he considers shameful. The situation is in itself absorbing, and there is no melodramatic fakery. The performances by Howard E. Rollins, Jr., as the soldier, and David Clennon, as the doctor, are excellent. David Chambers directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Monty Python Live!—A three-week engagement of the British comedy show. Opens Wednesday, April 14, and will run through Sunday, May 2. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Fair Lady—A well-nigh perfect revival of the well-nigh perfect musical. See it in this decade if you can. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged at succeeding performances. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, April 7, at 2; Friday, April 9, as well as Monday, April 12, and Wednesday, April 14, at 8; and Saturday, April 17, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, April 7, at 8; Saturday, April 10, at 2; and Tuesday, April 13, as well as Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, April 8, and Saturday, April 10, at 8; Wednesday, April 14, at 2; and Friday, April 16, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

The Old Glory—Opening performances of a trilogy of plays ("Endecott and the Red Cross," "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and "Benito Cereno") by Robert Lowell that will be performed as a single, double, or triple bill and will run through Sunday, May 23. **TRILOGY:** Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 6, plus Sunday, April 11, as well as Wednes-

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COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *George Price, Charles Addams, David Christianson, Lee Lorenz, Dana Fradon, Robert Weber, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Mort Gerberg, Gahan Wilson, William Steig, James Stevenson, Mischa Richter, Arnie Levin, Stan Hunt, Jack Ziegler, William Hamilton, John Jonik, Warren Miller, Dean Vietor*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, April 14, and Saturday, April 17, at 1:30. . . . **ENDECOTT AND THE RED CROSS** and **MY KINSMAN, MAJOR MOLINEUX**: Saturday, April 10, at 1:30, plus Sunday, April 11, as well as Tuesday and Wednesday, April 13-14, and Friday and Saturday, April 16-17, at 8. . . . **BENITO CERENO**: Thursday, April 15, at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

PACIFIC OVERTURES—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

PHOENIX THEATRE—Opening performances of the second half of this season's repertory that will run through Sunday, May 2. William Gillette's **SECRET SERVICE**, directed by Daniel Freudenberger: Previews Friday, April 9, at 8; Saturday, April 10, at 2; and Sunday, April 11, at 3. Opens officially on Monday, April 12, at 6:45. Other performances Friday, April 16, at 8, and Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Bella and Samuel Spewack's **BOY MEETS GIRL**, directed by John Lithgow: Previews Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, and Saturday, April 10, at 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, April 13, at 6:45. Additional performance Thursday, April 15, at 8. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820.)

THE PRIMARY ENGLISH CLASS—Israel Horovitz's one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

RICH AND FAMOUS—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 25.)

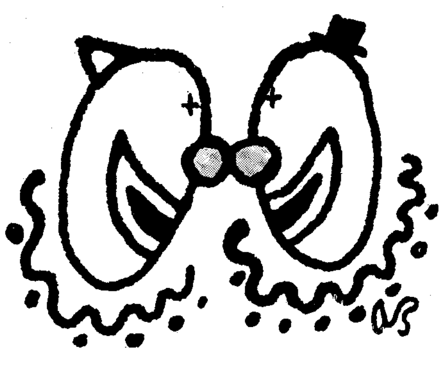
THE ROYAL FAMILY—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SEASON-WITHIN-A-SEASON—The Negro Ensemble Company presenting four one-week programs of works by black playwrights. Through Sunday, April 11: **THE TRAP PLAY**, by Reginald Vel Johnson. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 13-18: **A LOVE PLAY**, by Samm Williams. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

TUSCALOOSA'S CALLING ME . . . BUT I'M NOT GOING!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Ted Pritchard, Patti Perkins, and Chip Zien are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3 and 5:30.)

VANITIES—A play by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

VERY GOOD EDDIE—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?—Edward Albee's witty and compassionate study of the human predicament. With Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara, ably directed by Mr. Albee. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays *through Saturdays at* 8. *Matinées* Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOYZECK—Joseph Chaikin gives a strong, eloquent performance in a poor production of Georg Büchner's early-nineteenth-century play. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

YENTL—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesday, April 7, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, April 8-9, at 8; Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8; Sunday, April 11, at 3 and 7:30; Monday and Tuesday, April 12-13, at 8; Thursday, April 15, at 3; Friday, April 16, at 3 and 8; and Saturday, April 17, at 2 and 8.)

LONG RUNS—**CHICAGO**: An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **EQUUS**: A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,641 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **PIPPIN**: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH**: Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. *Nightly,* except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's salute to two hundred years of circus in America. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 10 and 2:30; Friday, April 9, at 10 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday, April 11, at 1:15; Monday through Thursday, April 12-15, at 10:30 and 2:30; and Friday, April 16, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30. Closes Monday, May 31.)

MAGIC SHOW—The annual "Salute to Magic" put on by the Society of American Magicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, April 10, at 8:15. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

DANCE

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Weewis," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Moves," "The Relativity of Icarus," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Petrouchka," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A *Ball in Old Vienna,*" and "*Viva Vivaldi!*". . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Secret Places," and "Offenbach in the Underworld.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Reflections," "Parade," "As Time Goes By," and "Deuce Coupe II.". . . ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 7:30: "Face Dancers," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

PENNSYLVANIA BALLET—Thursday, April 8, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 11, at 2: "Continuum" (New York première), "Opus Lemaitre," "Grand Pas de Deux," and "Les Sylphides.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8: "Madrigalesco," "Four Temperaments," and "Septet Extra" (New York première). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

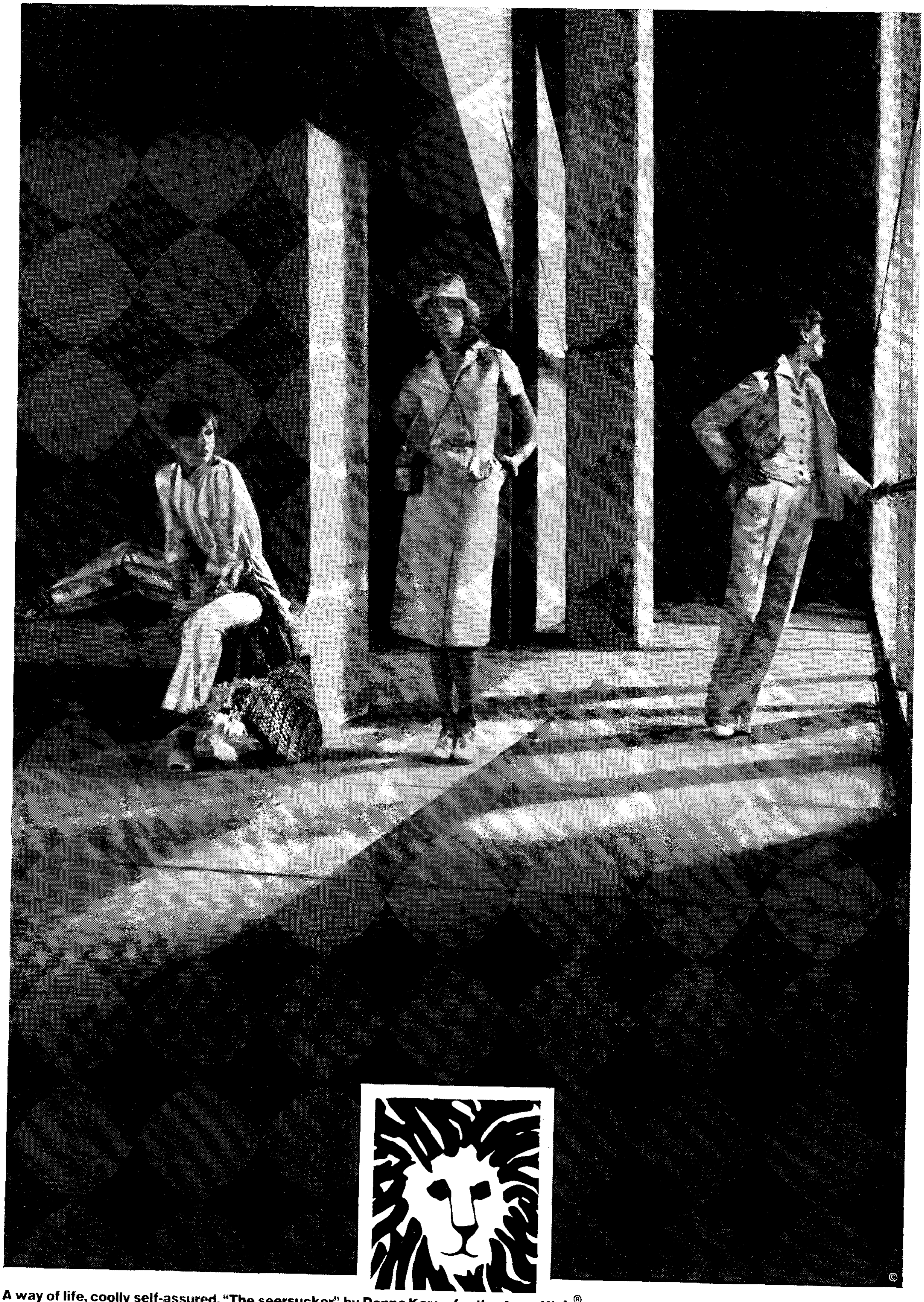
ROD RODGERS DANCE COMPANY—"Freedome! Freedom" (première), "Intervals," (première), "Tangents," and "Rhythm Ritual." (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Friday, April 9, at 8, and Saturday, April 10, at 2 and 8. For information about tickets, call 924-7560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used *to pick out* a few of the *more notable* performers in town.)

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Guitarist Joe Beck heads up his septet Wednesdays



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through Saturdays. On Monday and Tuesday, April 12-13, trumpeter Tex Allen will front a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Donovan, the derivative Scottish folk, rock, blues, Indian, or whatever's-in-the-air singer, is here through Saturday, April 11. Monday through Wednesday, April 12-14, **AIRTO,** an extraordinary Brazilian percussionist, and his band (featuring vocalist Flora Purim and flutist Hermeto Pascoal) trade sets with alto saxophonist Dave Sanborn and his combo. And starting Thursday, April 15, pianist **BILL EVANS** and his trio will play opposite guitarist **KENNY BURRELL** and his foursome. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** works with pianist Tom Garvin through Saturday, April 10. On Monday, April 12, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will commence a two-week stand, accompanied by Mraz (except on Mondays, when he plays with the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band at the Vanguard). The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **MARIAN MCPARTLAND,** all fire and brilliance, is once again playing in the Bemelmans Bar, weeknights from nine-thirty, and Madison Avenue is the brighter for it.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN,** not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Songwriters **GRETCHEN CRYER** and **NANCY FORD** alternate with pianist Marty Napoleon and bassist Bucky Calabrese weeknights. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, April 13. Red Richards plays piano most nights from eight-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, April 11, has been set aside for soprano saxophonists **KENNY DAVERN** and **BOB WILBER** and their quintet, Soprano Summit. They will begin at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty to three, **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, works in this tiny bar with guitarist Wayne Wright, trumpeter Gene Roland, and bassist Morris Edwards. On Sunday, April 11, from five to two, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson plays with pianist Tom Garvin and Wilbur Little.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting pianist **ELLIS LARKINS** and his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations. Three sets, from ten. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Jim Roberts will occupy the bench through Thursday, April 15; on Sunday, April 11, he will be joined by singer Deborah Eastman. Pianist Lance Hayward takes over again on Friday, April 16. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist and composer **MATT DENNIS,** who is responsible for "Angel Eyes," "Let's Get Away from It All," "Will You Still Be Mine?," and other standards, performs with vocalist **GINNY DENNIS,** bassist **MILT HINTON,** and drummer **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Phyllis Hyman, a promising, smoky-voiced jazz and rhythm-and-blues singer, works with a backing quartet led by pianist Onaje Allan Gumbs through Thursday, April 8. The Pazant Brothers—Alvin on trumpet and Edward on reeds—co-pilot their combo on Friday and Saturday, April 9-10. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Kinderhook Creek, a country group from the wilds of New Jersey and folksinger Bev Grant occupy this brick-backdropped stage through Sunday, April 11. Folksinger Jim Dawson will move in for four nights on Wednesday, April 14. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty.

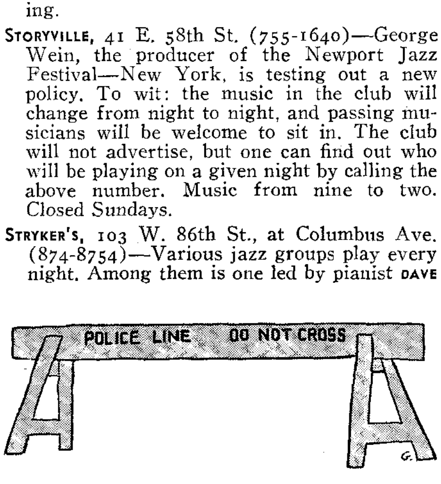
LE PETIT CAFÉ, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Genya Ravan, who used to sing with the rock group Ten Wheel Drive, will be here through Sunday, April 11. Oscar Brown, Jr., tall, dashing, and theatrical, will return on Tuesday, April 13, to sing some of his compositions. This time, his wife, vocalist Jean Pace, will join in. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various jazz groups play every night. Among them is one led by pianist **DAVE MATTHEWS,** which is scheduled for Mondays. Singer Teddi King and her backup crew will perform on Wednesday, April 7. Pianist Mitch Kerper and his trio will play on Thursday, April 8. Guitarist Eddie Hazell's trio will be on hand Friday and Saturday, April 9-10. Reedman Eddie Daniels will be ensconced here with his quartet on Tuesday, April 13. The regular Sunday feature is the duo of guitarists **JOE PUMA** and **CHUCK WAYNE.** Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine.


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS
G.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The management here is partial to the jazz guitar and has instituted a two-and-a-half-month-long guitar festival. The lineup for the next week and a half includes: **BARNEY KESSEL** and **HERB ELLIS,** a long-standing duo in a rare New York engagement, through Friday, April 9. From Saturday through Monday, April 10-12, **SAM BROWN** will perform with **EDDIE DIEHL.** And beginning Tuesday, April 13, **JOE PASS** will take charge. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings and a hectic music schedule that comprises various small jazz groups. Fridays through Sundays, trumpeter **TED CURSON,** who recently began performing in this country again after several years spent in Europe, shows up with his exciting septet. On Thursday, April 15, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson plays with a quartet. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

TOP OF THE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday nights. The **DIZZY GILLESPIE** quintet, as electrifying as ever, shares the bill with singer-pianist Nina Sheldon and her trio. Music from ten. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Lyrical tenor saxophonist **STAN GETZ** works with his fine sidemen through Sunday, April 11. On Tuesday, April 13, **CLARK TERRY,** who still mugs and mumbles, and whose trumpet and flugelhorn solos still seem to skid on ice, brings in his quintet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band squeezes itself onto the bandstand and lets go with some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays, the Warren Court, an outfit headed by ex-Basie alto saxophonist Earle Warren, moves in. Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by two tenor saxophonists—**BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist **SAMMY PRICE.** The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

WILLY'S, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—The Bib Trio, consisting of drummer Ed Blackwell, bassist Dave Izenzon, and pianist Carl Berger, will perform in this quiet and dark Eighth Street establishment through Saturday, April 10. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 7, at 5:45: **DE MAIO AND SILVER** and **JACQUES KAYAL.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 5:45: **MIRABAI** and **JOSH WHITE, JR.**

GENESIS—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Friday, April 9, at 8 and 11:30.

RUFUS (WITH CHAKA KHAN), D. J. ROGERS, and

To appear on the CBS News broadcast "Face the Nation" is today part of being a leader. And part of being a distinguished journalist.

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WHERE LEADERS FACE QUESTIONS—AND SOMETIMES THE MUSIC

FACE THE NATION

CBS NEWS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Brass Construction—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, April 10, at 7 and 11.

Lynyrd Skynyrd and **Outlaws**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, April 10-11, at 8.

Philly Joe Jones—With Clifford Jordan and Eddie Jefferson, plus the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Budd Johnson. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, April 11, at 8.

Weather Report and **John McLaughlin and Shakti**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, April 17, at 7:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—The passing of time is the subject of a series of thirty watercolors by an early member of the Cobra group. Also four brush drawings on rice paper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Lennart Anderson—Paintings and drawings (including still-lifes, nudes, and street scenes) by a realist. Through Saturday, April 17. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Rudolf Bauer (1889-1953)—Constructivist paintings. Through June 15. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Bessie Boris—Semi-abstract interiors with the lone figure of a woman, in acrylic and chalk on canvas and paper. Through April 30. (Touchstone, in a new location, at 118 E. 64th St.)

John Chamberlain—Constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through Saturday, April 17. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of reclining female figures in terra-cotta, plaster, and papier-mâché. Through Saturday, April 17. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Ronaldo de Juan—Abstract works on paper in acrylic and charcoal. Through Saturday, April 10. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Friedel Dzubas—Recent color-field paintings. Through April 21. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Jimmy Ernst—Large abstract paintings with the textural quality of a tapestry, some of which reflect the artist's impressions of the moon. Through April 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jud Fine—Sentence fragments, fingerprints, triangles, and other markings applied to sheets of paper (in pencil, mostly) and shown collectively behind glass. Through April 24. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays.)

Esther Gentle—Painted steel sculptures from found objects. One, called "Comet and Flower," combines a large can and a pole with an automobile wheel as a base. Through Saturday, April 17. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Philip Guston—Recent paintings, basically autobiographical (as his works generally are), by this sharp commentator on our times. Most of his familiar symbols are present and accounted for—the shoe soles, the bald heads, and so on. Through Saturday, April 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Jean Hélion—More than seventy works, starting with the French artist's abstract period and continuing through to his representational paintings. Through May 22. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Margaret Israel—Seven clay heads on columns, each with a different facial expression, are part of a show of paintings and sculptures in a variety of mediums. Through May 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Carla Lavatelli—Semi-abstract sculptures, all but one of them carved marble. Through Saturday, April 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oil paintings that span his career. Through Saturday, April 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

David Levine—Figure studies in watercolor, plus caricatures of literary and political personalities. Through Friday, April 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, still redolent with the smell of freshly turned earth. Through Saturday, April 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of the female nude and still-lifes, as well as drawings in casein and conté crayon. Through Saturday, April 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum constructions, some combined with wood, evocative of contemporary machinery. Through Sunday, April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

David Pease—Semi-abstract paintings with a totally realistic miniature painting located in the center of each. Through Saturday, April 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ammi Phillips (1788-1865)—Oil portraits of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic Valleys selected to show the artist's diverse styles. Through May 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sophy Regensburg (1885-1974)—A memorial exhibition; mostly vivid still-lifes done in casein on canvas. Through April 20. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes, chiefly of Truro, Massachusetts. Through April 24. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

George Rickey / Ulfert Wilke—Abstract kinetic sculptures made of a combination of brass, copper, and stainless steel. / Large paintings based on calligraphy, plus drawings. Through April 24. (Gurewitsch, 55 E. 74th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

David Roth—Freestanding painted-string sculptures that have the appearance of columns, plus works on paper. Through April 28. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ronald Searle—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through Saturday, April 17. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

John Sloan (1871-1951)—A selection of landscapes, along with paintings of Washington Square Park and Grand Central Station. Through May 1. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tony Smith—Small sculptures in steel and models for outdoor pieces in cast bronze, by a Minimalist. Through Saturday, April 17. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Group Shows—At the **babcock**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: American landscape paintings by, among others, Joseph B. O'Sickey, Werner Groshans, and Margit Beck. Through April 28. . . . **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Kandinsky, Schiele, and others. Through Saturday, April 10. . . . **feist**, 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings from five centuries. Two are a black-and-red chalk drawing by Rubens and a blue-gray brush drawing by Franz Kline. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Picasso, Sheeler, de Chirico, Nevelson, and others, on loan from the alumni of Williams College on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of that college's museum. Through April 24. . . . **staempfli**, 47 E. 77th St.: Sculptures (by Harry Bertoia, Max Bill, and others) predominate in this show, which also has on view paintings by, among others, Enrico Donati and Paul Delvaux. Through May 1. . . . **stone**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Kathy Calderwood and David McGovern, and sculptures by John Balsley. Through April 29.

Sculpture—Helen Beling, Sahl Swarz, and David Burt are contributors to a show of nonobjective works in stone, wood, and steel. Through April 28. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work uptown include: **shirley black** at Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6); **bruno civitico** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **walter florell** at Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **marwan** at Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6); **james twitty** at Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Peter Agostini—Plaster sculptures of old men that somehow manage to suggest both fleshed-out Giacomettis and three-dimensional translations of Francis Bacon's work, plus a series of superior drawings. Through Saturday, April 17. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Enrico Baj—Assemblages, drawings, and graphics. Through Saturday, April 17. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Betts—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Ray Ciarrochi—The black pines and coastal landscapes of Maine, plus interiors of the artist's Westbeth studio. Through Thursday, April 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Elaine Lustig Cohen—Geometrical abstractions of parallel bars on a two-color field which deal with spatial illusion. Through April 24. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Oyvind Fahlstrom—Large sheets of metal onto which the artist has attached movable plastic cutouts by means of magnets. The cutouts themselves are painted with images inspired by the poetry of Plath, Lorca, and others. Through Saturday, April 17. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Julio González (1876-1942)—A memorial exhibition of the angular sculptures of this pioneer in welded iron. Through April 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Paintings of women dominate this exhibition of works by a veteran social realist. Through April 24. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Paintings and works on paper from the late forties to the early fifties. Through April 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mon Levinson—Paper works that have been hand colored—immersed, in some instances—with India ink, acrylic, tea, and coffee. Through May 1. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Lorber—Realist still-lifes of colorful basketwork, some of it unfinished, by an artist who recently spent a year and a half on a grant in New Mexico. Through Thursday, April 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—A show devoted entirely to watercolors of Maine painted by the artist between 1914 and the year before his death. Through Saturday, April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970)—A memorial exhibition honoring this old-time American realist, who, as his friend Raphael Soyer wrote, belongs to the tradition of Copley, Eakins, and Hopper. Through Saturday, April 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Stephen Porter—Steel and carved-wood sculptures that combine basic geometric forms—the cube, the cylinder, and the sphere—in totem-pole-type structures. Through Saturday, April 10. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart / Carl Holty (1900-73)—Recent abstract paintings by an artist who is primarily a colorist. Through April 28. / Small (all of them nine by twelve inches) Abstract Expressionist paintings that have never been shown before. Through Saturday, April 10. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

William T. Wiley—Drawings, paintings, and constructions with a strong flavor of Wild

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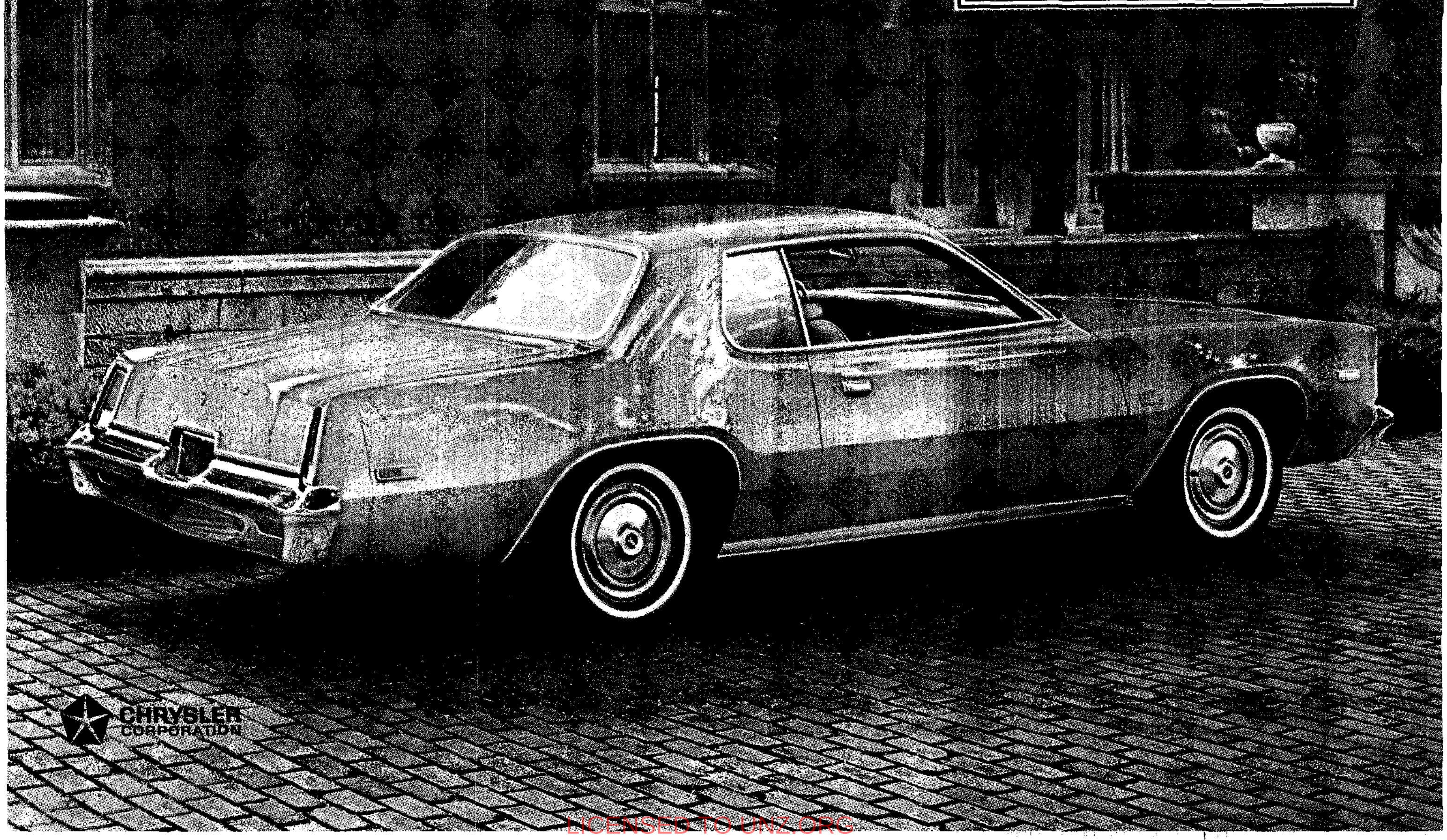

CHRYSLER
CORPORATION

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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West fantasies done by a California artist who writes long messages on his works and has a taste for bad puns ("Vague-a-Bond" and "He Ain't My Heavy, He's My Other") and a sort of cowboy disdain for the niceties of craftsmanship. Through April 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American printmakers, among them Paul Revere, Mary Cassatt, and Winslow Homer. Through Saturday, April 17. (Open Mondays.) . . . **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: To mark the gallery's thirtieth anniversary, a show of works that were exhibited in its first decade. Paintings by Saul Steinberg, Hedda Sterne, Mark Rothko, and others. Through April 24.

GLASS FLOWERS—A benefit exhibition of twenty-five pieces of Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka's glass models of flowers and plants, made in Germany between 1887 and 1936, on loan from Harvard University's Botanical Museum. Through Saturday, April 10. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

BLYTHE BOHNEN—Graphite-on-paper abstractions. Through April 21. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

BRUCE CONNER / MANUEL NERI—Photograms of the artist, applied to Masonite. / Freestanding carved-plaster sculptures of the human figure, plus wall pieces in the same material. Through Saturday, April 10. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

JACOB DRACHLER / RUTH TALMAN KAZEZ—Abstract paintings of irregular shapes that resemble jigsaw-puzzle pieces. / String-and-canvas collage paintings in monochromatic tones, plus drawings. Through April 22. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

CHARLES S. DUBACK—Realist paintings of nudes and nature scenes. Through April 22. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

CHARLES FAHLEN—Hearty wall reliefs and floor pieces whose forms are derived from geometrical shapes, in materials that range from papier-mâché to roof cement. Through May 5. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

DAN FLAVIN / DONALD JUDD—Colored fluorescent-light wall sculptures. / Two open boxes (one wood, the other steel) and a plywood sheet that is forty-eight feet long. Through Saturday, April 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

ROGER HOWRIGAN—Paintings of Katerskill Falls, and other work. Through Thursday, April 15. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

BERNARD KIRSCHENBAUM—Geometric metal sculptures, some of them massive. Through May 29. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

ROBERT MANGOLD—Large-scale paintings on shaped canvases of geometrical forms either alone or in combinations, by a Minimalist. Through April 21. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

BRICE MARDEN—New paintings in panels, plus drawings. Through April 21. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

BILL MARTIN / PETER PLAGENS—Circular fantasy-landscape paintings. / A bold geometric form on a contrasting subdued field of layered oil and crayon. Through April 28. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

GORDON MOORE—Vertical abstract canvases; first one-man show in New York. Through April 21. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

DOUG OHLSON—Abstract paintings. Through April 28. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

PETER PASSUNTINO—Paintings of fantastic subjects. Through Saturday, April 17. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

MARION RANYAK / RACHEL ROLON DE CLET—Three-dimensional wall pieces formed by pouring cement into wet-sand molds. / Symbolic figurative paintings. Through April 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

WILLIAM SCHWEDLER—Heavily textured abstract paintings. Through May 4. (Alessandra, 489 Broome St.)

MARK WILSON / ROBIN VANARSDOL—Large, intricate geometric abstractions suggestive of architectural floor plans. / BB-gun targets, some of them used. Through Saturday, April 17. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

JACKIE WINSOR—Five boxlike sculptures in wood and copper wire. Through May 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **55 MERCER STREET**: Two outsize drawings by Susan Smith; abstract paintings by Judy Waterman; and sculptures by Jean Linder. Through April 21. . . . **O. K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and sculptures by H. N. Han and Lance Richbourg, plus nineteenth-century American stoneware. Through Saturday, April 17. . . . **YU**, 393 West Broadway: Stainless-steel sculptures that make musical sounds when touched by viewers, by Bernard and François Baschet; realist paintings by Barclay Ferguson; and drawings by Alain Leroy. Through April 20.

QUICK LIST—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **LIBOR FARA** at Ariadne, 410 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **RICHARD KINNAIRD** at Razor, 464 West Broadway (Through Wednesday, April 14. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **PATRICIA STEVENS** at 14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. (Through Wednesday, April 14. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6).

OTHER GALLERIES

DON FREEMAN—Paintings, drawings, and graphics by an illustrator who exhibited in the first Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, in 1932. Through June 12. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

SOL LEWITT—Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

HENRY MOORE—An exhibit of sixteen sculptures spanning the last forty years. Through April 24. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOW—Ellsworth Kelly, Helen Frankenthaler, and Frank Stella are among the painters in a show titled "American Color 1961-1964." Through April 21. Closed Tuesday through Friday, April 13-16. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

CECIL BEATON—Black-and-white portraits of Gloria Swanson, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, and other personalities from the thirties. Many of these photographs were taken as assignments for Condé Nast. Through April 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

BILL BRANDT—Works dating from the thirties through the fifties, including landscapes, portraits, and a series taken in London air-raid shelters. Through Saturday, April 17. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

WYNN BULLOCK (1902-75)—Landscapes and figure studies. Through May 2. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

BARON DE MEYER (1869-1946)—Early photogravures (still-lifes, fashion subjects, and society people), many of them originally published in Stieglitz's *Camera Work*. Through May 1. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

ROBERT FICHTER / MICHAEL BISHOP—Landscapes, interiors, and portraits done in various processes, plus drawings and graphics. / Color photographs of sidewalks and back yards. Through May 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Photographs taken over a fifty-year period, along with such personal possessions of the photographer as lenses and cameras. Through Thursday, April 15. (French Embassy, 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

BERNARD PIERRE WOLFF—Photographs of urban scenes in the United States and Mexico. Through Sunday, April 11. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

GEORGE ZARIN—Semi-abstract photographs of New York City scenes. Through April 19. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs of mainland China by René Burri, Audrey Topping, and Chinese photographers. Through May 1. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Part II of an exhibit of work taken from Alfred Stieglitz's quarterly *Camera Work*, including photogravures made by Steichen, Strand, and others, as well as drawings by such artists as Rodin and Matisse. Also on view are twelve issues of the magazine *291*. Through May 1. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A loan show of drawings and etchings by the seventeenth-century court painter Jacques Bellange, plus works by artists who influenced him and whom he influenced. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Photographs by Wynn Bullock. Through May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—More than a hundred paintings by exponents of Fauvism, among them Matisse, Derain, Braque, and van Dongen. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Picasso, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Paintings by Morgan Russell drawn from his Synchromist period, along with related drawings, studies, and notebooks. Through May 25. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of the museum's collection of early-twentieth-century European paintings. Chronologically arranged, the show includes works by Cézanne, Mondrian, Klee, and Miró. Starts Friday, April 9. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. A really big show, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Le Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Nearly sixty hand scrolls and hanging scrolls, the majority of them ink landscapes, by Wen Cheng-ming (1470-1559) and by his teacher, Shen Chou. Starts Thursday, April 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japa-

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nese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, *29 E. 36th St.—A survey of* the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, *29* W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of contemporary American quilts.... ¶ Clay soup tureens that were designed for a national competition.... ¶ Locks and keys dating from the fourteenth century through the eighteenth, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. All three exhibitions through June 13. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. Through Oct. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through Saturday, April 10.... ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 7: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 8: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Friday evening, April 9: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, and William Dooley; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 10: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 10: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Monday evening, April 12: "Aida," with Ljiljana Molnar-Talajic, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Louis Quilico, and Jerome Hines; James Levine.... ¶ Tuesday evening, April 13: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Adriana Maliponte, Judith Blegen, Justino Díaz, and John Reardon; Steuart Bedford.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 14: "Fidelio," with Rose Wagemann, Christine Weidinger, Jess Thomas, and William Dooley; John Mauceri.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 15: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach.... ¶ Friday evening, April 16: "La Gioconda," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, Lili Chookasian, Barry Morell, and Matteo Manuguerra; Giuseppe Patanè.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 17: "Die Meistersinger," with Arlene Saunders, Marcia Baldwin, Jean Cox, Thomas Stewart, and John Macurdy; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 17: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, and William Dooley; James Levine. (Evenings at 8; on Thursday, April 8, at 7:15. Matinées Saturday, April 10, at 1:30, and Saturday, April 17, at 1.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Puli Toro, Lando Bartolini, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Herman Malamood, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Jeanne Piland, Henry Price, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, Robert Fisher, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Turandot," with Rachel Mathes, Catherine Malfitano, Herman Malamood, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Hilda Harris, Samuel Ramey, and John Darrenkamp; David Effron.... ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 1: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, John Lankston, and William Justus; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Sunday, April 11, at 7: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Betty Jones, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Tuesday, April 13, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Sandra Walker, Tullio Pané, Robert Fisher, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli.... ¶ Wednesday, April 14, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Faye Robinson, Richard Kness, and Samuel Ramey; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, April 15, at 8: "The Ballad of Baby Doe," with Ruth Welting, Frances Bible, Richard Fredricks, and Richard McKee; Judith Somogi.... ¶ Friday, April 16, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Clamma Dale, Ermanno Mauro, Dominic Cossa, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel.... ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 2: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Gwenlynn Little, Hilda Harris, Robert Hale, and William Justus; David Effron.... ¶ Saturday, April 17, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Arlene Randazzo, William McDonald, and David Griffith; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Erich Leinsdorf conducting on Thursday, April 8, at 8:30 (with Piotr Janowski, violin); and Friday, April 9, at 8:30 (with Eileen Farrell, soprano).... ¶ Kenneth Schermerhorn conducting on Saturday, April 10, and Tuesday, April 13, at 8:30 (both with Miss Farrell).... ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, April 15, at 8:30; Friday, April 16, at 2; Saturday, April 17, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 20, at 7:30 (all with Murray Perahia, piano; Donald McInnes, viola; and the Camerata Singers).

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Colin Davis conducting the final concerts of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 8.)

I MUSICI—Twelve musicians who perform without a conductor, in two concerts of Italian baroque music, with Pina Carmirelli, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8, an all-Vivaldi program; and Friday, April 16, at 8, a varied program.)

JOHANN STRAUSS ENSEMBLE OF THE VIENNA SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Walter Puschacher conducting a program of music by Johann Strauss, with Judith Blegen, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 8.)

NEW YORK PRO ARTE CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Raffael Adler conducting, with Jascha Silberstein, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA—Daniel Deutsch conducting, with Ronald Roseman, oboe, and Priscilla Magdamo, contralto. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, April 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing the fourth in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Historical Twentieth Century." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

BROOKLYN BOYS CHORUS—James McCarthy directing. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, April 11, at 2:30.)

Don Cossacks of Rostov—A company of seventy-five dancers and singers. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 12, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 14-15, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Jean Kraft, mezzo-soprano; Gary Pool and Ray DeVoll, tenors; Richard Anderson, baritone; John West, bass; and a double baroque orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Friday, April 16, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing an all-Mozart program, with Crail Conner, soprano; Anita Darian, mezzo-soprano; Durward McDonnell, tenor; John Ostendorf, bass; and an orchestra. The last in a series of concerts. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale and Orchestra—Johannes Somary directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Patricia Wells, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the third in a series of five all-Bach programs, this one with Carole Bogard, soprano, and Edward Brewer, harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

Abbott Ruskin—Piano, in a recital postponed from Nov. 26. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

Long Island Chamber Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

Ali Akbar Khan—Sarod, with Zakir Hussain, tabla. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Rolf Schulte and David Levine—Violin and piano, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with David Singer, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Amadeus String Quartet—The second in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Chamber Artists Ensemble of New York—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of five programs will be devoted to new music from Israel. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8.)

Elly Ameling and Paul Sperry—Soprano and tenor, in Wolf's "Italienisches Liederbuch." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 9, at 8.)

American Chamber Trio—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 3.)

Horacio Gutierrez—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

Lorin Hollander—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet and Guarneri Quartet—Performing together for the first time, in a concert honoring the memory of Joseph Mann, who for fifty-nine years (1914-73) managed the Peoples' Symphony Concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 10, at 8. For *tickets, call 586-4680.*)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in the first in a series of three Bach-Beethoven-Liszt recitals. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 3.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 3.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Kyung-Wha Chung, violin; Robert Sylvester, cello; Gerard Schwartz, trumpet; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 11, at 5, and Tuesday, April 13, at 7:30.)

Fortunato Arico—Viola da gamba and cello, in an all-Bach program, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 12, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A Cage-Sessions-Stravinsky program performed by

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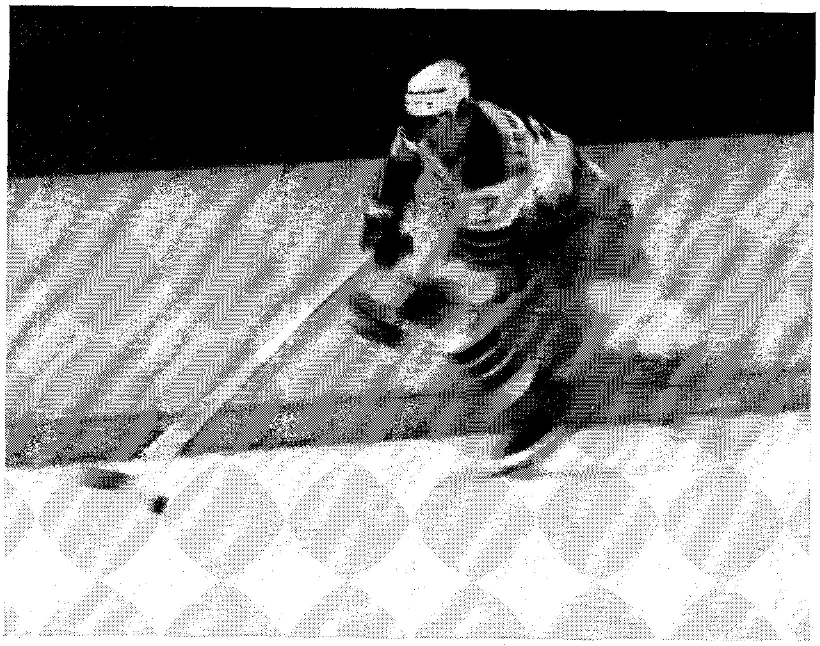

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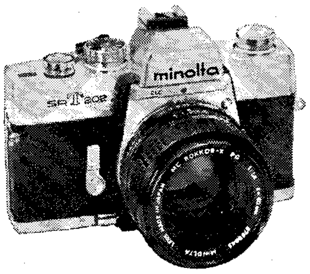

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Paul Zukofsky, violin, and Charles Wuorinen, piano. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, April 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Yehudi Menuhin and Mstislav Rostropovich—Violin and cello, in a benefit concert, with Ernst Wallfisch, viola, and Mr. Menuhin's son Jeremy, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 13, at 8.)

New Cadek Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 13, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—Mozart and Schubert quintets performed by Jaime Laredo and Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler and Michael Tree, viola; and David Soyer and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 13, at 8.)

Robert Brandon—Guitar. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 14, at 8.)

Ruth Laredo—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 16, at 8.)

Coffee Concert—The Berlin String Quartet will play the last in a series of hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 17, at 4.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Baseball—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday, April 9, at 2:05; Saturday, April 10, at 2:15; and Sunday, April 11, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at the rebuilt Yankee Stadium (first league games here): Vs. Minnesota, Thursday, April 15, and Saturday, April 17, at 2.

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Buffalo, Thursday, April 8, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Sunday, April 11, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** American Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Nets vs. San Antonio, Friday, April 9, at 8:05, and Sunday, April 11, at 1:15.

Hockey—National Hockey League Patrick Division playoffs—Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks. (Nassau Coliseum. Saturday, April 10, at 2:05, if necessary.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Bed o' Roses Handicap, Wednesday, April 7; the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10; and the Wood Memorial, Saturday, April 17. . . . **Garden State Park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Thursday, June 10.

Trotting—At **Yonkers Raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17. . . . **Saratoga Raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, from Thursday, April 15, through Saturday, Nov. 13.

ET ALIA

Poetry Readings—Donald Barthelme and Grace Paley reading from their own works. (Jefferson Market Library, Sixth Ave. at 10th St. Monday, April 12, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Basil Bunting reading from his own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Richard Howard and John N. Morris reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, April 13, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, April 7, at 2: First editions and other books, belonging to Allan Bluestein. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 10:15 and 2: Art Nouveau and nineteenth-century bronzes, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: French furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many sources.

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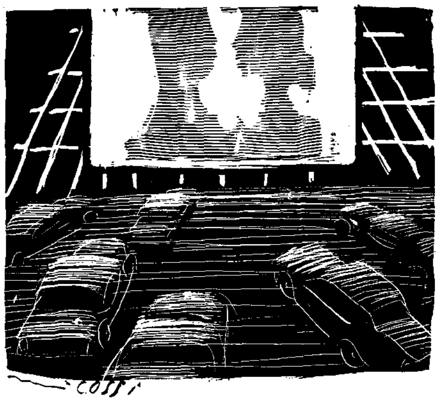
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through April 13: "Fritz the Cat" (X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic."
From April 14: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "A Brief Vacation."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 13: "Jaws."
From April 14: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 13: "Lies My Father Told Me."
From April 14: "The Man Who Would Be King."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through April 13: "Jaws."
From April 14: "Blazing Saddles."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through April 8: "Seven Beauties."
From April 9: "Family Plot."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through April 13: "The Sunshine Boys."
From April 14: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Bad News Bears."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through April 13: "Salut l'Artiste."
From April 14: "The River Niger."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through April 13: "The Story of Adèle H."
From April 14: "Seven Beauties."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"W. C. Fields and Me."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 10: "Taxi Driver." (Evening performances only on Thursday, April 8.)
From April 11: "The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Mahler."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through April 14: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From April 15: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through April 14: "Seven Beauties."
From April 15: "Fantasia" and "Alice in Wonderland."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Face to Face."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
April 7: "The Man in the Glass Booth."
From April 8 (tentative): "Virility."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"All the President's Men."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 13: "All Screwed Up."
From April 14: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through April 13: "Barry Lyndon."
From April 14: "The River Niger."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 8: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From April 9: "Family Plot."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lipstick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Sparkle."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Countdown at Kusini."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 13: "Mean Streets" and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From April 14: "Taxi Driver."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through April 13: "Death in Venice" and "The Damned."
From April 14: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
Theatre 2: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."
Theatre 3: Through April 13: "Pygmalion" and "Of Human Bondage." April 14: "The Lodger" and "Blackmail." April 15: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Murder."
Theatre 4: "Blazing Saddles."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Barry Lyndon."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Moses."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through April 13: "The Hindenburg" and "The Front Page."
From April 14: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Bad News Bears."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 13: "The Sunshine Boys."
From April 14: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through April 10: "Salesman."
From April 11: "The Crazies."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 13: "The Magic Flute."
From April 14: "The Story of Adèle H."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Gable and Lombard."
Theatre 2: Through April 13: "The Man Who Would Be King." From April 14: "Bugs Bunny Superstar."
Theatre 3: Through April 8: "Immoral Tales" (X-rated). From April 9: "Death Race 2000" and "Tidal Wave."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through April 13: "Mean Streets" and "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From April 14: "Taxi Driver."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 13: "Blazing Saddles" and "Bananas."
From April 14: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 13: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "The Way We Were."
From April 14: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "The Twelve Chairs."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 7: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, and Jean-Louis Barrault; and "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
April 8: "Borsalino" (1970), in French, directed by Jacques Deray, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Alain Delon; and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.
April 9: "King Kong" (†) and "The Most Dangerous Game." (†)
April 10: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "King and Country." (†)
April 11: "The Heiress" (†) and "Daisy Miller" (1974), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Cybill Shepherd.
April 12: "Doktor Mabuse." (†)
April 13: "Painters Painting" (†) and "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman." (†)
April 14: "Badlands" (†) and "In Cold Blood." (†)
April 15: "The Merchant of Four Seasons" (1971), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Hans Hirschmuller; and "Fear Eats the Soul-Ali" (1974), in German, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder, with Brigitte Mira.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 7: "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Takashi Shimura; and "I Live in Fear" (1955), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
April 8: "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat; and "Saboteur" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.
April 9: "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "The Goddess." (†)
April 10: "The Red Shoes" (1948), directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, with Moira Shearer and Léonide Massine; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1966), performed by Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev.
April 11: "Father of the Bride" (1950), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Spencer Tracy, Elizabeth Taylor, Joan Bennett, and Don Taylor; and "Alice Adams." (†)
April 12: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958), directed by Martin Ritt, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Anthony Franciosa, and Orson Welles; and "Tomorrow." (†)
April 13: "A Man and a Woman" (1966), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "And Now My Love" (1975), in French, directed by Claude Lelouch, with Marthe Keller and André Dussollier.
April 14: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in

Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

April 15: “The Magnificent Ambersons” (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead; and “The Stranger” (1946), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Edward G. Robinson, and Loretta Young.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

April 7: “Song of Freedom” (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

April 8: “Minnie and Moskowitz” (1971), directed by John Cassavetes, with Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel; and “Scarecrow” (1973), directed by Jerry Schatzberg, with Gene Hackman and Al Pacino.

April 9: “Woodstock” (1970), directed by Michael Wadleigh, a film of the 1969 festival; and “Yellow Submarine” (1968), directed by George Dunning, a full-length animated cartoon of the Beatles.

April 10: “Animal Crackers” (1930), “The Cocoanuts” (1929), and “Monkey Business” (1931), all with the Marx Brothers.

April 11: “Touch of Evil” (1958), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh; and “The Third Man” (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten.

April 12: “It’s a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World” (1963), directed by Stanley Kramer, with Spencer Tracy; and “ ‘Steelyard Blues” (1973), directed by Alan Myerson, with Jane Fonda, Donald Sutherland, and Peter Boyle.

April 13: “Way Out West” (†), “Saps at Sea” (†), and “A Chump at Oxford.” (†)

April 14: “Seven Chances” (†) and “The Three Ages.” (†)

April 15: “Our Hospitality” (†) and “Battling Butler.” (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through April 10: “The Gracie Allen Murder Case” (1939), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Gracie Allen and Warren William; “Death Kiss” (1933), directed by Edwin L. Marin, with Bela Lugosi, Mona Maris, David Manners, and Adrienne Ames; and “Bulldog Drummond Comes Back” (1937), directed by Louis King, with John Barrymore and Louise Campbell.

April 11-13: “Lady Be Good” (†) and “Ship Ahoy.” (†)

From April 14: “They Made Me a Criminal” (†) and “The Postman Always Rings Twice.” (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 8 at 2: “Anatomy of a Marriage: My Nights with Jean-Marc” (1964), in French, directed by André Cayatte, with Jacques Charrier and Marie-José Nat; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 8 at 5:30: “Cleo from 5 to 7” (1962), in French, directed by Agnès Varda, with Corinne Marchand; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 9 at 2: “Proud Valley” (1940), directed by Pen Tennyson, with Paul Robeson. . . . ¶ April 10 at noon: “Indian Paint” (1963), directed by Norman Foster, with Johnny Crawford and Jay Silverheels. . . . ¶ April 10 at 3: “Salvatore Giuliano” (1961), in Italian, directed by Francesco Rosi, with Frank Wolff and Salvo Randone; English subtitles and narration. . . . ¶ April 11 at noon: “Indian Paint.” . . . ¶ April 11 at 3: “Echoes of Silence” (1965), directed by Peter Emmanuel Goldman; and “Chinese Firedrill” (1968), directed by Will Hindle. . . . ¶ April 12 at 2: “Don’t Bet on Women” (1931), directed by William K. Howard, with Jeanette MacDonald and Edmund Lowe. . . . ¶ April 13 at 2: “Salvatore Giuliano.” . . . ¶ April 15 at 2: “Zazie” (1960), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Catherine Demongeot and Philippe Noiret; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 15 at 8: “Don’t Bet on Women.” (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 11: “Not a Pretty Picture,” directed by Martha Coolidge. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting April 13: “The Phantom Enthusiast,” directed by Andrew Noren. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Brakhage, Bresson, Cocteau, Hanoun, Jordan, Emshwiller, Dreyer, Dovzhenko, and others. Showings April 7 at 7; April 8 at 7 and 9; April 9 at 7 and 8:30; April 10 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; April 11 at 8; April 13-14 at 7 and 9; and April 15 at 7 and 8:30.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of eleven short films by Eliot Noyes, Jr. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The final programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 7 at 6: “Véronique, or the Summer of My 13th Year” (France; Claudine Guilmain). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: “Harvest: 3000 Years” (Ethiopia; Haile Gerima). . . . ¶ April 9 at 6: “The General’s Daughter” (Mexico; Marcela Fernandez Violante). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30: “Brandos Costumes” (Portugal; Alberto Seixas Santos). . . . ¶ April 9 at 10:30 and April 10 at 6: “Guerra Conjugal” (Brazil; Joaquim Pedro de Andrade). . . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: “O Thiassos” (Greece; Theodor Angelopoulos). . . . ¶ April 11 at 6: “The Long Night” (United States; Woodie King). . . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30: “Njangaan” (Senegal; Mahama Johnson Traoré). . . . ¶ April 12 at 6: “Brandos Costumes.” . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: “The General’s Daughter.” . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: “Njangaan.” . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30: “The Long Night.” . . . ¶ April 14 at 7:30: “O Thiassos.” (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

THE ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER—Gene Wilder’s talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (72nd Street East, and Playboy; starting April 14.)

ALICE ADAMS (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington’s eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it’s a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in “Little Women” and “Long Day’s Journey Into Night.” With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 11.)

ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE (1975)—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it’s absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (1/13/75) (Waverly, and New Yorker; through April 13.)

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsey and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting April 15.)

ALL SCREWED UP—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller’s point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there’s a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (72nd Street East; through April 13.)

ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN—Based on the Carl Bernstein-Bob Woodward book, with Dustin Hoffman and Robert Redford playing the authors. Directed by Alan J. Pakula. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East.)

AMARCORD (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his “8½,” but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Quad Cinema.)

ANTONIA: A PORTRAIT OF THE WOMAN (1974)—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (9/16/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

BADLANDS (1973)—Set in South Dakota at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick’s début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who go on a murderous spree. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there’s nothing left to respond to. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

THE BAD NEWS BEARS—With Walter Matthau and Tatum O’Neal, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Sutton, and Paramount.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (Symphony; through April 13.)

BARRY LYNDON—Stanley Kubrick’s stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O’Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Guild. . . . ¶ Art, and U. A. East; through April 13.)

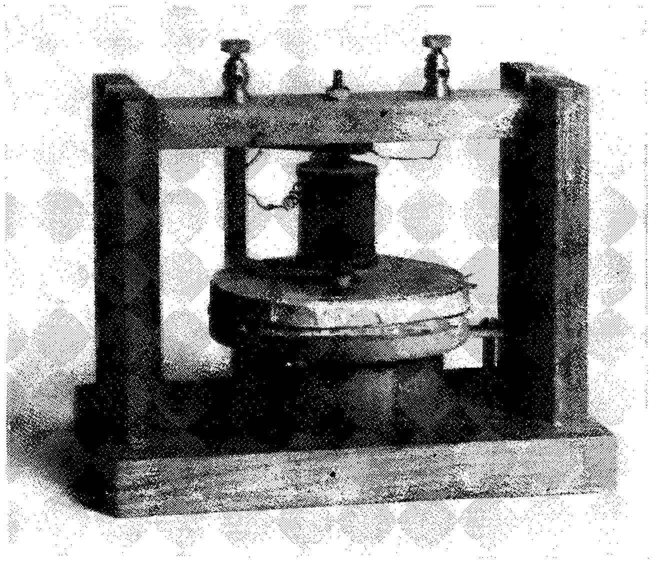
BATTLING BUTLER (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else’s favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there’s some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton whose father sends him into the woods to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O’Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he’s taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Elgin; April 15.)

BLACKMAIL (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed so that it became a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who doesn’t look very different now, played the artist who tries to rape the

One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Now that you've invented the telephone, Professor Bell, how can you make it so people can afford it?

Alexander Graham Bell's fingers were all thumbs in mechanical matters. He had a sensitive ear, an original mind, and a deep knowledge of speech and hearing. These assets enabled him to invent the telephone "mentally." But translating the concept into a working model required mechanical gifts he did not possess. And manufacturing telephones for use by the public posed still other problems.



Alexander Graham Bell's first telephone

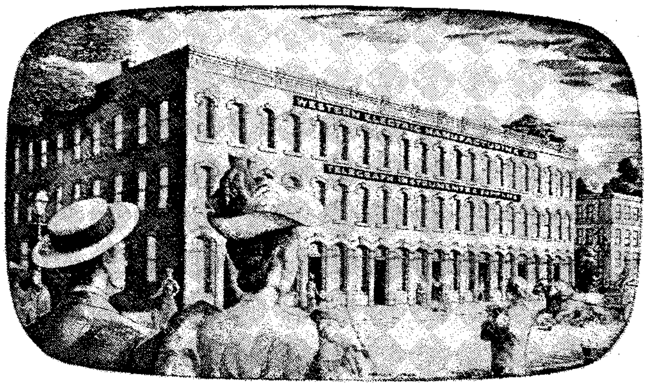
To be fair, very few people had any experience fabricating electrical devices in 1873, when Bell began the investigations that led to the telephone. Samuel F. B. Morse's telegraph, invented in 1835, was the only important commercial use yet made of electricity. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology was only 14 years old. Thomas Edison's electric light was still some years in the future.

In the United States, some of the most concentrated work on new applications of electricity was being done in the workshop of Charles Williams, Jr. at 109 Court Street, Boston. Inventors including Edison took their ideas to Williams, who translated them into working models—or more often, into models that did not work.

Thomas A. Watson

Bell sought Williams' aid in 1874. The helper assigned to him in January 1875 was Thomas A. Watson, aged 20. Bell was 27. The two complemented each other marvelously. Watson had his own sort of genius—for the practical business of putting together metal and wood and glass to form devices that would do what he wanted. The collaboration between the two men produced, on March 10, 1876, that famous first telephone call: "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you."

Bell foresaw a time when telephone service would link the cities of the world. But that required vast improvements in the telephone and in telephone connections. The newborn Bell Telephone Company set out to make those improvements. Watson hired two assistants, and began what would be called today a research and development program. He made the experimental phone sturdier, and devised a hand-cranked magneto to ring a bell. Williams began manufacturing Watson's designs. The invention's financial backers organized telephone companies in various cities, raised additional capital, and hired a General Manager, Theodore N. Vail.



The Western Electric Manufacturing Co., Chicago 1881

By 1879 demand for telephones exceeded the capacity of Williams' shop. Manufacturers in Indianapolis, Cincinnati and Baltimore were licensed to make telephones under the Bell patents. More were needed. One company in Chicago had gained considerable expertise in making telegraph equipment. Years later, Watson reminisced, "When a piece of equipment built by Western Electric came into our shop...we always used to admire the superlative excellence of the workmanship." In 1881, Bell Telephone acquired a controlling interest in Western Electric, and in 1882 made that company the manufacturer of Bell equipment.

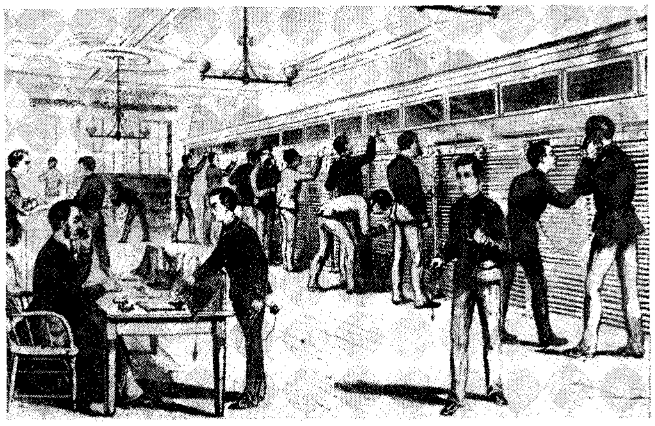
This arrangement was desirable for a number of reasons. Western Electric workmanship improved the quality of voice reproduction by telephone, a step essential to winning wide public acceptance of the new invention. It ensured reliability. When repairs were needed, standardized parts from Western Electric made for speedy restoration of service. A fourth advantage concerned the evolving nationwide network: a single manufacturer could see to it that telephone equipment throughout the country would work together compatibly, thus assuring the "interconnectedness" of the network—its capability of connecting any two phones.

The Engineering Department of Western Electric joined in the search for telephone improvements. Managers of local companies made suggestions based on day-to-day experience with customers. Outside inventors worked out refinements. Bell Telephone management weighed all the ideas, in terms of value to customers and practicality in manufacture. The best ideas were incorporated into the phones being made.

Organizational "feedback"—the subtle flow of engineering information and understanding within a technologically oriented enterprise—was a novel concept in those days. But the young telephone industry had already achieved a union of the successive stages of effort essential to the development of a coherent telephone system. Today Bell Laboratories is responsible for research and development. Western Electric looks for—and finds—better ways to make things. The 23 regional Bell companies provide telephone service and report back their needs and the needs of their customers. And American Telephone and Telegraph Company management provides overall coordination and guidance. Some of the names are different, but the functions had been established by 1882.

Vertical integration is one name economists give to this form of corporate organization. In a typical case, raw materials change to finished product with successive stages of manufacture integrated under one company. For example, a printing company might own paper mills and even its own forests. But there is a difference, because the Bell company was not, and is not, primarily a manufacturer of products. From the beginning, the partners in the enterprise—whether engaged in invention or manufacture or operations—sold telephone service, not telephone equipment.

For instance, there was the fundamental item of connecting the lines of two subscribers who wanted to talk. This was handled in central offices by a corps of operators, using cords, plugs and jacks. Setting up a call could take as long as seven minutes. In 1884, Ezra T. Gilliland, working for the Bell company, devised a mechanical system that would allow a subscriber to reach up to 15 lines without the help of an operator. In 1891, Almon B. Strowger, a Kansas City undertaker, patented a dial machine constructed in a round collar box. It connected up to 99 lines. But the big city offices already handled thousands of lines, and the numbers were growing rapidly. The connection problem was growing much more rapidly, because of some basic geometry: it takes one line to interconnect two telephones, three lines for three telephones, six lines for four, 28 lines for eight, and 4,851 lines for 99 telephones. In connections, added telephones were just the opposite of "cheaper by the dozen."


Young men manually connecting phone calls in 1879

The Bell company set out to develop a machine that would connect any of 10,000 telephones—49,995,000 possible connections. The search was costly, but necessary for continued good service, and the various parts of the company joined to pursue it to a successful conclusion. (Today in the United States a telephone can be connected to any of 140 million others. There are 10 quadrillion—10 million billion—possible connections.)

There was also the problem of financing the nationwide conversion of central offices to dial. Service improvements on the scale required are enormously expensive—so expensive as to be impossible without the most careful attention to economy. Here again the integrated corporate structure shows its values. Western Electric, because its prime objective is to benefit telephone service, has become a world champion in cost control, and a pacesetter in the improvement of productivity. Data issued by the Federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased by 50% since 1965. That is two and a half times the productivity increase in the United States economy as a whole.

Savings of that sort continue, as a recent example shows. Bell scientists, building on the semiconductor research that helped them invent the transistor, also aided in the development of the light-emitting diode or LED. These solid-state lamps, now familiar as displays in pocket calculators and watches, can replace incandescent lamps in many pieces of telephone equipment. They will last the lifetime of the phone, operate with much less electrical power, and help hold down the cost of installation and maintenance. Over the next five years, LEDs should save the Bell System about $120 million. Bell Labs semiconductor research also resulted in the invention of another solid-state light source, the tiny semiconductor laser.

Future uses of these solid-state light sources may be even more important than today's. They will almost certainly be used in systems transmitting telephone calls and other communications over lightwaves. Lightwave communications could mean an enormous increase in the capacity of the phone network, making it possible to meet the need for increased call volumes and new communications services economically in the years ahead. And to do it while conserving energy and scarce raw materials.

For the nation's future communications needs, Bell engineers are today developing systems to transmit telephone calls on lightwaves.

Innovation, productivity, advance planning—all mean improved service and reasonable costs. And in the telephone industry, cost savings benefit not only shareholders; they are passed along to the public as well.

In the decade 1965-1975, the cost of living rose 74%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones. The quality of the service is the envy of the world.

Numerous studies have been made of the role of the Bell organizational structure in achieving those results. One of the most recent, concluded in 1974, was made by the independent auditing and management consulting firm of Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission. According to their report:

> "Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower prices...The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies."

The best telephone service in the world didn't just happen. It was planned that way.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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heroine; with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Quad Cinema; April 14.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Juliet 2, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Symphony; through April 13. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; starting April 14.)

A Brief Vacation (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (3/3/75) (St. Marks Cinema; starting April 14.)

Bugs Bunny Superstar—A collection of ten Warner Brothers Looney Tunes cartoons, with Bugs Bunny, Elmer Fudd, Tweety-Pie, and others. (Cinema Village, Eastside Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 14.)

A Chump at Oxford (1940)—Laurel and Hardy, in pretty good form, in a feature with a story line that makes it possible for them to do a retrospective of their own careers—brief reenactments of routines from several of their earlier routines in shorts. (There are bits that recall "Another Fine Mess," "The Second Hundred Years," "Wrong Again," and "Towed in a Hole.") As a reward for catching a bank robber (actually, he slips on a banana skin they have dropped), Stan and Ollie are sent to Oxford for an education. The bank that rewards them is called the Finlayson National Bank, in tribute, no doubt, to James Finlayson, who once again appears with them. Alfred Goulding directed; Harry Langdon was one of the scriptwriters. The cast includes Peter Cushing as one of the Oxford students. (Elgin; April 13.)

Countdown at Kusini—With Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and Greg Morris; directed by Mr. Davis. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Crazies (1973)—With Lane Carroll, directed by George A. Romero. (Regency; starting April 11.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Quad Cinema.)

The Damned (1969)—Luchino Visconti's excruciating attempt at a masterpiece. Depravity in the Third Reich—grandiose, lurid, sluggish. With Ingrid Thulin, Dirk Bogarde, and Helmut Berger. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 13.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (8th St. Playhouse; through April 13.)

Death Race 2000—With David Carradine, directed by Paul Bartel. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 9.)

Doktor Mabuse (1922)—Fritz Lang's first film about Mabuse, the hypnotic genius-criminal who masterminds a secret organization of cutthroats and counterfeiters. Rudolf Klein-Rogge plays the demonic doctor, who dominates everyone around him and means to run the world. In Part I, he gambles, causes stocks to decline, and hypnotizes a young millionaire. In Part II, he hypnotizes the public prosecutor who is investigating him, but the police save the prosecutor, and Mabuse winds up in a madhouse. Not altogether coherent, but full of sensational material and suggestions of decadence, the film, which runs four and a half hours, was condensed to a generally incoherent ninety minutes when it was first released in the U.S. The version showing here is a little over three hours. It's still better than no Mabuse. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 12.)

The Duchess and the Dirtwater Fox—With George Segal and Goldie Hawn, directed by Melvin Frank. (Trans-Lux East, and 86th St. East.)

Face to Face—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. People are very easily hurt, says this film, which is grief-stricken for its characters but wholly reviving in its command and charity. In Swedish. (4/5/76) (Beekman.)

Family Plot—With Karen Black, Bruce Dern, Barbara Harris, and William Devane; directed by Alfred Hitchcock. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; starting April 9.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Cinema I, and Cinema II; starting April 15.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 13.)

The Front Page (1974)—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Playboy; through April 13.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Goddess (1958)—Paddy Chayefsky's attack on the American dream of success centers on an unloved child in the South who grows up incapable of loving and becomes a big empty wreck of a Marilyn Monroe-type star. Unfortunately, he's so concerned with the heroine's pitifully unformed character that he fails to suggest what would make her a star. This is a fascinating, conscientious, ambitious, bad movie, with Chayefsky's famous ear for dialogue in full cauliflower. John Cromwell directed the high-powered cast: the intense Kim Stanley in the lead, with Patty Duke playing the heroine as a child, Betty Lou Holland as her mother, Lloyd Bridges as her prizefighter husband, and Elizabeth Wilson as her final, gorgonlike attendant. The score is by Virgil Thomson. (Collectors of errata may note that Chayefsky has the heroine say she was in "Stage Door" by "Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman.") (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (St. Marks Cinema; through April 13.)

The Heiress (1949)—Stage-trapped film of the play that originated in Henry James's "Washington Square," with good performances by Ralph Richardson and Montgomery Clift, and Olivia de Havilland behaving as if Washington Square were only a step away from the Snake Pit. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Playboy; through April 13.)

In Cold Blood (1967)—How two punks murdered four decent people and paid for their atrocious crime with their lives. Adapted by Richard Brooks from the Capote original. With Scott Wilson and Robert Blake. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 14.)

Jaws—Don't bite. (Cinema Village, and Kips Bay; through April 13.)

King and Country (1966)—A harsh account of a miscarriage of justice in the First World War, flawlessly acted by Tom Courtenay and Dirk Bogarde under the direction of Joseph Losey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

King Kong (1932)—Fay Wray in a blond wig and the "tallest, darkest leading man in Hollywood"—who was actually less than two feet high. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Lady Be Good (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married song-writing team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang on to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11-13.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Gramercy, and Olympia; through April 13.)

Lipstick—With Margaux Hemingway and Chris Sarandon, directed by Lamont Johnson. (Loews Ciné.)

The Lodger (1926)—An English silent film, directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ivor Novello. (Quad Cinema; April 14.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a

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silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life; you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 13.)

Mahler—With Robert Powell in the title role, directed by Ken Russell. (D. W. Griffith.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series. (68th St. Playhouse; April 7.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—In 1955, Hitchcock remade in color (same title) this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination. The later version starred James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), and it has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily unconcerned about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Quad Cinema; April 15.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Loews Orpheum; through April 8. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through April 13. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; starting April 14.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie and Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy. (Waverly, and New Yorker; through April 13.)

Moses—With Burt Lancaster in the title role. Also with Anthony Quayle, Ingrid Thulin, and Irene Papas. Directed by Gianfranco de Bosio. (Ziegfeld.)

The Most Dangerous Game (1932)—An amusing classic suspense melodrama; the plot was used several times, but this version, directed by Irving Pichel and Ernest Schoedsack, is the most entertaining. Leslie Banks (with his schizoid face—one half suave Englishman, the other half twisted and with suggestions of exotic evil) is the mad hunter who stalks human prey, and Joel McCrea is his target. Fay Wray does her usual charming terrified heroine. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to ridicule the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—daring at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Quad Cinema; April 15.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I; through April 14.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Quad Cinema; through April 13.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Thalia.)

Our Hospitality (1923)—Buster Keaton in a comedy about feuding families (based on the Hatfields and the McCoys), set in the nineteenth century and considered by some to be one of his perfect films. With Natalie Talmadge (Keaton's wife) and Keaton's father, Joseph Keaton, as a railroad engineer. (Elgin; April 15.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

The Postman Always Rings Twice (1946)—Entertaining trash, though overlong. The director, Tay Garnett, knew enough tricks to sustain this glossily bowdlerized version of the James M. Cain tabloid novel, and he used Lana Turner maybe better than any other director did. Cain's women are, typically, calculating, hot little animals, and his men doom-ridden victims. Here, Lana Turner's Cora—infantile in a bored, helpless, premoral way—is dressed in impeccable white as if to conceal her sweaty passions and murderous impulses; John Garfield plays the drifter who becomes her lover. Cora's harmless husband (Cecil Kellaway) seems a nuisance to have around, so they decide to finish him off while he's relaxing in the bathtub. The shoddy, ironic twist signified in the title is that the killers get away with their crime but retribution comes anyway. As opposing lawyers, Hume Cronyn and Leon Ames have a showoffy courtroom clash. With Audrey Totter. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 14.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (Quad Cinema; through April 13.)

The River Niger—With Cicely Tyson, James Earl Jones, Lou Gossett, Glynn Turman and Jonelle Allen; directed by Krishnah Shah. (Fine Arts, and U. A. East; starting April 14.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn are wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are full of life, but the revisionist approach to legends of the scriptwriter, James Goldman, is a series of trivializing attitudes and whimsical poses. As the Sheriff of Nottingham, Robert Shaw makes speeches about Robin Hood's death fixation, and Marian poisons herself and Robin because he's a fool who lives to fight. The line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged; the film is so sententious that it's difficult to gauge when to laugh and when to be appalled. Richard Lester directed; with Nicol Williamson and Richard Harris. (3/22/76) (Music Hall.)

The Sailor Who Fell from Grace with the Sea—With Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson, directed by Lewis John Carlino. (Coronet; starting April 11.)

Salesman (1969)—A documentary film, directed by David and Albert Maysles. (Regency; through April 10.)

Salut l'Artiste—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Fine Arts; through April 13.)

Saps at Sea (1940)—Those two lovely men, Laurel and Hardy, in a late "gag" comedy which, unfortunately, draws on the same kind of material others were using. With James Finlayson and Ben Turpin. (Elgin; April 13.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill; through April 8. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through April 14. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting April 14.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Elgin; April 14.)

Ship Ahoy (1942)—Bert Lahr turns up in this M-G-M musical starring Eleanor Powell and Red Skelton. There are some relatively lively numbers, although Virginia O'Brien isn't as funny as she's meant to be. With Tommy Dorsey's orchestra; Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11-13.)

Sparkle—A musical, with Philip M. Thomas, Irene Cara, and Lonette McKee; directed by Sam O'Steen. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza; through April 13. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 14.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a

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rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Eastside Cinema, and Cinema Studio; through April 13.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey *Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster*, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Little Carnegie. Evening performances only on Thursday, April 8. . . . ¶ Coronet; through April 10. . . . ¶ Waverly, and New Yorker; starting April 14.)

They Made Me a Criminal (1939)—The screenwriters must have gone berserk on this one, or maybe it was some higher-up's idea to cast John Garfield as a New York prizefighter on the lam from a murder charge, who gets a job on a date ranch in Arizona, which is run by a kindly old lady (May Robson) as a work farm for delinquent boys—the Dead End Kids. When the do-gooding old broad is about to be evicted, the redeemed Garfield enters a local prizefight, and is spotted by a New York detective. To add to the unlikeliness, Busby Berkeley was the director. The melodrama is mawkishly familiar, but there are watchable bits along the way, and it's tolerable. Barbara Pepper and Ann Sheridan figure in the big-city dirty glitter at the beginning, and on the ranch there's twisty-mouth Gloria Dickson as the good-woman blonde—she's an odd one, even by Warner's thirties' standards. James Wong Howe was the cinematographer. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 14.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Elgin; April 14.)

Tidal Wave—A Japanese-American film, with the Japanese dialogue dubbed into English. Lorne Greene appears for a while. (Loews 83rd Triplex; starting April 9.)

Tomorrow (1972)—Soberly made film by Joseph Anthony, based on a Faulkner short story from "Knight's Gambit." Horton Foote's screenplay disentangles the skein of Faulkner's storytelling as if literature were something to be straightened out, and the result is rather plodding, but the acting is fine, especially Robert Duvall's as a post-Civil War poor workhand with an amazing sweetness of character who takes on a burnt-out woman—Olga Bellin—and then, after she dies, her child, bumping the baby around on his back in a homemade satchel where it sleeps bolt upright. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 12.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Olympia; starting April 14.)

Virility—A comedy, with Turi Ferro, directed by Paolo Cavara. In Italian. (68th St. Playhouse; starting April 8, tentative.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Elgin; April 13.)

The Way We Were (1973)—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents's novel. (Olympia; through April 13.)

W. C. Fields and Me—With Rod Steiger as Fields and Valerie Perrine as Carlotta Monti. Directed by Arthur Hiller. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Baronet.)

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings—With Burt Reynolds, directed by John Avildsen. (Playboy; starting April 14.)

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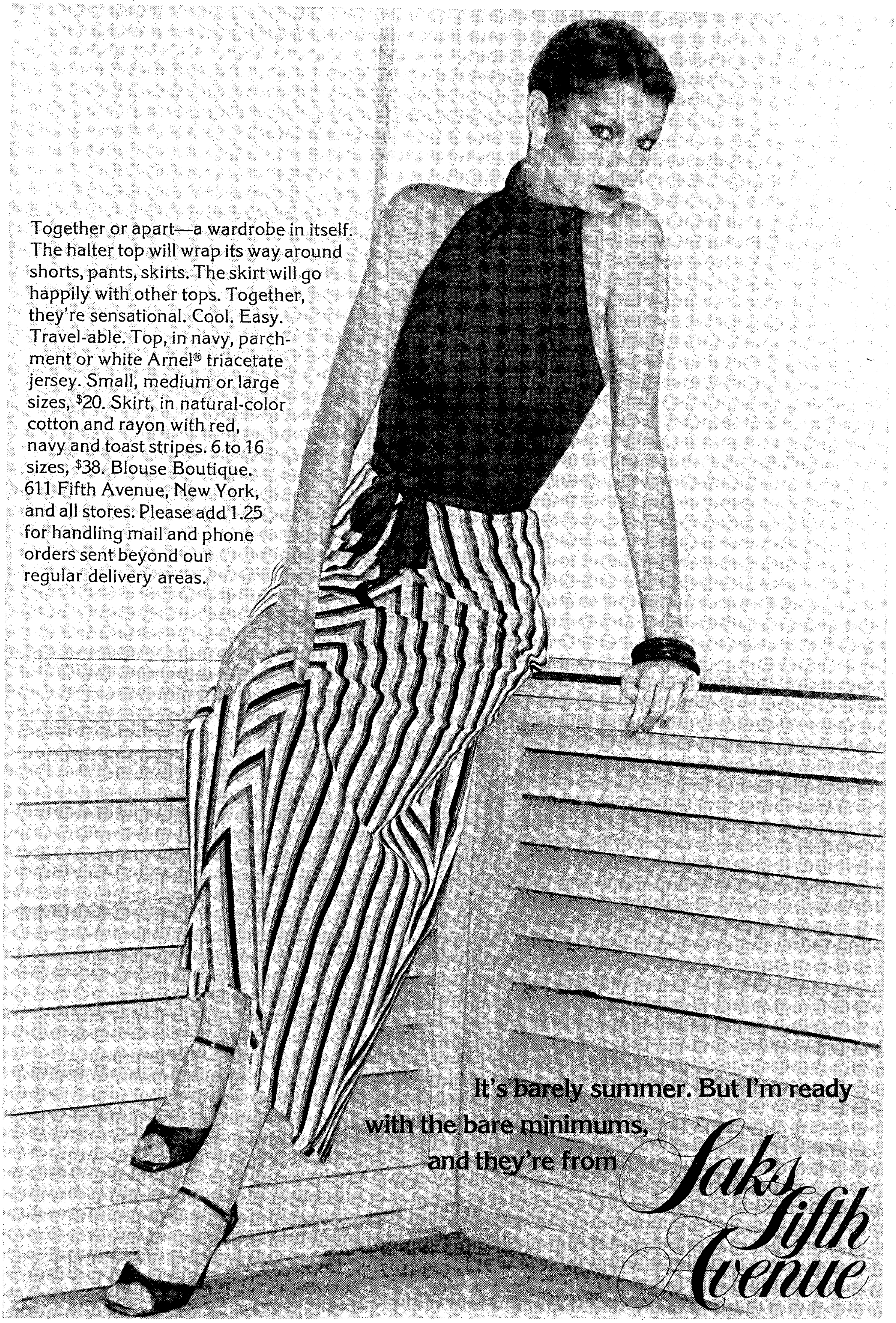

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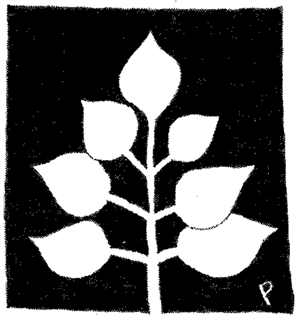
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A RECENT issue of *Time* contained a summary of armaments in the Middle East. The article identified the present contents of the arsenal of each major Middle Eastern country, the weapons that each hoped to obtain in the near future, and—most interesting of all—the sources of the weapons: the patron nations that had provided the weapons to the Middle Eastern countries. This information evoked in our mind a simplified picture of the region: we saw only weapons, all clearly labelled with the country of manufacture and arrayed in an almost anonymous geography, in which the names of the host countries were far less noticeable than the names—on the weapons—of the generous patrons. We then found ourself rather idly putting together little military scenes in which sets of weapons—and thus patrons—were matched up as opponents. In most of these scenes, it was easy to keep the sides straight. A piece of equipment from Italy, France, or Britain might cause momentary confusion, but on the whole we found that we had Soviet guns shooting at American planes, American bombs destroying Soviet tanks, and so forth. This was hardly surprising, although the starkness of the picture provoked in us a renewed horror of those situations in which mighty antagonists lurk behind small ones—in which the world's fate seems to be at least indirectly contingent on provincial hot tempers. But there were some scenes in this imaginary picture which sparked an unfamiliar sort of alarm. For example, in a desert scene American mine detectors were ferreting out American mines. In one part of the sky, an American cargo plane called a C-130 was carrying explosives destined to destroy American equipment and was being shot at by American anti-aircraft guns. And in another part of the sky we saw American "smart bombs" racing with ineluctable intelligence toward some fairly smart but unagile American communication installations.

The Administration's project of selling military equipment to Egypt must first win Congressional approval, and the argument is that such sales will encourage Egypt to be moderate. We have become accustomed to surrealist rationales, and with veteran ease we swallowed the theory that one encourages peace by distributing arms. It was simple: if the United States sells Egypt military equipment, then Egypt will be more inclined to trust the United States—a trust that will pay off when the United States, as peacemaker, tries to persuade Egypt not to use the equipment. Our deadened sense of absurdity is not, however, impervious to the broader prospect in which the United States arms *both* sides in a Middle Eastern conflict. Yet we cannot attack even this ghoulish absurdity with a clear conscience. We know that by selling military equipment to Egypt the United States not only buys influence with Egypt but lessens the likelihood of a resumption of amicable Soviet-Egyptian relations, and when we ask ourself if we prefer a situation in which our country arms Israel and the Soviets arm Egypt—in which, that is, a clash between the super-powers is latent—the answer is certainly no. Still, we also cannot forget those little scenes in which American equipment is the instrument of death on both sides, and, furthermore, we find that we cannot contemplate them without experiencing a surge of rebellion. Our educated sense explains it all to us in even tones until we see only a mechanical picture of delicate balances maintained with masterly control. But our common sense shouts a protest in the face of what it sees as a new level of helplessness and pointlessness, and this recalcitrance is only reinforced by the recent report that Israel has secretly manufactured between ten and twenty A-bombs. What, our common sense asks, will be the next step in masterly control?



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Optimist

HERMANN GMEINER, as unassuming a man as we've met in a good while, has long worn his modesty so successfully that some years ago, when he was in his early forties, an observer described him as the sort of person one doesn't notice on a bus. Now fifty-six, Mr. Gmeiner has grown mellower in appearance and demeanor, and, although we wouldn't bet on it, might be a trifle more noticeable. A short Teddy bear of a man, who smiles easily and often, he has the look of a lovable avuncular pushover. He may even be thought to sound like one—by people who find his relaxed and amiable manner so disarming that they fail to notice an unobtrusive vein of flint running through his soft voice. We are talking, however, about a man who has been honored for his work by Pope Paul VI; has won the admiration of European royalty; was twice proposed by Albert Schweitzer for the Nobel Peace Prize; and is easily one of the most important citizens of his native Austria.

These distinctions have come to Mr. Gmeiner as a result of the fact that he *is* a sort of pushover—a pushover for the homeless children of the world—for the distinctions have come to him in his capacity as founder and president of SOS-Kinderdorf International. "*Kinderdorf*" means "children's village," and SOS-Kinderdorf International is an organization that rescues orphans and abandoned children, forges them into family units, and brings them up, in so-called villages, in the atmosphere of a real home. The late Richard Meister, who was the head of Vienna's School of Education and president of the Austrian Academy of Sciences, once called Mr. Gmeiner's organization "the most successful solution of the problem of lost, distressed children."

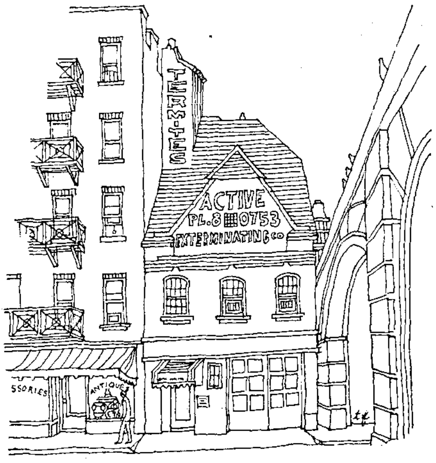
Writing about Mr. Gmeiner in this magazine in 1962, Joseph Wechsberg said, "At the end of the Second World War, he found himself disturbed about the abandoned children he saw everywhere, sleeping in haystacks and in the cellars of bombed-out houses. They were always on the move, and they were always hungry; the tougher ones would steal food, and the weaker ones would beg for it. Some of the children had become vicious little animals; others lived in perpetual fright; and still others . . . were profoundly listless." When Mr. Gmeiner, who was then studying medicine at the University of Innsbruck, looked into some of the institutions for homeless children, he was appalled at the regimented conditions in which the children lived. In 1949, he gave up his medical studies and began organizing the first SOS-Kinderdorf. "No one thought of the simple, natural solution—to give these children a normal life again," he said later. "Not life in an orphanage or any other kind of institution, no matter how 'advanced,' where the child was only a temporary charge (and knew it), but life in an ordinary house with a hearth, a living room, and a bedroom, where the child would live with a resident 'mother' and with other children, who would become his 'brothers' and 'sisters.' "

Mr. Gmeiner opened his first children's village in Imst, Tyrol, in 1951, and so accurately did he translate his idea into reality that today, when the SOS-Kinderdorf is a worldwide movement, this is how one of its publications is able to describe a children's village:

> The children are cared for in small family-type groups of 7-9 boys and girls of various ages. They live in a house of their own under the care of the SOS Mother, a single woman who gives to the children entrusted to her the affection and security essential for the sound development of every child. The "mother" runs her household independently, cooking for her children, which helps to create a family atmosphere. An SOS Village consists of 15-20 houses and is run by the Village Director, who is responsible for the administration and the supervision of the children's education. The children maintain normal contact with the world around and grow up under the natural conditions of a real family. They attend local schools and take part in the life of the community. Children are admitted to an SOS Children's Village irrespective of race, nationality, or creed. The normal age of admission lies between infancy and the age of ten, though real brothers and sisters are allowed to stay together in one family despite their age. Children remain in the care of SOS Villages until they are able to look after themselves. On completion of their schooling, young people can stay on in the SOS hostels while they learn a trade or profession. But the SOS Children's Village they grew up in is always regarded as their real home.

Today, there are one hundred and fifteen children's villages, in more than fifty countries—in Europe, Asia, Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean—and, by virtue of the villages' present population alone, Mr. Gmeiner, a bachelor, with no offspring of his own, may be said to be father, or grandfather, to about fifteen thousand children, of various nationalities, colors, and religions. As a result, he spends much of his time these days travelling around the world, to visit his children, raise funds for their support, and lobby for the establishment of more children's villages. Recently, Mr. Gmeiner's travels brought him to New York—one of many stops he was making on a fund-raising and promotional tour of North America—and we had a chance to talk with him briefly. Beyond looking a bit tired from his exertions, he was his usual calm and smiling self. His smile is of the total sort, rumpling up his whole face and lighting up his eyes, which are blue and kindly. Among his other prominent features are thinning blond hair, which he combs sidewise across his head, and a formidable-looking nose. Our conversation with Mr. Gmeiner was assisted by his interpreter, a man named Dieter Nordbruch, who is the Assistant Secretary General of the SOS-Kinderdorf International.

One of the questions we asked Mr. Gmeiner was why he had not yet set up a children's village in the United States.

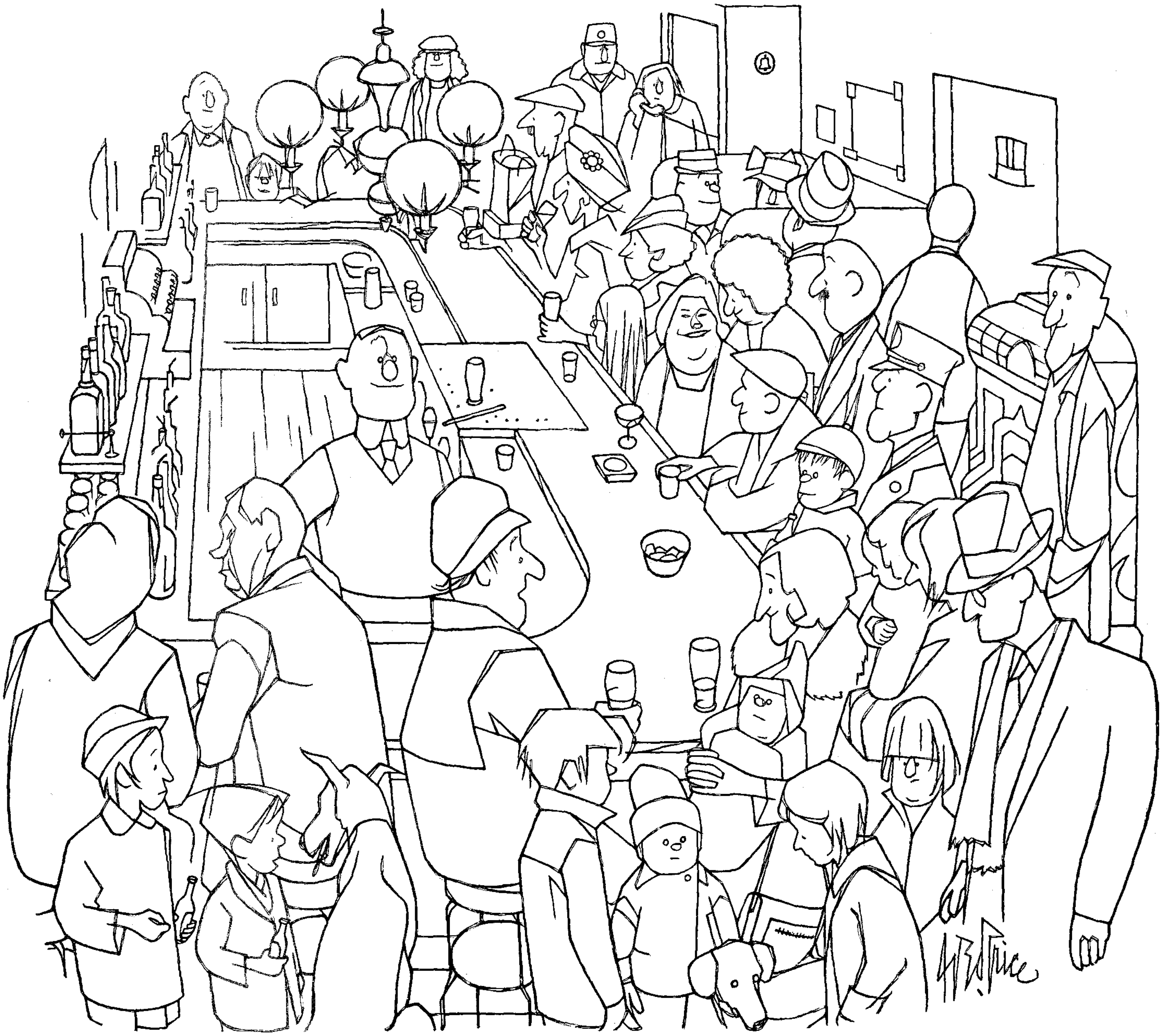


"It is not so easy to set up these villages in the richer and more advanced countries," he said. "I am often told in these countries that my idea is a good one but that I will not have an easy time finding mothers to run the village homes. It is somewhat easier to find these mothers in Europe, and far easier in places like Asia and Africa. The tradition of the extended family survives far more strongly in those areas, and the spirit of a children's village is very close to that of an extended family. In advanced industrial societies like the United States, communal life does not revolve around the extended family. And, of course, when it comes to countries like China and Russia, we don't bother to approach them. They would simply tell us that they don't want our villages."

"What's the importance of the United States to your work?" we asked.

"We always come here to win hearts," Mr. Gmeiner said. "The moral and financial support of friends in America has greatly aided the spread of our work around the world. And now that we have so many new projects in the developing countries of the Third World, it is essential that we raise funds here to assist that work. Our American branch of Friends of SOS Children's Villages is here in New York, and, overall, there are about four million friends in Europe, Canada, and the United States who support us with donations—sometimes as little as four dollars a year. We want every new friend we can get, and every cent that every friend can give. The annual budget for our operations around the world is close to forty million dollars. Today, it costs roughly half a million dollars to set up a new village consisting of twenty houses—that is, if we do not have to buy the land. Luckily, that is seldom necessary. Property is usually donated to us by governments or by religious groups."

When Mr. Gmeiner first proposed the idea of children's villages, he ran into formidable criticism. No one saw any merit in the idea. However, he pressed on. A few years later, when his movement was growing and spreading, he was called, variously, "a utopian dreamer," "an idealist who is also a master organizer," and "an invincible optimist." We asked Mr. Gmeiner how he would describe himself today. With another of his total smiles, he replied, "When I founded the children's villages, I was thirty years old. It is the



"This must be the last family bar in the Bronx."

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sort of idea you can fight for only when you are young. Today, I wouldn't have the faith to wage that early struggle. I wouldn't have the belief that the idea could be realized. I was attacked from all sides when I began, and if I were starting out now, at my age, I don't think I could survive those attacks. How I would describe myself today? I would say I am now a mature and realistic optimist."

On Wheels

AT noontime on a sunny day not long ago, a group of roller-skating champions did some loops and whirls on an improvised rink with a wavy-looking surface in the Americas Plaza, outside the Time & Life Building, in what a public-relations person told us was "another in Rockefeller Center's continuing series of community events." This particular community event drew about five hundred spectators. They stood on the perimeter of the Plaza and watched while people skated. (The Plaza is a sloping L-shaped expanse of gray and white stone arranged in a curvy pattern conducive to undulatory optical illusions.) The skaters glided about to amplified recorded music—mostly soft rock and the song "Mame"—and a man named Marvin Facher spoke over a public-address system. He told the crowd that roller-skating is one of America's favorite family pastimes.

While six little girls held hands and revolved, we talked with Mr. Facher, and learned that he runs a chain of roller rinks known as America on Wheels—six in New Jersey, two on Long Island, one in Washington, D.C., and one in Alexandria, Virginia. "Too many people confuse recreational skating with roller derbies," he said. "Roller derbies have given roller-skating a bad image. Actually, there's almost no crossover between the two sports. Recreational skating is for everyone, no matter how young or old. Carl Finch, who's going to be skating in a few minutes, is eighty. His partner, Ann Lehmann, is seventy. There are local, national, and international competitions, just as there are in ice-skating, but in many ways roller-skating is a much more popular and accessible sport. There are more than twenty-five hundred commercial rinks in this country, and it has been estimated that some nineteen million Americans roller-skate regularly. It's really great fun."

The amplified music had gone from soft rock back to "Mame" again. Mr. Facher announced that two young skaters who had just entered the rink were Keith King and Debbie Palm, and that a few weeks earlier Debbie had won a prize at the World Artistic Roller Skating Championships in Brisbane. The two performers spun, stood poised, balanced, smiled, and soared off. Next, two skaters who had won first prize in the dance competition in Brisbane took to the wavy surface. They were Jane Puracchio and Kerry Cavazzi, and they were wearing color-coördinated costumes. (Miss Puracchio's dress was peach; Mr. Cavazzi's shirt was peach and his trousers were mango.) They sped, zoomed, twirled, leaped, pirouetted, and sailed in a balletic arabesque. We spoke to them after they had done their act. Miss Puracchio told us that she is a sophomore at Case Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, and that she flies to New York every Friday, so that she can practice with her partner at the Levittown Roller Rink. Mr. Cavazzi told us that he is a sophomore at Rockland Community College and that he works out on wheels between twenty and thirty hours a week. We asked the two champions whether they ever skated on ice.

"Never," said Miss Puracchio.

We asked why not.

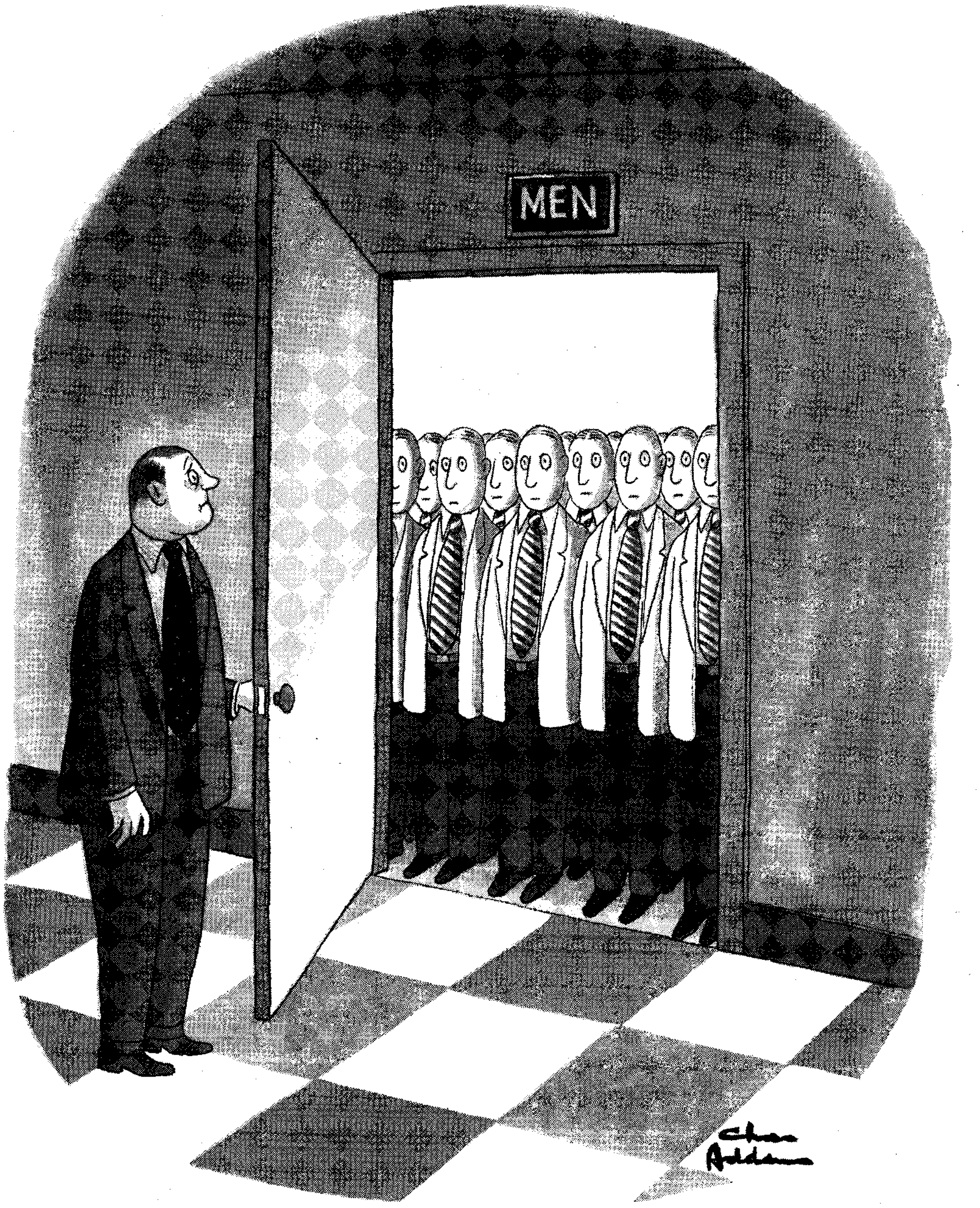
"Too busy doing *this*," said Mr. Cavazzi, and they rolled away.

Sunday Afternoon

THERE used to be [says the old curmudgeon] remedies for that New York Sunday-afternoon letdown—the letdown that comes when you've finished whatever project it is you've been working on over the weekend and you're ready for something nourishing to fill out the Day of Rest. A young Carol Channing would telephone to say that she and Goldie Hawkins, who wasn't playing piano onstage that day in "In Any Language," which starred Uta Hagen, had between them managed to borrow an automobile to drive up to Stonehenge, in Connecticut—I don't know whether people remember that famous outpost of civilized civilization—for a lot of lunch and a lot of fresh air. Or Bart Howard, who had just finished scrawling "Fly Me to the Moon" on paper, would call everyone up with the news that Portia Nelson, who has recently reappeared in town at the cabaret called Brothers & Sisters, would be singing "Fly Me" and some other new songs in his studio, next door to the old Blue Angel. Or someone would call to say that her whopping big apartment, a floor-through in a brownstone in the West Seventies, would be a stage for Mabel Mercer, with Sam Hamilton at the piano, to do a soirée of songs by Alec Wilder—"It's So Peaceful in the Country," "Did You Ever Cross Over to Sneden's?," and all the rest. Once upon a time, in the forties and fifties, it was like that on nearly every fall, winter, and spring Sunday. Can you guess how it was—a completely silent audience of fellow-performers, no talk, no cigarette smoke, no scraping of furniture legs, no coughing? A performer's dream of heaven. Was it really necessary for something like that to become a lost art form?

Anyway, a couple of Sunday mornings back, someone is on the telephone. It is Isobel Robins, a comedienne who used to grace the Blue Angel and Julius Monk's cabaret shows, and she says that Fran and Jay Landesman have put together enough money for a twenty-one-day round-trip excursion fare from their happy-go-lucky exile in London to look up everybody over here again. Will I please come down this afternoon, with my Katie, to Bradley's, that very Village jazz spot on University Place, at three? Bradley's will be taken over by Our Crew.

Who are Fran and Jay Landesman? They are the husband and wife who back in the fifties attempted the reflowering of St. Louis in a casual downtown part of that city which they and their collaborating friends called Gaslight Square—bars, grills, and the Landesmans' own triumph, the cabaret



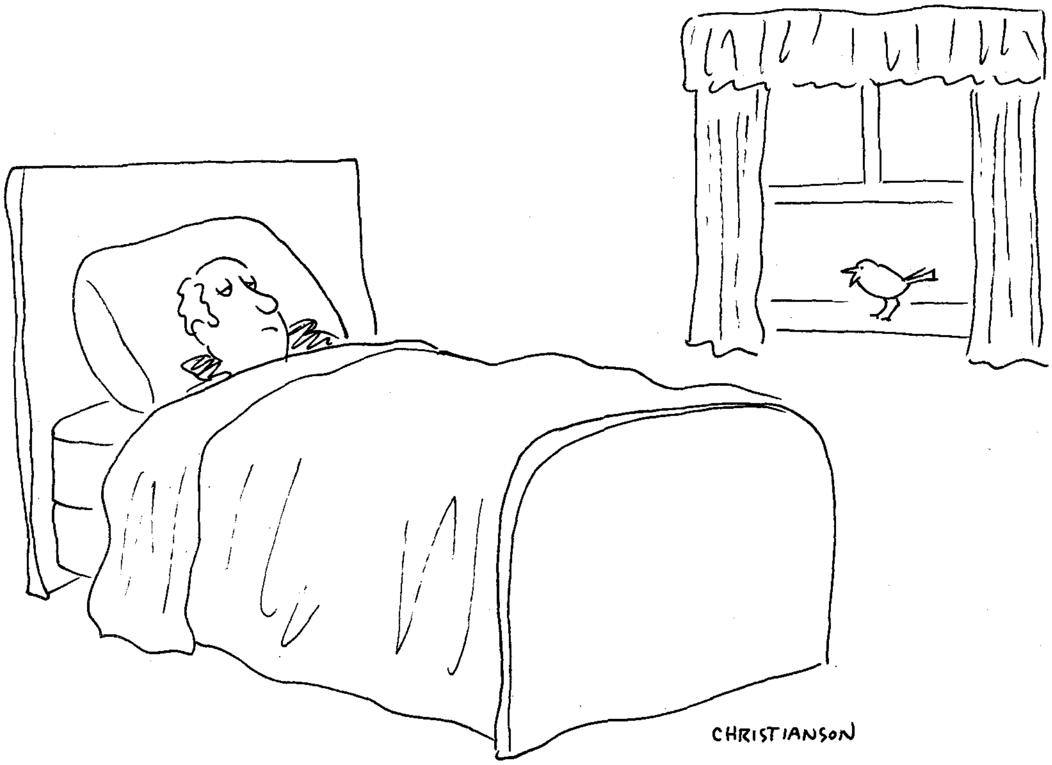
theatre called the Crystal Palace. Never be a pioneer, the saying goes, and isn't that right? Fran Landesman wrote most of the lyrics, Tommy Wolfe wrote most of the music, and Jay Landesman wrote most of the books. Yes, there were borrowings from the current supply of pop music, but basically it was Fran and Tommy and Jay doing their own shows. A lot of it was novitiate, but the spirit was there. And so was I. In fact, the train that bore me to and from St. Louis was always the aptly titled Spirit of St. Louis—in honor of, some moldy fig informed me, a chap named Lindbergh. Fran was already famous in her own right. Lord, the list of people who have recorded her songs is enormous. Ella Fitzgerald has recorded her, Shirley Bassey has sung her, and Roberta Flack, and Tony Bennett, and Mabel Mercer, and the list goes on. "Spring Can Really Hang You Up the Most," that's Fran's—a famous, famous song. The other big one, of course, is "The Ballad of the Sad Young Men," from Fran and Jay and Tommy's Broadway show "The Nervous Set." The direction, unfortunately, was pusillanimous, so the show flickered.

St. Louis wasn't ready for the Landesmans, nor was New York, but London and the BBC were, so Fran and Jay slowly acquired, apparently by osmosis, a house in Duncan Terrace, in a slightly derelict part of London, and they and their cast of thousands of friends have lived there happily ever after. The last dinner party I remember there was attended by two dubious-about-America British journalists, three puzzled-about-America British book reviewers, and an Iberian countess, divorced, who was suckling her firstborn. A goodly range for conversation. In anticipation, I'd had artillery practice the night before, and all went well.

Fran has recently expanded her career into becoming, perhaps, a latter-day Edith Sitwell, though with no Götterdämmerung overtones. What she reads are her own lyrics, some of them old pets, some of them brand-new. At Bradley's, she sat on a stool and read them, just the way she reads them in London in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields Church and in the Albion Free State Meat Roxy, which is not a place of worship. Then Jackie and Roy Kral, who do quite a bit of composing themselves, sang some of the lyrics Fran had just written and quite a few others, one of them "Walk Pretty"—a father's anxious farewell, or so I take it, to a daughter who is going to make her way in the outside world—to a marvellous setting by Alec Wilder. Jackie's voice is free-floating, and Roy's is down-to-earth male, and they often seem a little more or a little less than two full octaves apart—a curious effect. "I hear a lot of dissonance in there," someone said after they had finished. "Ah, but in this case dissonance lends enchantment" was the squelcher.

Professor Irwin Corey, who was at the next table, and who is the biggest Shakespeare freak in this country—Shakespeare spills all over his nightclub act—said that Rip Torn may involve himself in a "Hamlet" in which Corey may play Polonius. Sylvia Syms was there—she'd just finished a stint of jazz singing at the Café Carlyle. She said she won't be around for a while—she'll be off on a musical-comedy tour of summer theatres. Will Holt, who did plenty of Brecht-Weill with the approval of Lotte Lenya, and who also wrote those diamond-cut-diamond parodies of Brecht-Weill, was full of plans for more fun and games, and his wife, Dolly Jonah, who's as explosive offstage as she is onstage, was full of beans. By this time, the flow of drinks and of conversation was general, and Fran Landesman was autographing copies of her little book of lyrics with "From Fran, with lust and admiration."

Everyone who should have been there was there, it turned out—except, of course, Alec Wilder. Some of us feel he has a sort of stagefright when a new song of his is being sung in public. A call to the Algonquin, his town house, produced nothing, but there was a sense of Wilder in the air. The Landesmans and the Krals were now surrounded by an impenetrable thicket of well-wishers. I waved goodbye over their heads, and wandered on down, with Katie, a couple of blocks to The Cookery to hear Dick Hyman, whose Sunday-evening piano improvisations on standards are right now one of the seven wonders of Greenwich Village. I was right about the sense of Alec Wilder. He was at a table practically next door to Dick's piano. "Why didn't you come to Fran's party," I asked, "to hear how Jackie and Roy did your song?" His muttered reply as he got up to leave was in a code that has been broken by only a few of us. A true-to-form Wilder effort to conceal a basic shyness. He shouldered off into the night just as Dick Hyman began inventing a new variation on Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss," and Katie and I sat back to relax and prolong our pleasure in the day.



"Hi! I'm the bluebird of quiet resignation."

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WLT (THE EDGAR ERA)

IT was their sandwiches and their magnificent sandwich palace on Nicollet Avenue, not radio broadcasting, that brought the Elmore brothers, Edgar and Roy, to wealth and prominence in Minneapolis. In 1919, a few years before electric refrigerators became general, the brothers sold their ice company at a fine profit, purchased the former Sons of Knute Temple, and opened Elmore's Court restaurant, with six sandwiches on the menu: egg salad, onion and cucumber, toasted cheese, ham, ham and cheese, and the Hamburg. All were delicious, but the egg salad was tops. Three inches thick at the middle and served on wheat bread with a hard crust, the Elmore egg salad was a Minneapolis landmark, a lunch beloved by thousands, and, because the sandwich craze was then sweeping the Midwest, a gold mine for Edgar and Roy. Among the better families, however, the sandwich was still scorned as an inferior food, served free in taverns and eaten by mechanics, and they did not patronize the Court. Roy, who managed the kitchen and who was something of a freethinker, didn't give a darn for them, the Peaveys and the Heffelfingers and the Pillsburys—all cake eaters, to him—but it was Edgar's weakness to covet their patronage, and once the Court was on its feet he set out to improve its quality and tone.

Edgar was a fine old gentleman, a devout Presbyterian and a natty dresser (red polka-dot tie with a navy-blue suit, navy-blue bow tie with a white linen suit), and in the majesty of the Court—with its oak tables beneath a blue-and-gold stained-glass skylight, its neo-Norwegian columns supporting the marble mezzanine, and, upstairs, its walnut-panelled Throne Room, with oil portraits of Past Knutes and their lovely Elses—Edgar was more the admiral than a sandwich-palace proprietor. His glance could straighten a man in his chair and quicken the step of a waiter, but as to quality and tone, he was nervous, indirect, and uncertain.

He invested in a string quartet to play at lunchtime—Schubert mostly, and some Mozart and Beethoven (the slow movements)—but he wasn't sure he liked the music, so he hid the musicians in a forest of ferns. He labored at writing advertisements extolling the beauties of the Court, its music, its architecture, its civility ("The establishment to which gentlemen repair with no fear of embarrassment"). "People will take us for a French whorehouse," said Roy, for Edgar never wrote a word about *sandwiches*. The radio station was Roy's idea. Radio, Roy said, would take Elmore's right *to* the Pillsburys in their own homes; they could hear for themselves what a fine place it was. (Also, it would give Roy Jr. something to do with himself; he was unhappy in his job as egg buyer, and he talked of nothing but radio.)

Edgar was sixty-two. He had misgivings about assuming a new headache like a radio station at his age. He worried about the expense, the danger of electrocution, and the possible influence of radio waves on the mental processes, but he also saw the Pillsburys seated around a radio receiver in their mansion, enjoying the fine music from Elmore's Court. And so on April 6, 1925, patrons came to lunch to find the Throne Room draped with velvet, the tables arranged in a semicircle, and in the center a bastion of broad-leaved plants from which rose a black iron stand adorned with a golden eagle, the Stars and Stripes, and a microphone.

OF the six sandwiches, the one most in need of association with fine music was the Hamburg, which many people still shunned out of leftover patriotism, and it was this sandwich, a simple beef patty in a bun, that Station WLT (With Lettuce and Tomato) was intended particularly to assist. The first broadcast featured the Hamburg Tuxedo Trio (formerly the Three Nicolleteons) and Miss Lily Dale, the Hamburg Soprano, who sang that day—and every day thereafter for eight years—the Hamburg Song (to the tune of "Over There"): "It's the one, it's the one, it's the one with the fun in the bun. When you eat a Hamburg, you always clamor for just another one, one, one." Dedication Day also included two spirituals and an original song, "The Laughing Water of Minnehaha," by the Trio, and selections by Schubert, Mozart, and Beethoven, played by the Court Orchestra (the string quartet plus a piano). Finally, Edgar was brought up for a few words. He set his feet firmly, grasped the microphone with both hands, pressed it to his lips, and prayed in a loud voice that all of this might turn out for the best and be found pleasing in the eyes of God. His prayer practically deafened Roy Jr., who was at the controls in the linen closet, but, all in all, everyone judged the day a complete success. After the broadcast, there was a reception.

Oh the days when radio was strange and dazzling! Even the WLT performers could not quite believe it. To think that their voices flew out as far as Anoka, Stillwater, and Hastings! And yet it seemed to be true. Roy Jr. had friends in those towns who had promised to listen, and they said WLT came in loud and clear, so the proof was there, but some didn't accept it for years—not entirely. For years, Clarence Peters, the Tuxedo tenor, would remark to his wife in the evening about a particularly good number he had sung on the radio that day, "You should have heard it!" "I *did* hear it, as clear as a bell," she always would say. Of course, Clarence knew this, and yet, never having heard it himself, he wasn't ready to believe it.

One day, unable to bear the mystery, Clarence backed away from the microphone during the last chorus of "Cowboy's Farewell," edged toward the door to the linen closet, opened it, and, still singing ("I am gone away to a home in the sky, where love never fades and hopes never die"), recognized his own voice on the receiving set nearby, and cried out, "I have heard it!" Sensing immediately that the home audience might not grasp the meaning of his remark, he quickly added, "I am on the radio!"

BECAUSE of his good enunciation and presence of mind, Clarence Peters soon became WLT's first announcer, and as such he performed the first broadcast interview in Minnesota. Miss Dale was ill that day, the Trio was strapped for new songs, and Clarence, needing to fill a few minutes, took the microphone to the nearest table and invited those present to make a talk. A tall man in a white suit (his name has been forgotten) stood up and nervously donned his straw hat as the microphone was put before him. "It is an honor to be given this opportunity," he said gravely, "and I sincerely thank you for it."

This speech, though brief, was a real innovation at the time—the voice of an ordinary person, a person such as the listener himself or herself, carried to countless unseen homes, the same as if he or she were the Governor, or the Archbishop, or a Pillsbury—and soon the whole city knew that Elmore's was the place to go to "get on the air." Hundreds vied for the choice tables in the Throne Room; families from distant towns journeyed to Minneapolis to

"Watch it, Letitia. You're transmitting contradictory signals again."

• •

visit Elmore's, having alerted neighbors and friends to listen to their broadcast. Many were prepared to pay money for the privilege. Some demanded it as a right. Edgar had to hire two ushers to handle the crowds. The Throne Room became a regular auditorium—people were too excited to eat anyway, and Edgar had to hire two ushers to shush them. The tables were hauled downstairs to the main dining room and replaced by pews from the Knute chapel.

It was wonderful to be on the radio, and awful. Many a man who had rehearsed words in his mind found himself tongue-tied at the crucial moment, and sat down in shame and wept. Many a man who had thought to tell a joke chucked it at the last moment in favor of a religious or patriotic sentiment befitting the importance of the occasion. ("This is Albert M., of Waseca. Hello. For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.") Some requested prayers for sick friends. Respect for the flag was expressed, and the need for vigilance; also the superiority of Minnesota cheese and butter, the beauty of her lakes and rivers, the belief in democracy, the hope for a better future.

Through that first summer and winter and into the next summer, Edgar pondered what he had wrought—the once lovely restaurant now crowded and noisy, waiters quitting every week, and, thanks to WLT, the Hamburg now the hot item on the menu. This was a bitter pill for Roy and the cooks, Dorothy and Inga, who resented the hard assembly-line work of frying Hamburgs by the hundreds and got sick from the grease. What was worse, Edgar had to contend with hundreds of patrons who demanded radio time and old regulars who expected special consideration, and soon he was hounded by musicians, singers, actors, poets, comedians, and entertainers of every stripe, who saw radio as their chance to be presented at last to the Minnesota audience. These included some good ones who later became famous: Whistling Jim Wheeler and His All-Boy Band, Elsie and Johnny, "Ice Cream" Cohen, Norma Neilsen and Fargo Bill, the Orphan Girls Quartet, and many more. But most of them were the others—the child elocutionists, yodellers, mandolin bands, gospel-singing families, people who did barnyard sounds and train imitations, and dozens of Autoharp players, all of whom had to be refused, some of them repeatedly. "We have opened a Pandora's box," Edgar said, "and now everyone and his brother is trying to get into it."

At first, Edgar was puzzled by the performers' ambition, and then, as he brooded on it, he became wary, and at last a fear took hold of him that never let go for the rest of his life. He decided that, while most people were harmless, some ("and it only takes one") were not. He imagined that they were driven by a desire to ruin him by doing something awful on his radio station—a vulgar remark shouted by a stranger in the audience, an off-color story, perhaps filth in a foreign language. He saw someone latching onto the microphone, wresting it away from Clarence, and saying *something*—something so repulsive, crude, and vile as to make his name Mud in thousands of homes, including the Pillsburys'. They would never be seen in a place where things like that were allowed. "We are helpless," he told Roy. "We work ourselves sick to make a good restaurant, and now the kitchen is a hellhole, and the sandwiches I wouldn't feed to a dog, and now anyone who wants to could walk in and put us out of business in a minute."

Edgar swung into action. He hired a young English teacher, Miss Phelps, to observe the audience for any who appeared agitated. The public-speaking time was limited strictly to fifteen minutes in the morning and a half hour in the afternoon, and Roy Jr. was instructed to keep a hand on the switch at those periods and be ready to throw it instantly. Edgar hired two announcers, big sturdy fellows, and showed them how to keep both feet planted during interviews and how to place one hand on the person's shoulder so as to have good leverage if push came to shove. He wrote up a WLT code covering all aspects of broadcasting ("The Principles of Radiation"), and he made all performers agree to it. It included a dress code, "Subjects To Be Avoided," and "Regulations Concerning Music." " 'By the grace of God, it is given to us to cast our bread on distant waters,' " he wrote in the code. " 'See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.' Eph. 5:15." And he drew up a program schedule and ordered that it be followed, no exceptions:

10:30 *Piano Prelude.*
10:45 *The Homemakers Hour.*
11:00 *Morning Musicale.*
11:45 *Meet Your Neighbors.*
12:00 *Let's Sing!*
12:30 *Orchestral Interlude.*
12:45 *The Hamburg Tuxedo Trio Hour.*
1:00 *Let's Get Together.*
1:30 *Orchestral Interlude.*
1:45 *Scripture Nugget.*
2:05 *Miss Lily Dale.*
2:20 *Up in a Balloon.*
2:35 *The Classroom of the Air.*
3:00 *Obituaries and Notices.*
3:10 *The Story Hour.*
3:25 *Piano Postlude.*

Gone forever were the days when Clarence might reminisce about his Wisconsin boyhood for ten minutes until the missing sheet music was found, or the Trio repeat the verses of "The Lost Chord," or Evelyn Wills Duvalier carry on endless impromptu piano variations because nobody knew what was supposed to happen next, or when a person in the audience might rise to give a demonstration of cow-calling.

As WLT neared the end of its first decade, Edgar turned over the management to Roy Jr. He was tired of listening to the radio for five hours every day and worrying that someone (the same old *someone*, who hadn't turned up yet but was only prolonging the suspense) would go over the edge and give him a good solid heart attack. He didn't care much for WLT. The Trio mumbled words, and Miss Lily Dale sounded like a goat, and nobody sang the songs that he wanted to hear. And it was more tiresome to listen now that he was getting hard of hearing. Roy Jr. had built him a receiver so powerful that it rattled windows, and another one was installed in his Buick (the first car radio in Minneapolis) which could be heard for blocks. People complained to the police. Edgar was always switching the darned thing off, but he was uneasy with it off, and he was always turning it back on. To give him a rest, Roy Jr. scheduled a fifteen-minute newscast at one o'clock, Edgar's naptime; Edgar appreciated the gesture, but every day he expected *someone* to put in an appearance.

One show that always lifted his spirits (and that he himself sponsored) was "Up in a Balloon," with Vince Upton and his wife, Sheridan Thomas, playing the parts of Bud and Bessie, a wealthy Minneapolis couple who roam the earth in a luxurious balloon, seeking adventure. Edgar loved the show less for the dialogue, which was quite ordinary, than for the sound effects, which Vince spent days and weeks perfecting. The balloon format was well suited to Vince's perfectionism, for it allowed the couple to spend long periods in the stratosphere, which required only the creaking of the gondola (a horse halter) and the sighing wind (one of the Tuxedo Trio, or anyone handy), along with a spoken description of the scenery below, while Vince planned the effects for their next descent. WLT's modest budget did not permit the balloon to visit cities (there weren't enough staff members on hand to provide hubbub), and so its descents tended to be emergency landings in isolated regions. Even at that, Bud and Bessie crashed several times in the Arctic Circle before Vince was satisfied with his glacier effect, which was first an aluminum cookie tin (plied by Clarence) and then a bag of rock salt that was put through a meat grinder; finally, he hit on the idea of rolling a basketball containing a microphone along a bed of gravel. Likewise, he experimented for weeks to produce dripping rain on the leaves of a tropical forest, the shifting sands of the Sahara, and the pounding surf at Waikiki (fifty pounds of oats and a wheelbarrow).

Hundreds of new effects were subsequently created, many of them submitted by listeners, who strove to surpass each other with stranger and more exotic adventures: a wave of molten lava destroying a grain elevator, an army marching across thin ice, Bud and Bessie climbing the Eiffel Tower using suction cups, and (Edgar's invention) Bud and Bessie throwing their radio into the Grand Canyon during a broadcast of "Carmen" (the Court Orchestra seated on a freight cart, a portable tile wall, and an alarm clock). It was the invention of a disillusioned man with a great deal of leisure time.

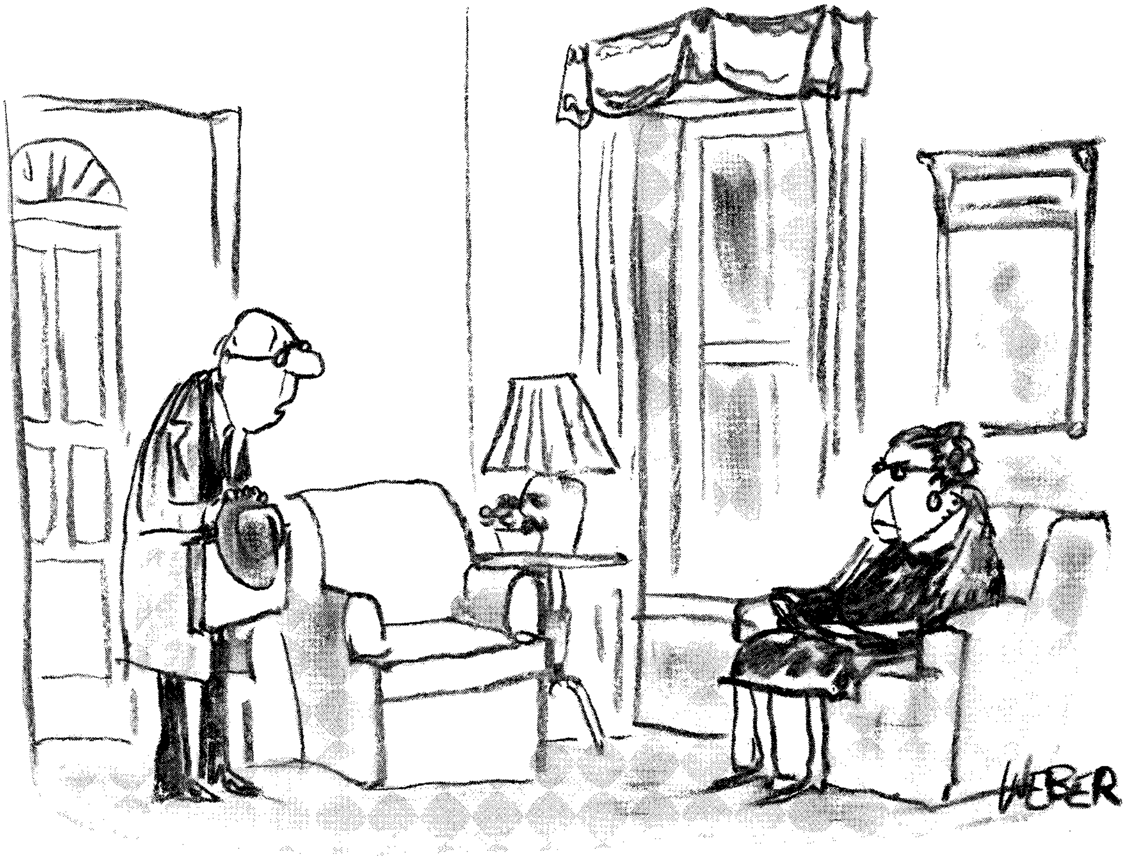
The Depression years, in fact, were unhappy ones for Edgar. His doctors ordered him to stay away from the Court and to avoid those WLT programs that made him anxious (he was more anxious, though, when he couldn't hear them). Denied even the egg salad sandwich, his favorite, he took to his bed in the big house on Lake Calhoun, and sulked at nurses. Once, he tried to return the WLT license to the government, and, failing at that, changed his will to make the Pillsbury Company his beneficiary. He was not, as Roy Jr. later proved in court, a man of sound mind.

On October 12, 1940, his birthday, Edgar lay in bed and listened to "A Salute to Edgar Elmore" on WLT—all five hours of it. Beginning with "Piano

JIMMY
CARTER
I THINK
D. Fradon

Prelude," all of the music programs featured his favorite songs, and Lucille Larson gave the original egg salad recipe on "The Homemakers Hour." The neighbors on "Meet Your Neighbors" were his friends; the "Scripture Nugget," read by the Rev. Irving James Knox, was Edgar's beloved I Corinthians 10; the story on "The Story Hour" was his own life story. But the highlight surely was "Up in a Balloon," for Vince had gone all out. The episode, entitled "Bud and Bessie Visit the Old Testament," included the Creation, the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the parting of the Red Sea (ten quarts of motor oil and an upright vacuum cleaner).

The five hours were an eternity to Edgar. He was positive that *someone* had chosen this day, his day, to pull a fast one. As the last notes of "Piano Postlude" died out ("Lead, Kindly Light"), he turned to Roy and said, "I can't go through this again." He passed away exactly one month later.



"Dear, I'd like a divorce. I've fallen for an amoral little floozy, with dollar signs in her eyes, who's young enough to be my granddaughter."

THE dread event that Edgar waited fifteen years for occurred finally on August 7, 1942. It happened to Vince Upton, during "The Story Hour." On that day, Vince, as "Grandpa Sam," sat down in "the old easy chair," invited his young listeners to gather close round their radios, and picked up the script and began to read. It didn't take him long to realize that *someone* had slipped him a wrong story, a story that began, "I was born twenty-seven years ago in a place called Northfield, Minnesota, the dullest little burg in the dullest state in the Union, and as soon as I was old enough to earn the train fare, I set out to see what life was all about."

Vince swallowed hard and continued. The story was the "confession" of a young man named Frank who gains wealth in Chicago and takes up with a dark Paraguayan beauty named Pabletta, whose breasts are pale and small and shiver at the thrill of his touch. Slowly, his voice shaking with the effort, Vince picked his way through the story, glancing ahead as he read and skirting the obvious outrages, but some things escaped his eye until he was right on top of them. These he read quickly, adding, "Of course, I knew I should not have done this," or "Something told me that someday I would be punished." The writer of the story had certainly tied it together tightly—you had to give him credit for that.

Finally, with ten minutes left, Vince arrived at an episode that seemed to lead the story in a direction that could not be pursued any further. Now, Vince was a script man through and through, and hated to speak impromptu, but he put the story aside and rose to the occasion. In a sad and weary voice, he confessed his sinful pride and sensual nature, and begged the forgiveness of his family. He denounced the evil influence of movies and modern novels. He announced that the beautiful Pabletta had died beneath the wheels of a truck. "Today, doctors tell me that I have but weeks to live, my body ravaged by a disease without a name," he added, and concluded with an appeal to all within the sound of his voice to consider prayerfully what would be the outcome of their ways. "Repent! Repent!" he cried, and collapsed in tears just as the sweep hand approached twelve. "That's all for today. Be sure to join Grandpa Sam tomorrow at the same time for another exciting story," the announcer said, and Evelyn Wills Duvalier played "Just As I Am" from memory, for "Piano Postlude."

After that, the scripts were guarded closely by Miss Phelps, who kept them hidden on her person and proofread each one at the last moment before broadcast. As an extra precaution for his own peace of mind, Vince wrote an emergency "Story Hour" script, which he kept in an inside coat pocket and could switch to at any point, and which began, "But enough about that. Let's get on to today's main story, which concerns a young boy named Jim and his dog Buster." This script, never used, lies today, yellow and stained, in the back of the loose-leaf copybook in the main WLT studio. Two generations of WLT announcers have revised the story in their spare time, polishing the dialogue, fleshing out the plot, introducing new characters, including Pabletta and her friend Ramón, and it is said to be quite good—though not, of course, suitable for broadcast.

—GARRISON KEILLOR

•

The main problem with most people who grow African violets is they stop blooming.—*Sunday Denver Post.*

They lose interest and get slack.

SIX POEMS

SPRING EQUINOX FULL MOON

I breathe to you
love in the south in the many
months of spring
hibiscus in dark hair water
at the source
shadows glistening to hips
thighs slender sunset shining shores

fingers rolled fragrant leaves
presence of deep woods
earth veiled in green drift
that hides running
of small airs
untraceable fine sounds
passing as on a face
feet first drops of rain on a mountain
hands greeting flowers
holding stolen flowers

closed eyes of every creature
sepia and amber days
back
of tall tree
arms' glide
voice of rain forests
birds in tree heights
throat of palm

wrist of palm
palm of palm
fruit nakedness
morsel breasts
melon navel waist of high waterfall
surf laughter face hearing music
body of flight
secret
beach

away from you on a corner of the earth
I want to think for six hours of your hair
which is the invention of singing
daughter of islands
born in the flood of the fish harvest
I see long mornings
lying on your hair
I remember looking for you

JUNE RAIN

The rain of the white valley the clear rain
the rain holding the whole valley while it falls
the mountain rain the high rain onto the mountain
as it rained on the mountain on the night we met
the many days' rain shadowless rain
blowing from the long eaves to go on falling
the rain whose ancestors
with no names
made the valley
the nameless shining rain whose past lives
made all the valleys
the author of the rivers
with unchanged and final voice
the rain that falls in the new open streams
running down the dirt roads on the mountain
the rain falling hour after hour into summer
the unexpected rain the long surprise
the rain we both watch at the same window
the rain we lie and listen to together
the rain we hear returning through the night
the rain we do not hear
the open rain

SUMMER NIGHT ON THE STONE BARRENS

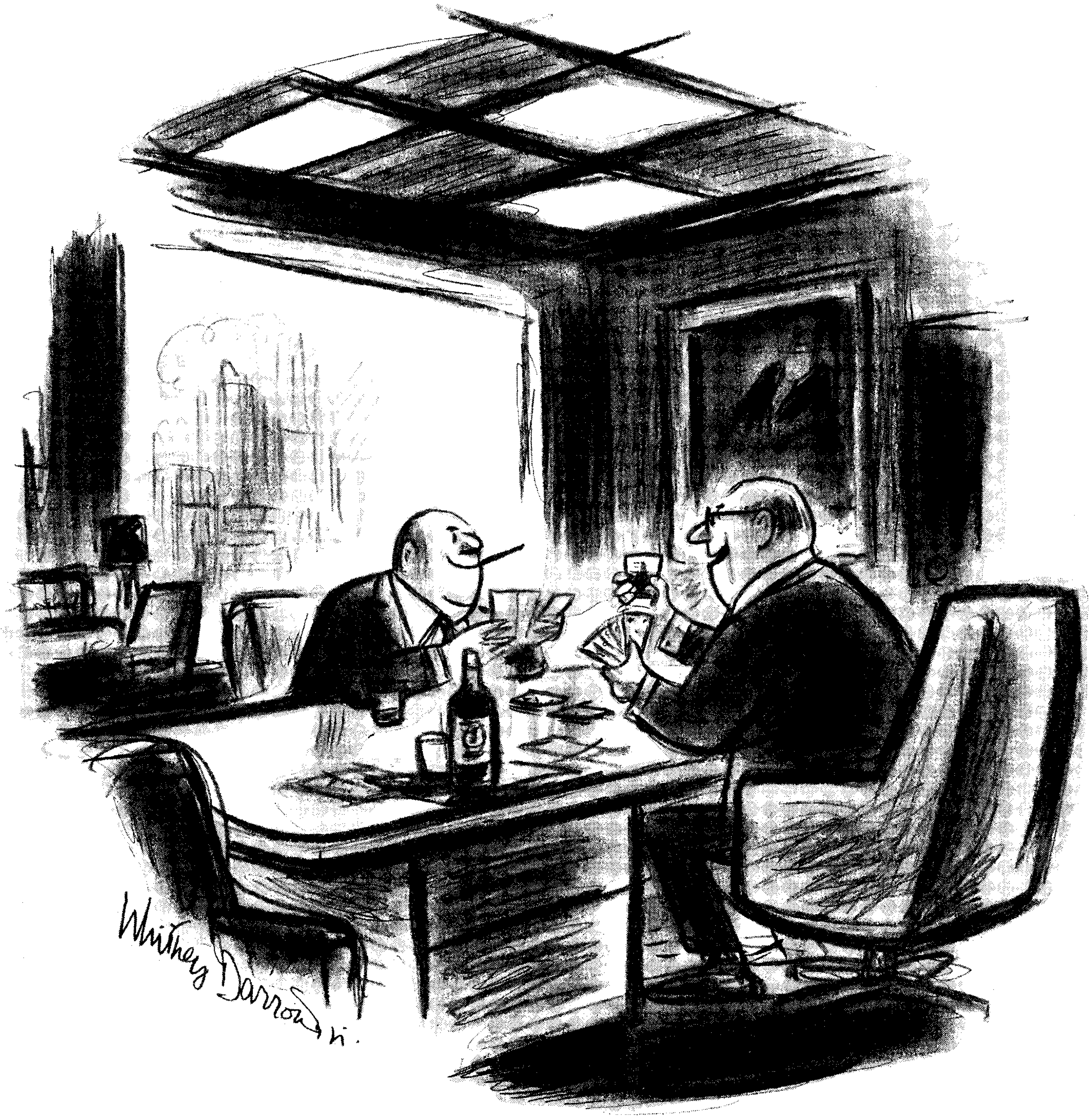
In the first hours of darkness
while the wide stones are still warm from the sun
through the hush waiting for thunder
a body falls out of a tree
rat or other soft skin
one beat of one heart on the bare stone
gets up and runs on
lightning flaps on the lifted horizon
both scattered beyond black leaves
nearby different cricket notes
climb and the owl cries
the worn moon will rise late among clouds
unseen larks rang at sunset
over yellow thistles of that day
I am under the ancient roof alone
the beams are held up by forgotten builders
of whom there were never pictures
I love voices not heard
but I love them
from some of them with every breath
I go farther away
and to some I return even through storm and sleep
the stillness is a black pearl
and I can see into it while the animals fall
one at a time at immeasurable intervals

THE LOVE FOR OCTOBER

A child looking at ruins grows younger
but cold
and wants to wake to a new name
I have been younger in October
than in all the months of spring
walnut and may leaves the color
of shoulders at the end of summer
a month that has been to the mountain
and become light there
the long grass lies pointing uphill
even in death for a reason
that none of us knows
and the wren laughs in the early shade now
come again shining glance in your good time
naked air late morning
my love is for lightness
of touch foot feather
the day is yet one more yellow leaf
and without turning I kiss the light
by an old well on the last of the month
gathering wild rose hips
in the sun

AUTUMN EVENING

In the late day shining cobwebs trailed from my fingers
I could not see the far ends somewhere to the south
gold light hung for a long time in the wild clematis



"Until they kicked you upstairs, Hemple, it was really lonely here at the top."

• •

called old man's beard along the warm wall
now smoke from my fire drifts across the red sun setting
half the bronze leaves still hold to the walnut trees
marjoram joy of the mountains flowers again
even in the light frost of these nights
and there are mushrooms though the moon is new
and though shadows whiten on the grass before morning
and cowbells sound in the dusk from winter pastures

LATE SNOW

Wallflowers leaping on slope facing southeast
steep waves glittering
three weeks in spring mountain winds
sweetvetch beardtongue bluebells
skyflowers
thimbleberry blossoming like a rose
white of catching all near sunlight
cold rain two days on long sparse mountain grass
darkening lichened boulders under pine trees
once we wake and it has snowed everywhere
from the railing you wave your arms to the pines
they are holding white sky above white ground
their own feet still sleeping in dark forest
birds shaking few pieces of day from boughs
in white cloud hushed light through canyon
feather sounds
snow falls into your dark hair

—W. S. Merwin

THE LONE PILGRIM

I HAVE been the house pet to several families: friendly, cheerful, good with children, and, most important, I have an acute sensitivity to the individual rhythms of family life. I blend in perfectly, without losing myself. A good houseguest is like an entertainer: Judy Garland, Georgette Heyer, Noël Coward. You know what a specific public wants—in my case, groups of two, with children.

For example, Paul and Vera Martens and their children, Ben and Violet. Paul and Vera are lawyers. Paul spends rainy Sundays fishing, and although Vera is a real cook, she is not fond of cleaning fish, so Paul's grandfather's knife is entrusted to me. I do the neat job of a surgeon. Vera, who likes precision, was so impressed by my initial performance that she allowed me into her kitchen, and we have been cooking together ever since. I knew by instinct where she would keep her pots, her baking dishes, her mixing bowls, her silverware. If you are interested in people, their domestic arrangements are of interest, too. That's the sort of student of human conduct I am.

In Maine, I visit Christopher and Jean Goodison and their little son, Jean Luc. The Goodisons are haphazard housekeepers, but I have their routine down pat. Their baby and I get along famously. We have had a few moments together: a hailstorm he observed from my lap; learning to crawl; an afternoon with a kitten. The best way with babies, I have come to know, is quietude. Never approach first. Be casual. Pay minimal tactile attention, and never try to make them love you. You can sit on the same sofa with a child and do nothing more than clutch its little foot from time to time, and before long you will have that child on your lap.

The Goodisons will leave Jean Luc with me when they go shopping, although ordinarily—with ordinary mortals, that is—they are very protective of their son. When they return, I surprise them with a Lady Baltimore cake. Alone in their house, I admire their Shaker table, the fancy-back spoons I find mixed in with their spatulas, the dried-flower arrangements in their lustreware pitchers.

And there are others: the Hartwells in Boston, who live in a spartan apartment decorated with city-planning charts. The rigorous Mazzinas, who take me camping. The elegant Jerricks, who dress for dinner and bring you a breakfast tray on Sunday morning: coffee, toast, and a small vase with a single flower in it. My friends admire my charm, my sagacity, my propriety, and my positive talent for fitting in with the daily life of others while holding my own.

The adhesive tape on my mailbox reads: "P. Rice." Paula Rice, that is; known to all as Polly. I am the charming girl illustrator. I did the pictures for "Hector the Hero," "The Pig Who Said Pneu," "Fish with Feathers," "Snow White and Rose Red," and "The I Don't Care Papers"—all children's books. Five feet four, reddish hair, brown eyes, long legs. At college, I studied medieval French, but kept a sketchbook with me at all times. During the summers, I studied calligraphy, papermaking, and bookbinding, and worked as an apprentice at the Lafayette Publishing Company, printers of fine editions. I make a living illustrating children's books, but to please myself I do etchings and ink drawings, which I often present to friends on special occasions—marriages, anniversaries, birthdays.

On the side, I am a perfect houseguest. I have the temperament for it. Being a designer teaches you the habit of neatness, and an appreciation for a sense of order not your own. Being a houseguest allows you to fantasize with no one crowding you. After all, you are but a guest, an adornment. Your object is to give pleasure to your hosts. Lolling around in other people's houses allows your mind to drift. Inspired by my surroundings, I indulge myself in this lazy, scene-setting kind of thought. For example: a big yellow moon; the kitchen of an old house in an academic community. On the window ledge a jar of homemade jam, a pot of chives, a cutting of grape ivy in a cracked mug. A big dog sleeps in front of the stove. If you open the window, you feel the crisp October air. An apple pie or a loaf of bread is in the oven, and the house is warm with the scent of it. You wonder if it is time to deal with the last pumpkin, or to pickle the basket of green tomatoes. In the study, your husband is drowsing over an elevating book, a university-press book in blue wrappers. You are wearing a corduroy skirt, a chic blouse, and a sweater of your husband's is tied around your shoulders. You are a woman contemplating seasonal change.

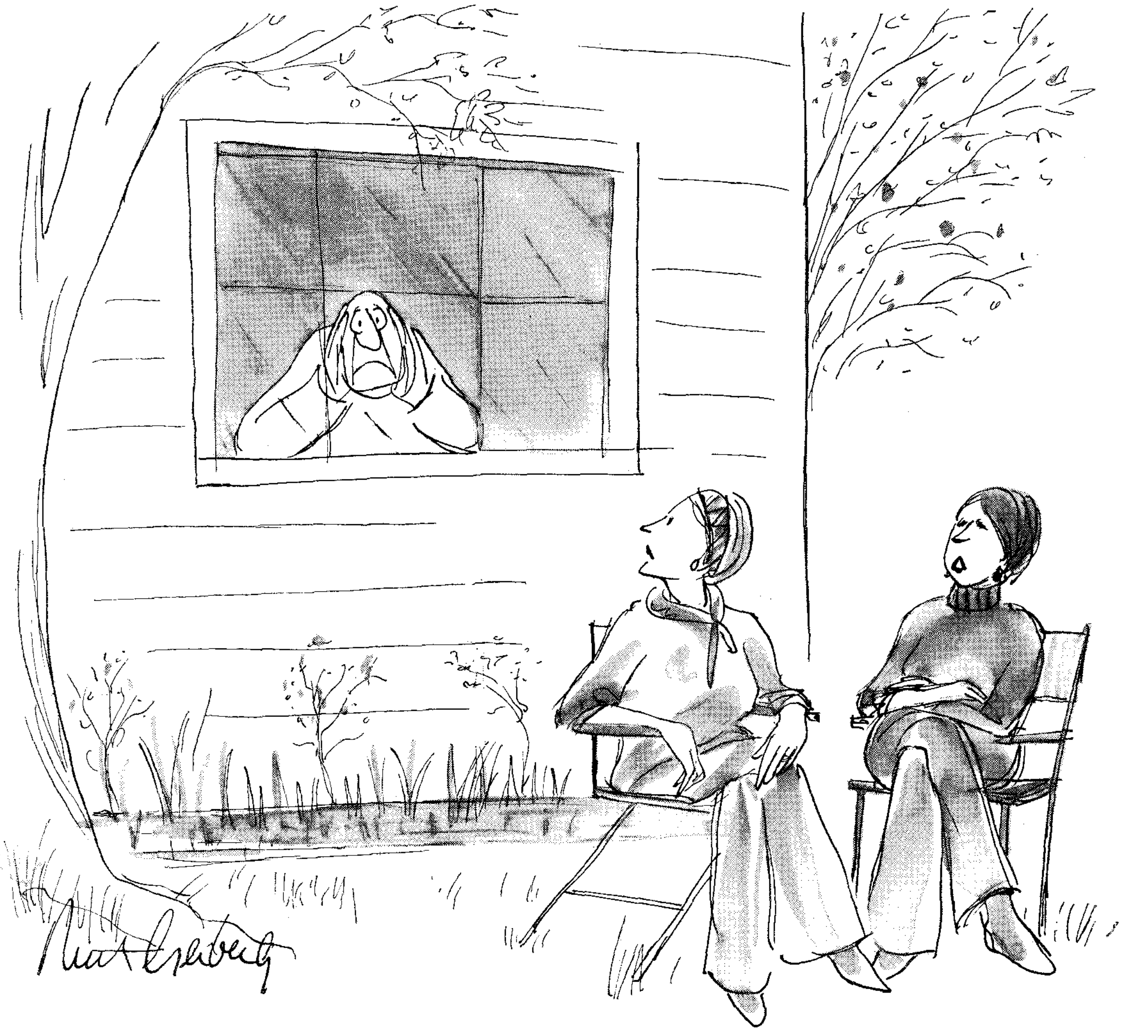
Or you go to the Martenses' on a rainy night. They occupy two floors of a Victorian brownstone, and as you contemplate the polished moldings and watch the rain through the leaded windows, you feel you are in England in the spring—in a little house in Devizes, say, or Bexhill-on-Sea. Your children have just been put to bed. You have finished reading a book on the life of Joseph Wright of Derby. There is a knock on the door. You start up. Your husband is away, and it is foggy outside. At the door is an old lover, someone who broke your heart, who is in England on business and has tracked you down.

Of course, the fact of the matter is that you live in a flat in New York. Your work is done at an oak drawing table, surrounded by pots of brushes and pens. In other people's houses your perspective widens. You contemplate the Martenses' old Spode platter. You know the burn on their dining-room table—the only flaw in its walnut surface—is from Paul's cigar, placed there the night before Ben was born. These details feed the imagination.

Oh, domesticity! The wonder of dinner plates and cream pitchers. You know your friends by their ornaments. You want everything. If Mrs. A. has her mama's old jelly mold, you want one, too, and everything that goes with it—the family, the tradition, the years of having jelly molded in it. We domestic sensualists live in a state of longing, no matter how comfortable our own places are.

You cannot be a good houseguest and be married. Single, you carry only the uncluttered luggage of your own personality, selected and packed by only one pair of hands. Marriage is two-dimensional to the unmarried. No matter how close they get to a couple, they view the situation without any depth perception. If companionship is what you want, and you don't have it, any part of it looks good, including complaints, squabbles, misunderstanding. If only, you feel, you had someone close enough to misunderstand. Intimate enough to squabble with. Well known enough to complain about. Marriage is a condition, like neatness, or order. It is as safe as the wedding silver on the sideboard. To the unmarried, marriage is a sort of trapping, right down to the thin, unobtrusive gold bands.

That's romanticism for you. No one fantasizes about dreary afternoons, despair, unreasonableness, chaos, and boredom. Not the unmarried, that is—especially if they contemplate marriage from a perch of well-savored solitude. Solitude provides you the luxury of thinking about the closed, graceful shapes of other people's lives. My friends are steady, just like me. But, steady as I am, why am I so solitary? No matter how orderly, measured, and careful my arrangements are, they are only a distillation of me, not a fusion of myself and someone else. I have my domestic comforts, except that mine are only mine.



"Harlow's skipping spring this year—moving from winter gloom right to summer doldrums."

MY life changed with the appearance into it of Gilbert Seigh. It was for Gilbert that I produced my best work: illustrations for "The Art of Courtly Love" and "The Poems of Marie de France."

Gilbert's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had been publishers of fine editions. After practicing law for five years, Gilbert took over the business when his father's eyesight began to fail. Gilbert was born into the business, and was infected with it. His great-grandfather did editions of the Book of Common Prayer, of James Fenimore Cooper, Thackeray, and Mrs. Scott Courrier-Maynard, a now unknown poet of Connecticut. His grandfather went in for U. S. Grant's memoirs, Washington Irving, and Speeches of American Presidents. Gilbert's father did the poets of his day, edited and published a little magazine called *Lampfire*, and produced double-language volumes of Rimbaud, Rilke, and Christian Morgenstern. Gilbert goes in for the classics, for naturalist works, and for Melville. Three thousand dollars will get you the Seigh Press edition of "Billy Budd." Six will get you his two volumes of "Wild Flowers of the North American Continent."

Gilbert does not look like a man of books. He looks like a young auto magnate: large, ruddy, and enthusiastic. His glasses fog over from sheer enjoyment. He has a hot temper and a big, loud laugh. I often picture him in his leather chair at his office, laughing and wiping his glasses on the vest of his woolly suit. I like to watch him go up against his master binder, a fiery Italian named Antonio Nello, fighting about the ornaments for a spine. This clash of hardheaded perfectionists brings forth stubborn shouting from Gilbert and operatic flights of invective from Antonio, after which the correct solution is reached.

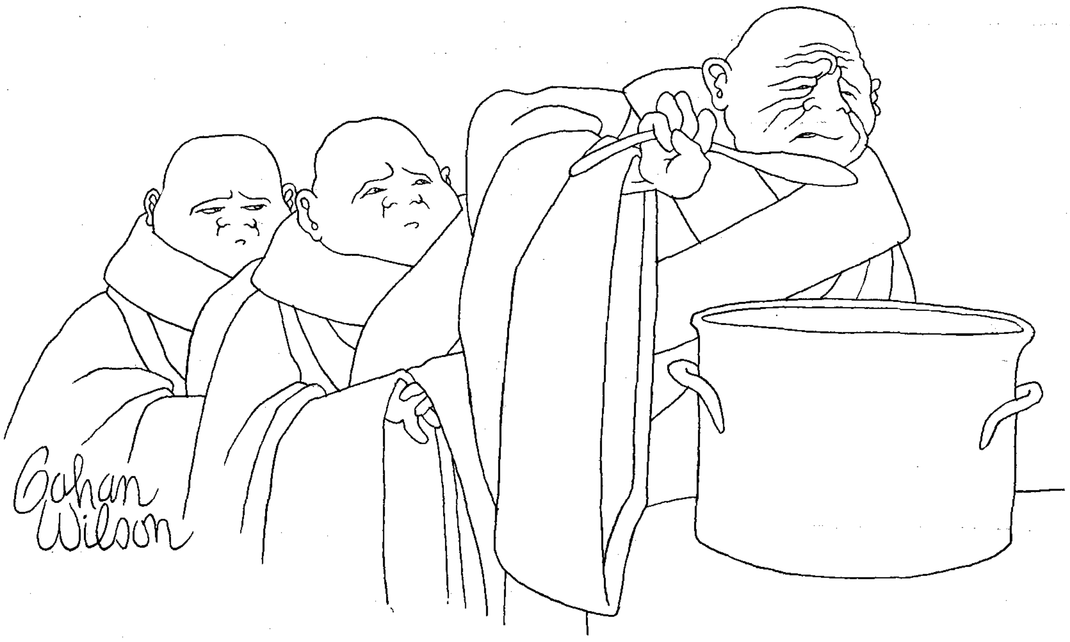
Several months after I met Gilbert, I fell in love with him. I was sent to him by Paul Martens. Gilbert, at dinner with Paul and Vera, had said he was looking for an illustrator and couldn't find one whose work he liked. He had been to dozens of galleries, museums, and agents. He had looked through hundreds of illustrated books. Then Paul showed him a drawing I had done to celebrate the birth of Violet; it shows a homely little girl sitting in a field of lavender and purple flowers. Gilbert asked if the artist was still alive. It was the best thing he had seen since Arthur Rackham, he said. Vera produced copies of "Fish with Feathers" and "Snow White and Rose Red." Thus the girl illustrator met Gilbert Seigh one rainy midmorning. He skimmed through my portfolio, and since there was nothing at stake, I felt free to dislike him. I felt he was cavalier with my work. I felt I had been set up by the Martenses to meet an available man whose tastes were similar to my own. He closed the portfolio and began to hum happily, at which point I figured him for a moron.

" 'My heart is like a singing bird,' " he sang.

My reactions were coming thick and fast now. I thought he was arrogant, insolent, pretentious, and dopily eccentric. I picked up the portfolio and tied its ribbons.

I said, "Thank you for seeing me." And began to leave.

"Oh, wait," he said. "I've put you off. I'm terribly sorry. You think I haven't paid proper attention to your work, but I already know your work. Vera showed me your books and the picture you did for Violet. I was behaving like a fool because it's so



"*Enough yin. More yang.*"

* * *

good. I'm too mono-minded to have told you. You're the illustrator I've been looking for. Please sit down."

I sat. I thought he was cuckoo. Then he described the project he had in mind: an edition of Andreas Capellanus' "The Art of Courtly Love." I told him I had studied medieval literature. He glowed with delight, and wiped his glasses. He still seemed a little batty to me, but he certainly knew what beautiful books were all about.

That's how it began. I went home, finished my last assignment, and began doing my best work for Gilbert Seigh.

We worked elegantly together. It was a perfect match. He took me out to lunch often, and never so much as brushed my arm with his sleeve. It was said he had been keeping company with a lady lawyer, who had been more or less a fixture in his life since his divorce. So it was to Gilbert that I dedicated my heart. I brooded about him constantly. Being in love with him brought me all the things in life I counted on: a sense of longing, something to turn over and over in my mind, and that clear, slightly manic vision you get with unrequited love. Each line I drew was a dedication of sorts. Going over proofs with him, choosing type, browsing through books of paper samples, planning and designing gave me an extreme sense of heady pleasure. If that wasn't love, what was?

WELL, I'll tell you what was. I had suffered in love three years before, and it had not stopped haunting me. The man in question was an astronomer by the name of Jacob Bailey. Somewhere in the heavens is a galaxy named for him: the Bailey galaxy. It can only be seen through an observatory telescope—he showed it to me once at an observatory in Vermont. I will probably never see it again. I met Jacob in the line of work—the way I felt it was proper to meet those with whom you will have a profound connection. I was doing the drawings for a children's book on Kepler, and Jacob was checking the text and pictures for accuracy. It was love at once—hot, intense, brilliant, and doomed to fail. When it did, and we parted, it was with much puzzlement and despair. Jacob wanted a grand event—something you would never forget but not something to live with. I wanted something to live with. A love affair conducted with the same thrilling rev-up that starts a Grand Prix race usually runs its course and stops. When the Rice & Bailey show was over, I went into a form of mourning. My friends knew I had suffered. I felt that being crossed in love had changed me, and it had, but my life stayed the same. I worked with what I felt was new depth, and carried Jacob around as a secret in my heart.

When you fall in love like that, it strikes like a disease, and you can understand why nineteenth-century poets felt they were either sick with love or dying of it. Divorced people sometimes remember the joys of married life as strains, but in a love affair just the reverse is true. Since marriages are final and love affairs are open-ended, you tend to think about what might have been instead of what was. So I recalled Jacob's gorgeous smile but not his cruel streak. I remembered the resemblance I thought he bore to an angel but not his frequent nastiness and its effect. But what difference does it make? I remembered. My life—my inner life—became a kind of reverie, and it would not have shocked me had I found that in some dreamlike state I had created a little shrine to Jacob Bailey: his photograph, my book on Kepler, a parking ticket from the Bronx Zoo, the little pearl earrings he gave me. The idea of committed, settled love is as remote to a romantic as lunar soil.

GILBERT's taste in music is that of a tin-eared highbrow. He goes to the opera. He likes Mozart. He listens, abstractedly, but music is just another taste to him, and not his primary taste by a long shot. To him it is a sort of cultivated white noise, like glasses tinkling in the background during an expensive meal at a restaurant. Well, I can hum along with the best of them, but my reactions are hardly cultivated. Music is not a taste to me but a craving—something I must have. If I find something I love to hear, I play it over and over again. Then I am able to sit on a bus and play a Brahms quartet in my mind from memory, or any of a million rock-and-roll songs I love. Music becomes foreground then, or landscape gardening. It alters or complements my mood. On windy nights, I like to go home, light a fire, and flip on a little Boccherini, just to warm up. By the time I sit down to work, another mood overtakes me. My best drawing for "The Art of Courtly Love" was done listening to the Everly Brothers singing "Sleepless Nights." When that palled, I started on Jerry Lee Lewis singing "Another Place, Another Time." After a few hours of work, I like a good weep, to the Harp Quartet.

The thing about music is it's all your own. It puts you into a complex frame of mind without your even leaving the house. I can relive long moments with Jacob Bailey by playing what I listened to when he was around or what I wept to when he wasn't. It makes your past come back to you, and if you must pinpoint a moment in your life you can say, "That was in 1962, when 'He's a Rebel,' by the Crystals, was a hit," or "1969, after the Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau concert." This kind of music worship is a form of privacy, and a great aid to highly emotional people who live in a hermetic state—a door key to the past, an inspiration.

Gilbert and I worked on "Courtly Love" for a year, and after it was sent to the printer we began on the poems of Marie de France. The poems, since they are about love in vain, made me think of Jacob Bailey. I would break from work to stick my head out the window in an unsuccessful attempt to locate the Bailey galaxy. I worked accompanied by a record of country hymns. My favorite was called "Lone Pilgrim." A man comes to the place where the Lone Pilgrim is buried, and hears someone calling to him. It is the Pilgrim, who tells his story. Away from home, far from his loved ones, he sickened and died. I played one stanza over and over again:

> O tell my companion and children
> most dear
> To weep not for me now I'm gone.
> The same hand that led me
> through scenes most severe
> Has kindly assisted me home.

Since I was thinking about Jacob Bailey anyway, this song made me long for him. I knew he was on an expedition in Greenland, all alone. I thought of the scenes most severe he might be passing through and the kind hand that might lead him home: mine.

There were days when I thought I saw him on the street. My heart jumped: I thought he had come back. But it never was Jacob. I wanted to go up to the man I thought was Jacob and shake him for not being, to shake him until he was. There were times when I could not believe our connection had been broken. That was love, wasn't it?

ALL this time, of course, I continued to be in love with Gilbert. What I thought might be a crush had turned into true affection. The year we spent working on "The Art of Courtly Love" had given me ample time to judge his character.

The worst you could say of him was that he was prone to fits of abstraction. In these states, when spoken to he took a long time to answer, and you felt he was being rude. When he was concentrating, papers littered his desk, causing his secretary to wonder if he was messy at home. At home he was messy when abstracted. His bed went unmade. Clothing piled up on his bed in the shape of an African termite nest. Mail, newspapers, books, and catalogues were scattered on his desk, his coffee table, in the kitchen.

But the result of his abstraction was perfection. Gilbert's books were more than handsome; they were noble. His energy was bountiful and steady, and he gave people the same attention to detail he gave to books. Gilbert got to know me, too. He knew when I was tired out, or when I had faded on a drawing and couldn't see what form it was taking. He knew how to make me laugh, what sort of food I liked. He learned to have a cup of hot tea waiting for me at the end of a day, and he remembered things I told him. When we first started working, I described to him a plate that I had seen in an antique shop and that I wanted with all my heart. This was by way of illustrating a point: we were talking about impatience, and the wisdom of holding off from obtainable pleasures as a test of will. The day, one year later, that "Courtly Love" went to press, the second cousin to the plate I wanted was presented to me by Gilbert: dark-blue Staffordshire, with flowers all around.

In short, he was just like me. When he was not abstracted, his quarters were immaculate, and arranged for sheer domestic pleasure. He bought flowers when people came to dinner. He liked to take a long time over a meal. I in turn knew how to cheer him when he became cranky and dispirited. I knew he loved rhubarb pie, so the first of the season's rhubarb went to him. But best of all we were perfect workmates.

The night we saw the finished edition of "Courtly Love" we went out to dinner to celebrate, and drank two bottles of champagne. Gilbert walked me home, and on the way he stopped, and astonished me by taking me into his arms and kissing me. I was giddy and drunk, but not so drunk as not to know what my reactions were. He had never so much as brushed my sleeve, and here we were locked in an embrace on an empty street.

When he released me, I said, "Aren't you going to kiss me again?"

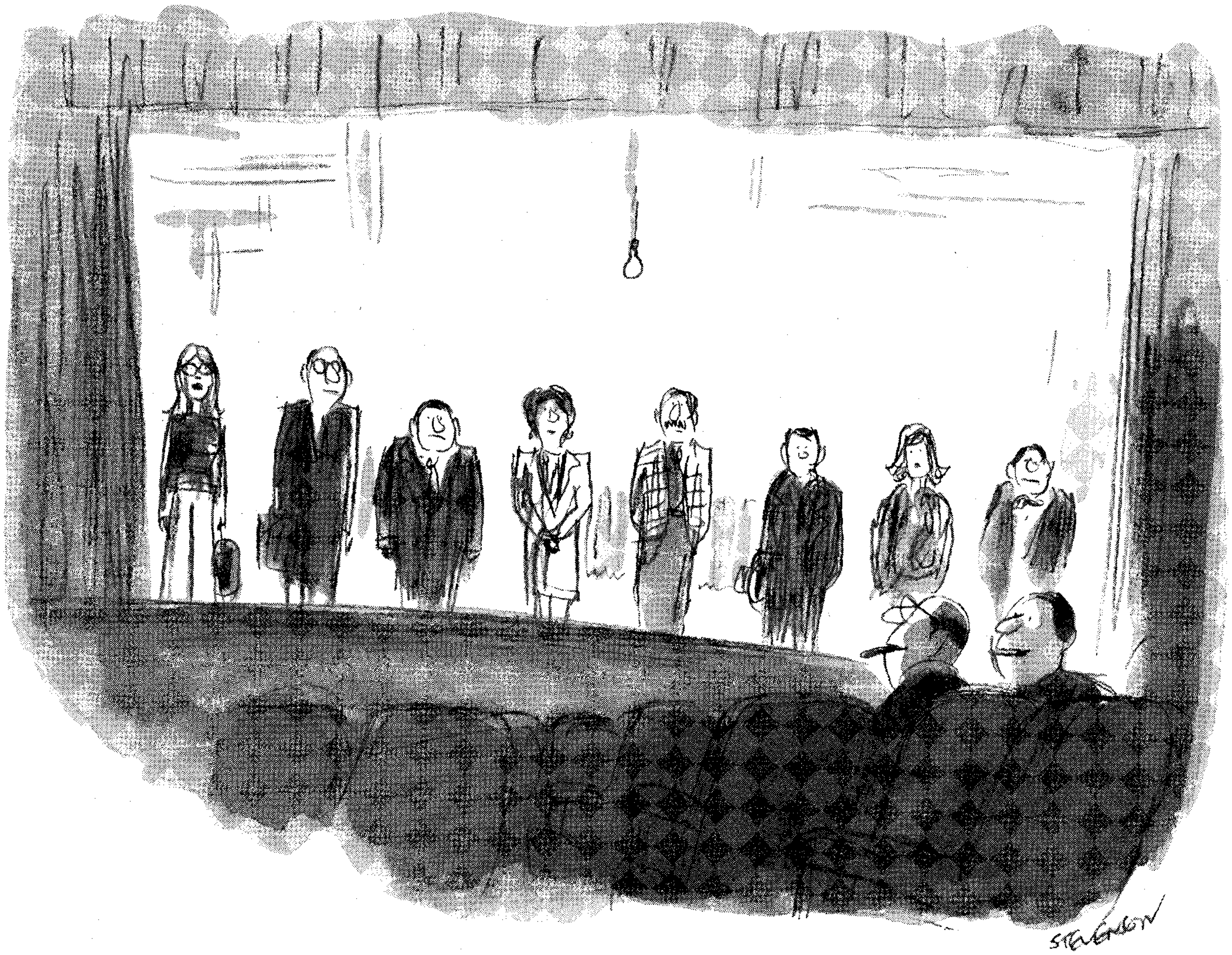
"Sometimes if you work very closely with someone, you get used to working, and don't know how to gauge what they feel," Gilbert said.

In my apartment, he told me what he felt, and I told him. Then we celebrated our first night together.

THE solitary mind likes to reflect on the pain of past love. If you are all alone, it gives you something to react to, a sort of exercise to keep the muscles flexed.

I knew that Gilbert was falling in love with me. I watched it happen. And Gilbert knew that I was falling in love with him. We thought we had been fated for one another, but actually we were only getting used to good romantic luck. It is not so often that well-matched people meet. My being in love with Gilbert was ac-

Old Friends Recalling Their Childhood



"Now each one will in turn step forward, give a thumbnail autobiography, and tell us why he or she would be a good choice for an account executive at Dullevan, Prale & Goss."

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companied by a sense of rightness I had never felt before, and we decided that we would marry within a year.

But when I worked alone in my apartment I was consumed with a desire to see Jacob Bailey. This desire was sharp as actual pain. I wasted many sheets of stationery beginning letters to him, which I tore up. When your heart's desire is right within your reach, what else is there to do but balk?

I pictured my oak secretary next to Gilbert's Chinese lamp, my books next to his, my clothing beside his in the closet. All my friends live in pairs, except me. I had only fallen in love—love being what you one day wept over in private. What did you do with love that didn't end? That ceased to be sheer romance and moved on to something more serious?

You get used to a condition of longing. Live with it over time and it becomes part of your household—the cat you don't take much notice of that slinks up against you at mealtime or creeps onto the foot of your bed at night. You cannot fantasize being married if you are married. Married to Gilbert, what would I long for? I would not even be able to long for him.

Woe to those who get what they desire. Fulfillment leaves an empty space where your old self used to be, the self that pines and broods and reflects. You furnish a dream house in your imagination, but how startling and final when that dream house is your own address. What is left to you? Surrounded by what you wanted, you feel a sense of amputation. The feelings you were used to abiding with are useless. The conditions you established for your happiness are met. That youthful light-headed feeling whose sharp side is much like hunger is of no more use to you.

You long for someone to love. You find him. You pine for him. Suddenly, you discover you are loved in return. You marry. Before you do, you count up the days you spent in the homes of others, in kitchens, at dinner tables, putting other people's children to bed. You have basked in a sense of domesticity you have not created but enjoy. The Lone Pilgrim sits at the dinner parties of others, partakes, savors, and goes home in a taxi alone.

Those days were spent in quest—the quest to settle your own life, and now the search has ended. Your imagined happiness is yours. Therefore, you lose your old bearings. On the one side is your happiness and on the other is your past—the self you were used to, going through life alone, heir to your own experience. Once you commit yourself, everything changes and the rest of your life seems to you like a dark forest on the property you have recently acquired. It is yours, but still you are afraid to enter it, wondering what you might find: a little chapel, a stand of birches, wolves, snakes, the worst you can imagine, or the best. You take one timid step forward, but then you realize you are not alone. You take someone's hand—Gilbert Seigh's—and strain through the darkness to see ahead.

—LAURIE COLWIN

ANNALS OF LAW

TAKING THE FIFTH—II

LATE in 1637, an English Puritan by the name of John Lilburne was arrested for importing seditious books from Holland into England. From the government's viewpoint, the arrest was to prove a calamitous mistake, for Lilburne, who was then a twenty-three-year-old clothier's apprentice with little formal education, turned out to be one of the most effective revolutionaries in English history. A volatile, contentious, unyielding, self-righteous, and abrasive man, of whom a contemporary said, "If John Lilburne were the last man in the world, John would fight with Lilburne and Lilburne with John," he was also, as he described himself, "an honest, true-bred, freeborn Englishman that never in his life loved a tyrant nor feared an oppressor." By the time he died, twenty years later, Lilburne had brought the British government to its knees.

After his arrest, Lilburne was turned over to the Attorney General, who assigned an aide to question him. The aide told Lilburne what he was charged with and informed him that a confederate had sworn to an affidavit against him. Lilburne replied that he had indeed visited Holland and that he had talked to some people and looked at some books there, but he claimed that he was innocent of the charge against him, and refused to say more about the affair. "I see you go about by this examination to ensnare me, for seeing [that] the things for which I am imprisoned cannot be proved against me, you will get other matter out of my examination," he said. The aide finally gave up and passed Lilburne on to the Attorney General, who had no more luck and sent him back to jail. After a couple of weeks, Lilburne was taken before the Court of Star Chamber—an inquisitorial body that functioned as the sovereign's personal tribunal for trying matters of state. A clerk handed him a Bible and told him to swear by it.

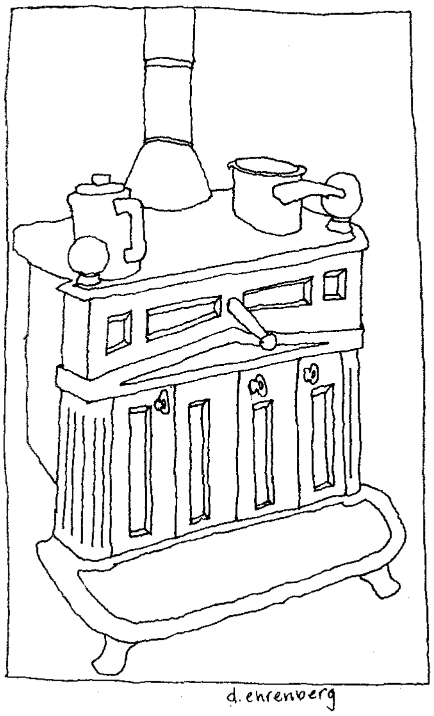
"To what?" Lilburne asked.

"That you shall make true answer to all things that are asked of you," the clerk said.

"Must I so, sir? But before I swear, I will know to what I must swear."

"As soon as you have sworn, you shall, but not before."

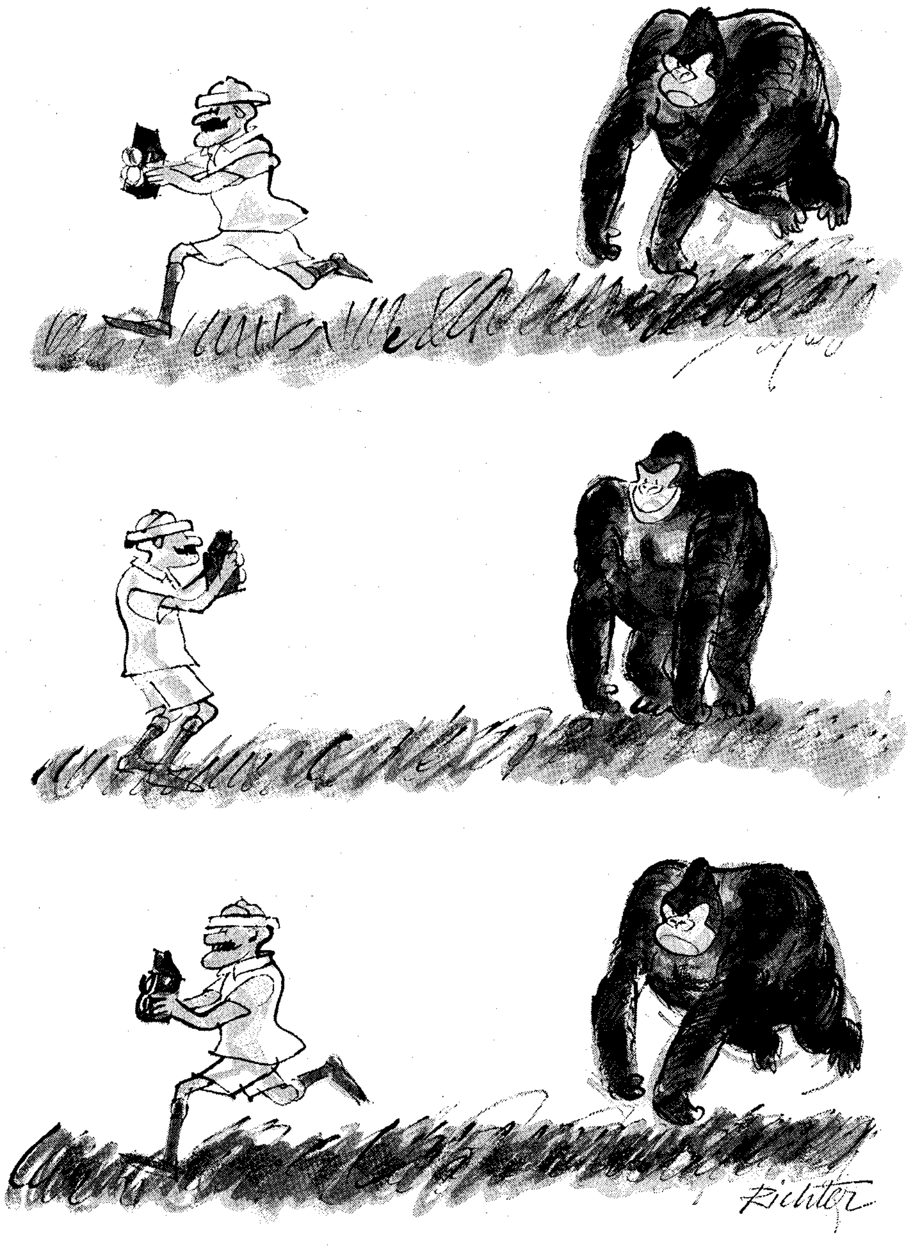
Lilburne refused to take the oath, was sent back to prison, and a few weeks later was again brought before the Star Chamber, this time for trial, together with an alleged accomplice, an elderly bookseller named John Wharton. The Attorney General charged them with refusal to take the required oath, and then read the affidavit against them. Declaring that the charge was "a most false lie and untrue," Lilburne once more refused to take the oath, as did Wharton, and the two were returned to their cells. A week later, they were brought back for trial before the same court, and repeated their refusal to take the oath, which, Lilburne told his judges, was "both against the law of God and the law of the land." This time, the Star Chamber found them guilty of contempt, and sentenced them to fines of five hundred pounds each, punishment in the pillory, and imprisonment until they took the oath and testified as ordered; Lilburne was additionally sentenced to be whipped through the streets on the way from Fleet prison to the pillory, a distance of two miles. Tied to the back of a cart and stripped to the waist, Lilburne was lashed every few steps by an executioner wielding a three-thonged whip, and at the end the prisoner's shoulders "were swelled almost as big as a penny loaf," a contemporary reported, and the "wales on his back . . . were bigger than tobacco pipes." The streets along Lilburne's route were lined with spectators, who moaned at his agony and shouted words of encouragement. Once in the pillory, Lilburne dumbfounded everyone by proceeding, despite his pain, to deliver a stirring half-hour oration to the crowd, which was spellbound by the account of his ordeal, including his trial, which, he told them, was "absolutely against the law of God, for that law requires no man to accuse himself."



THE oath that Lilburne refused to take was known as the oath ex officio, which had an ancient lineage reaching back to the thirteenth-century oath *de veritate dicenda*—swearing to speak the truth in answer to all questions. This device, an invention of the Catholic Church in 1215, had quickly become one of the most feared instruments of the Inquisition's attempts to stamp out heresy, and was subsequently used by a long series of British clerics and British monarchs to suppress religious and political unorthodoxy. Suspects who were given the oath were not told the evidence of their misdeeds, the identity of their accusers, or the charges against them. If they refused to take the oath, they were considered guilty of the offenses being investigated; if they took the oath and lied, they were guilty of perjury, and swearing falsely was not only a grave sin against God but was taken as evidence of guilt in the offenses at issue; and, of course, if they told the truth they might condemn themselves. In short, the oath had one purpose: to trap witnesses into betraying themselves and others. Official reliance on the oath—and the physical and mental torture often inflicted on those who resisted it—became so widespread and abusive in England that bitter opposition to it rose among members of Parliament and of the common-law bar, who saw the overweening power of royal and ecclesiastical courts as a threat to both the common law and all free Englishmen. Protests were mounted, petitions were signed, and early in the fourteenth century Parliament outlawed the oath. Both Crown and Church ignored the prohibition. Throughout the remainder of that century, opponents of the inquisitorial system fought for its replacement by the common law's accusatorial system, through which the state had to prove an accused person's guilt without his assistance and under prescribed rules. To this end, they repeatedly invoked Magna Carta, then over a century old, and contended that its command to the sovereign to obey "the law of the land" guaranteed everyone accused of any crime the right to a formal accusation and to a trial by jury under common-law procedures. There was no justification whatever for the claim, but the myth that Magna Carta spoke for the freedom of all men of the realm and not, as it clearly had, solely for the rights of the barons who forced King John to sign the document at Runnymede was to survive and ultimately to be widely accepted as fact. And, of course, history has repeatedly demonstrated that myth is a far more powerful influence in human affairs than truth.

During the sixteenth century, resistance to use of the oath in the Court of Star Chamber and its ecclesiastical equivalent, the Court of High Commission, mounted. Sir Thomas More, who as Lord Chancellor had compelled many heretics to take the oath ex officio and had sent them to their deaths for what they revealed, refused to take the oath himself and reveal why he opposed Henry VIII's claim to be head of the Church in England. More argued that he was being forced to condemn either his soul (if he lied) or his body (if he told the truth); the dilemma was resolved when the King had him beheaded and the Church made him a saint. A few years later, Mary Tudor devoted most of her five years on the throne to wiping out all traces of Protestantism by killing Protestants. Not long after her death, John Foxe wrote "The Book of Martyrs," which recounted the history of Christian martyrdom since the eleventh century, including the fate of Bloody Mary's victims. He described how innocent people in her reign were ordered to answer on oath all questions about their beliefs and associations, were tortured if they resisted, were forced to accuse themselves and their friends and relatives of crimes that often had not been committed, and then were burned alive at the stake. "The Book of Martyrs" went through many revised and expanded editions, and it became a sort of primer of the theory that there was an inherent personal right to freedom of religious conscience, and that there were also inviolable legal rights such as the guarantee of a formal accusation and a fair trial, and the right to refuse, as Lilburne was to refuse some eighty years later, to incriminate oneself. For over a century, "The Book of Martyrs" was, after the Bible, the most popular book in the English-speaking world.

Around the time that Foxe's book was first published, Chief Justice James Dyer ruled for a unanimous Court of Common Pleas that a witness who refused to take the oath ex officio was justified by the maxim "*Nemo tenetur prodere seipsum*," or "No man is bound to betray himself." This appears to have been the first common-law use of the principle that was to be embodied more than two centuries later in the Fifth Amendment to the United States Constitution: "No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself." According to Professor Leonard W. Levy's splendid book "Origins of the Fifth Amendment" (the basic work on the subject, winner of the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1969, and the source for this historical résumé), Chief Justice Dyer's ruling was apparently aimed at Queen Elizabeth, to discourage her from following Mary Tudor's oppressive example. As it turned out, Elizabeth's aims were somewhat different from her predecessor's, for under Good Queen Bess's rule subjects were persecuted for political rather than religious heresy when they persisted in clinging to religious beliefs that denied supremacy of the state in matters both mundane and religious. "Politics, rather than religion, had become the basis of government policy," Professor Levy explained, and added that while the distinction may have seemed slight to those who were executed, it contributed a small advance to the English legal system, for although they underwent inquisitorial examinations at the hands of the Star Chamber or the High Commission, at least they were later tried under the common law's accusatorial system. More and more Catholics and Protestants responded to the Queen's determination to bring their God to his knees before the throne with the plea "*Nemo tenetur prodere seipsum*," which by now was popularly believed to be a firm principle of Magna Carta, too. They still went to their gory deaths—not at the stake but at the gibbet, where they were hanged, cut down while alive, and disembowelled—and yet their claims that all subjects possessed a natural right against compulsory self-incrimination slowly began taking hold in the



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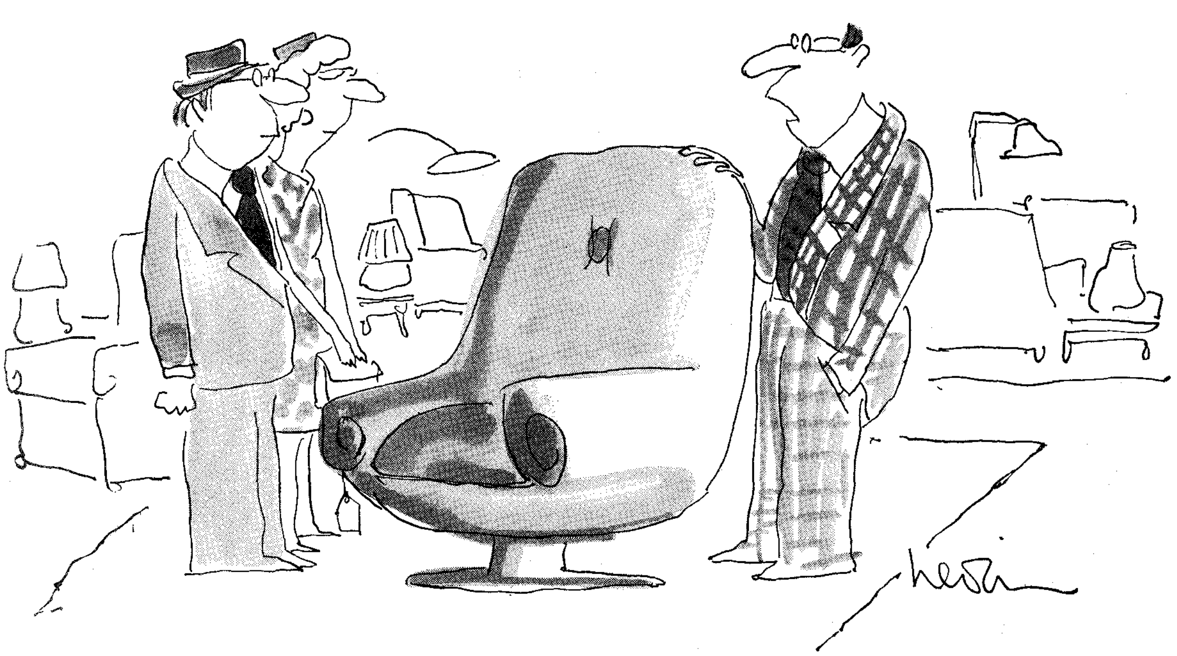
minds of lawyers and judges. Originally, resistance to forced self-betrayal had developed as an outgrowth of religious conscience, but as the use of the oath ex officio became secular so did the resistance to it, and gradually a belief emerged that to force a man to inform on himself not only violated the natural law of self-preservation but destroyed his dignity and self-respect and undermined justice itself. However, official acceptance of this view was still many years away.



"And it comes in five decorator colors—red, yellow, blue, black, and white."

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LILBURNE's bravery while being whipped through the streets and his dramatic speech while locked in the pillory made him famous throughout London overnight. In retaliation, the Star Chamber judges ordered that he be "laid alone with irons on his hands and legs . . . where the basest and meanest sort" of prisoners were kept, and that he be denied all books, writing materials, and visitors. His warders went further by chaining him to the bare floor, without the usual pallet, and giving him no food for ten days. Suffering from his beating and a high fever that followed it, Lilburne would probably have died if his fellow-prisoners hadn't slipped food to him through cracks in the floor. He recovered from his illness, and after four months in solitary confinement he was transferred to a more hospitable part of the prison, where he was confined for the next two and a half years. During this period, he secretly wrote and smuggled out of prison nine pamphlets attacking the Star Chamber and demanding the natural rights due every Englishman. With the appearance of each pamphlet, which the authorities were unable to suppress, Lilburne's popularity soared anew.

Charles I was on the throne, and his inept policies were bringing England closer to civil war by the day. Desperately in need of money to raise an army and defend himself, he called Parliament into session in 1640—the first time he had allowed it to sit in eleven years—but when its members refused to appropriate funds until he agreed to their demands for reform, he dissolved the session, known as the Short Parliament, after three weeks. A little later, a Scottish force defeated a royalist army and occupied the north of England, and then a London mob of two thousand people broke into and sacked the hated Court of High Commission. A few days afterward, Charles called Parliament into session again—in the Long Parliament, which was to sit, with intermissions, for twenty years—as his only hope of getting money to save his crown. The Long Parliament was dominated by Puritans, one of whom was Oliver Cromwell, a newly elected member from Cambridge, whose maiden speech was a plea for the release of John Lilburne. A few days later, popular support forced the King to free Lilburne, who immediately began demanding an end to the Courts of Star Chamber and High Commission and abolition of the oath ex officio. Petitions in support of his stand poured into the House of Commons from around the country, and the following summer Parliament enacted a bill outlawing the two courts and the oath, which the King reluctantly signed on July 5, 1641. After four centuries of torment and bloodshed, the inquisitorial power of church and state seemed at an end.

In 1642, the outbreak of civil war—fought to determine whether England would be ruled by Parliament or the Crown—brought Lilburne into the Parliamentary army as a captain. He was fiercely devoted to the popular cause, and was as fearless a soldier as he had been a pamphleteer. During a battle, he was captured and sentenced to death for treason, but when Parliament sent word that it would execute a batch of royalist prisoners if he was harmed, Lilburne was freed. He returned to London, where immense crowds greeted him, a contemporary reported, "with public joy, as a champion that had defied the King." Lilburne turned down Parliament's offer of a high post, saying of himself that he would "rather fight for eightpence a day, till he saw the liberties and peace of England settled, than set him down in a rich place for his own advantage." Returning to the front, he soon became a lieutenant-colonel and a confidant of Cromwell's. In time, though, Lilburne grew alarmed by the anti-libertarian spirit that was overtaking the Puritan movement, which was becoming as tyrannically repressive as any British monarch. Presbyterians controlled Parliament, and they began demanding that their faith replace the Anglican Church as the official state religion and that various other forms of Puritanism, which contained scores of factions and schisms, be suppressed.

These new demands for orthodoxy were too much for Lilburne, and after Parliament awarded itself the power to censor all publications in England, he quit the army and went back to pamphleteering. He was soon in trouble again—this time for attacking religious persecution in general and censorship in particular—and after one of his pamphlets appeared he was summoned before the House of Commons' Committee on Investigation, which found the tract "scurrilous, libellous, and seditious." According to Professor Levy, Lilburne was let off because of his great popularity and his service to

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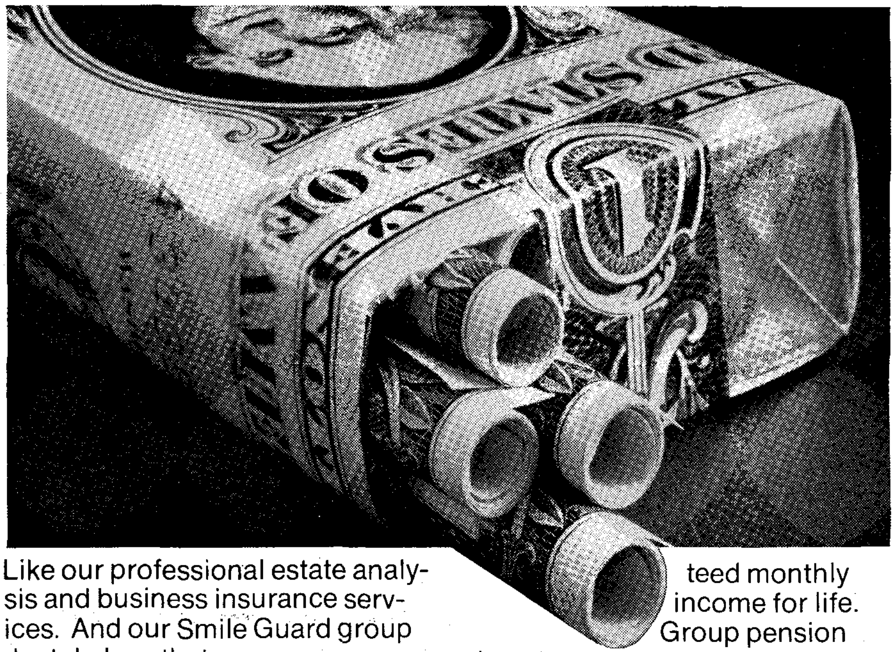

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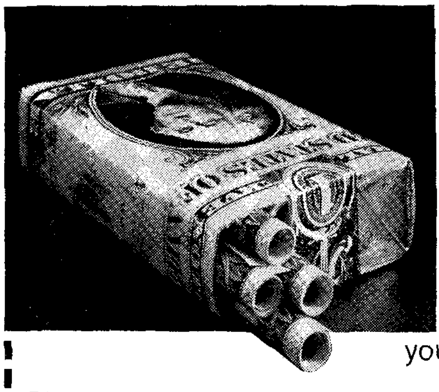

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the Parliamentary cause, but he refused to remain silent, and was soon arrested and dragged back before the committee for libelling the Speaker of the House. Determined to challenge the right of Parliament to inquire into his opinions or to force him to accuse himself, Lilburne refused to testify, and demanded that the legislature obey the rules of common-law courts. The committee rejected his demand, and when Lilburne persisted in refusing to testify and claimed "a right to all the privileges that do belong to a free man as [to] the greatest man in England," he was sent back to prison. Taking up his pen again, Lilburne wrote a furious tract accusing the committee of trying "criminal causes betwixt man and man concerning life, liberty, estate" without observing the ordinary rules of justice. The committee summoned him again, and again he refused to testify and was sent back to his cell. But the Parliamentary army considered Lilburne one of its own, and its mutinous mutterings about his treatment finally prompted Cromwell to persuade Parliament to let Lilburne go after he had served four months in jail.

The following year, Lilburne was arrested and taken before the House of Lords for criticizing one of its members in another pamphlet, and he refused to testify before that august body. He was thrown back in jail and then ordered to reappear before the Lords to be tried for his pamphlet. Lilburne refused to go, and had to be dragged there. Once before the assemblage, he not only refused to kneel but stopped up his ears so that he couldn't hear the charges against him. He was found guilty, fined two thousand pounds (more than most Englishmen could earn in a lifetime), disqualified for life from holding any public office, and imprisoned indefinitely in the Tower of London. "By its injudicious treatment of the most popular man in England," a historian of that period observed, "Parliament was arraying against itself a force which only awaited an opportunity to sweep it away." By the following spring, Cromwell's army was said to be "one Lilburne throughout," and its soldiers regarded his writings not as commentaries on the law but as the law itself. Under pressure from the army, Parliament released Lilburne in 1648, and he immediately set about attacking Cromwell himself. After enduring the attacks for several months, Cromwell dispatched a force of two hundred armed men, who surrounded Lilburne's house, arrested him, and dragged him and three friends before

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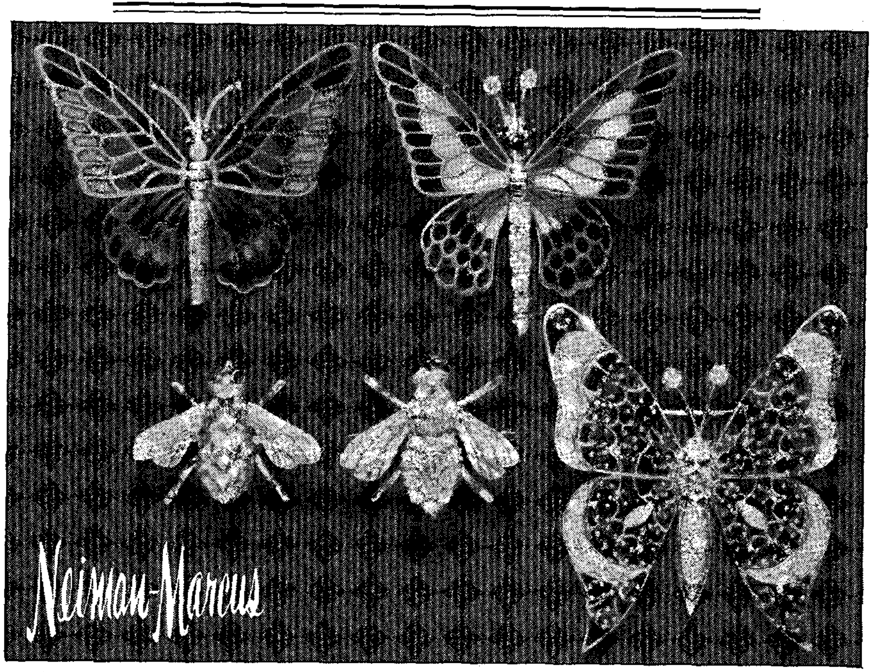

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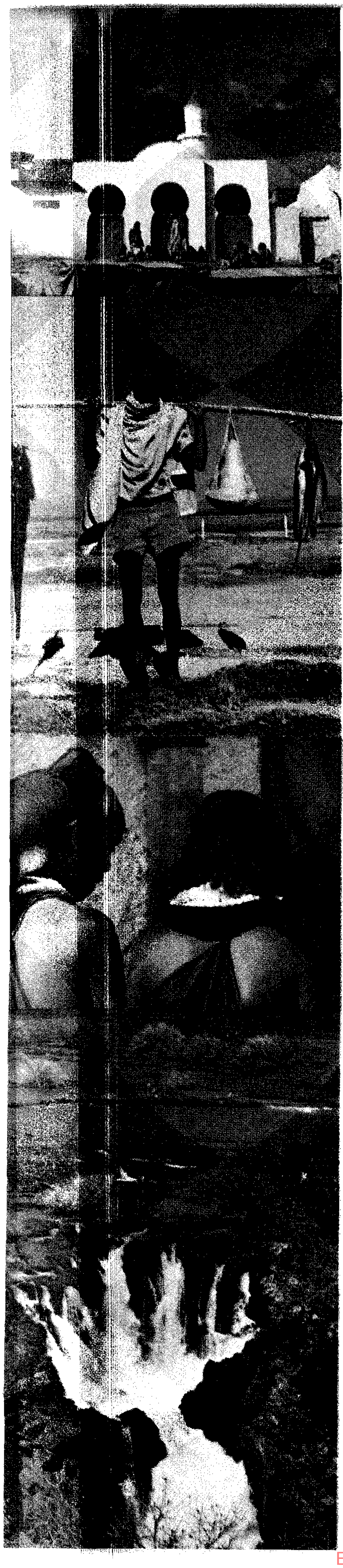

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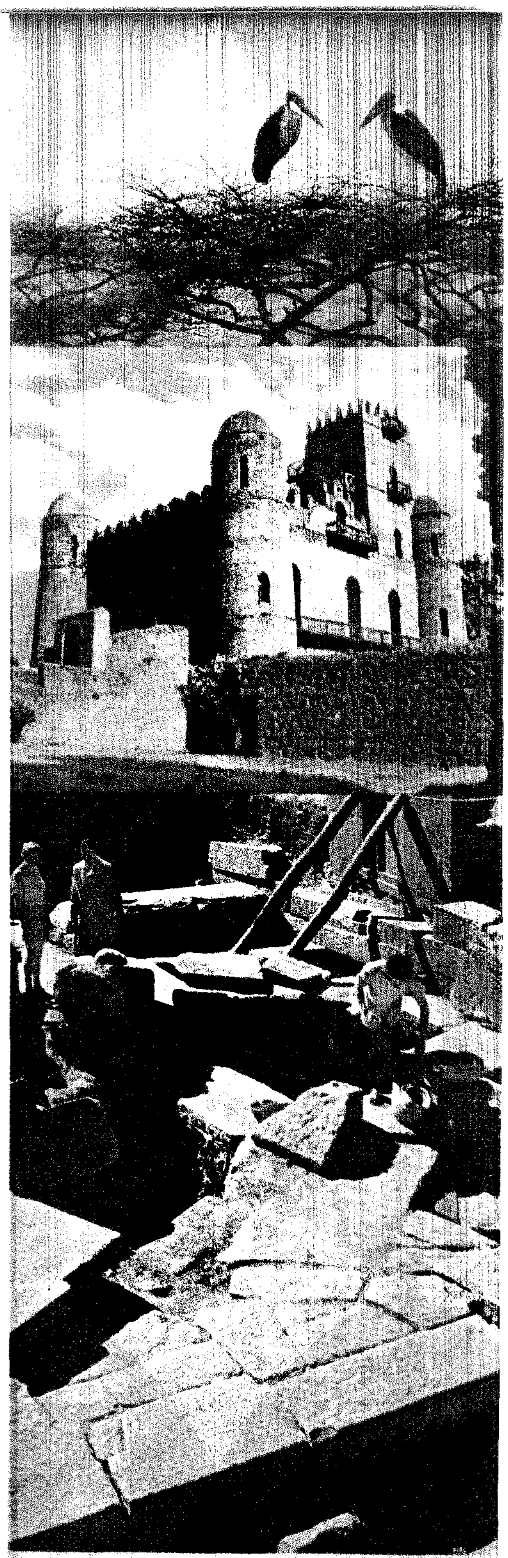

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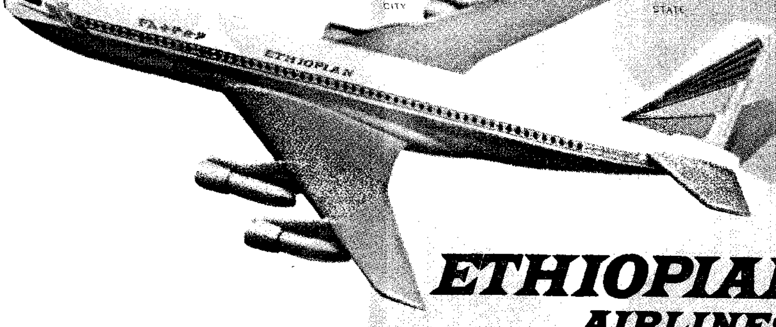

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the Council of State. The prosecutor asked him whether he had written the defamatory pamphlet against Cromwell. Lilburne, retorting that he was amazed after all that had happened that such a question could even be asked, declined to answer. He and his friends were taken out of the room, and Cromwell pounded on the table and shouted at his colleagues, "I tell you, sirs, you have no other way to deal with these men but to break them in pieces. . . . If you do not break them, they will break you!" Committed to the Tower on suspicion of high treason, Lilburne wrote and smuggled out one fiery pamphlet after another, and soon petitions with tens of thousands of signatures supporting him poured into Parliament, and the army threatened to revolt. In Cromwell's view, "the kingdom could never be settled so long as Lilburne was alive," and in the fall of 1649 he was charged with high treason and put on trial for his life.

The trial took place in London before an Extraordinary Commission of Oyer and Terminer, made up of eight common-law judges, four sergeants-at-law, the recorder of the city, twenty-six special judges (including some city aldermen and members of Parliament), and the Lord Mayor. The trial was held in the great Guildhall, the streets around it were lined with troops to prevent demonstrations against the government, and Lilburne was kept under constant guard to prevent his rescue by the angry crowds that gathered throughout the city to protest what was being done to the man they knew as "Freeborn John." Although Lilburne had no legal training, he soon demonstrated to the court his forensic abilities. "His great achievement at the trial was holding at bay the judges and . . . his prosecutor while he expounded to them and to his fellow-citizens in the jury box and in the audience the fundamentals of fair criminal procedure from the time of arrest through trial," Professor Levy wrote. "He placed the right against self-incrimination in the context of what he called 'fair play,' 'fair trial,' 'the due process of the law,' and 'the good old laws of England.' " Lilburne railed on endlessly over the smallest points of law and legal procedure. He insisted on having a copy of the indictment and a lawyer to represent him (rights that were still half a century in the future), and when he was refused both he said, "Then order me to be knocked on the head immediately in the place where I stand, without any further trial, for I must needs be destroyed if you deny me

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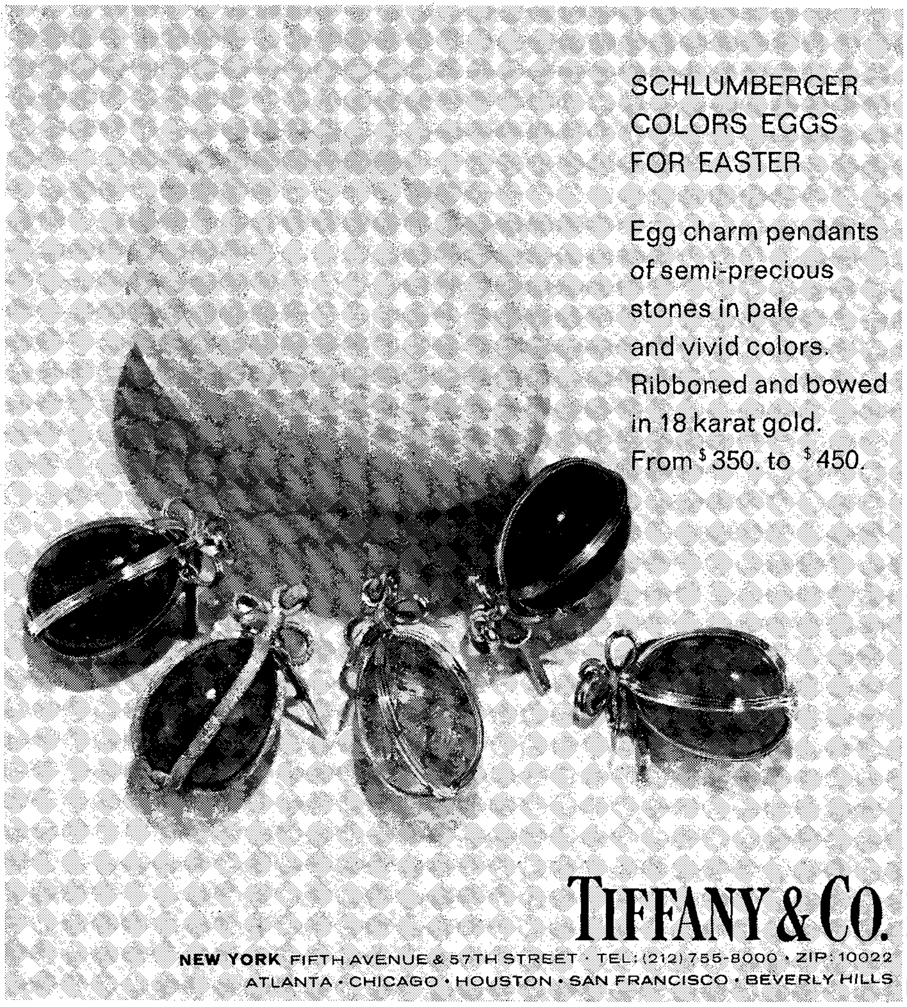
all the means of my preservation." When the presiding judge begged him to be silent and promised, "Hear me one word, and you shall have two," Lilburne retorted that since he was on trial for his life he must be free to speak, and if they would neither let him speak nor allow a lawyer to speak for him they might as well murder him and get it over with. "O Lord!" he cried, "was there ever such a pack of unjust and unrighteous judges in the world?" The chief judge sternly told him that no one had ever been tried by "so many grave judges of the law," whereupon Lilburne denounced the proceedings for being extraordinary, and asserted that he would rather have been tried by one judge in an ordinary court of law. The chief judge replied, "If you had not had this great presence of the court, you would have outtalked them, but you cannot do so here." Lilburne raised himself up indignantly and said, "Truly, sir, I am not daunted at the multitude of my judges, neither at the glittering of your scarlet robes, nor the majesty of your presence and harsh, austere deportment towards me. I bless my good God for it, who gives me courage and boldness." He defiantly refused to answer any questions about his authorship of the pamphlet at issue, on the ground that under the good old laws of England he could not be compelled to accuse himself. Then he triumphantly pointed out to the jury that his indictment was based partly on a pamphlet that had been published while he was in the Tower—that is, after his arrest—while the law making such statements as those in the pamphlet treasonous had been passed during his imprisonment, making it an illegal ex-post-facto use of the law.

When Lilburne finally rested for the defense, the audience broke out in loud shouts of "Amen! Amen!" and, a report on the event noted, these were followed by "an extraordinary great hum," which so alarmed the judges and the military commander in charge that three more companies of soldiers were dispatched to guard the hall. The chief judge then delivered a hanging charge, in which he accused Lilburne of fomenting a plot the likes of which "never . . . was seen in the world before." The jury was out for an hour and returned to find Lilburne not guilty. "The whole multitude of people in the hall, for joy of the prisoner's acquittal, gave such a loud and unanimous shout, as is believed was never heard in Guildhall, which lasted for about half an hour without intermission," the report said. When word of



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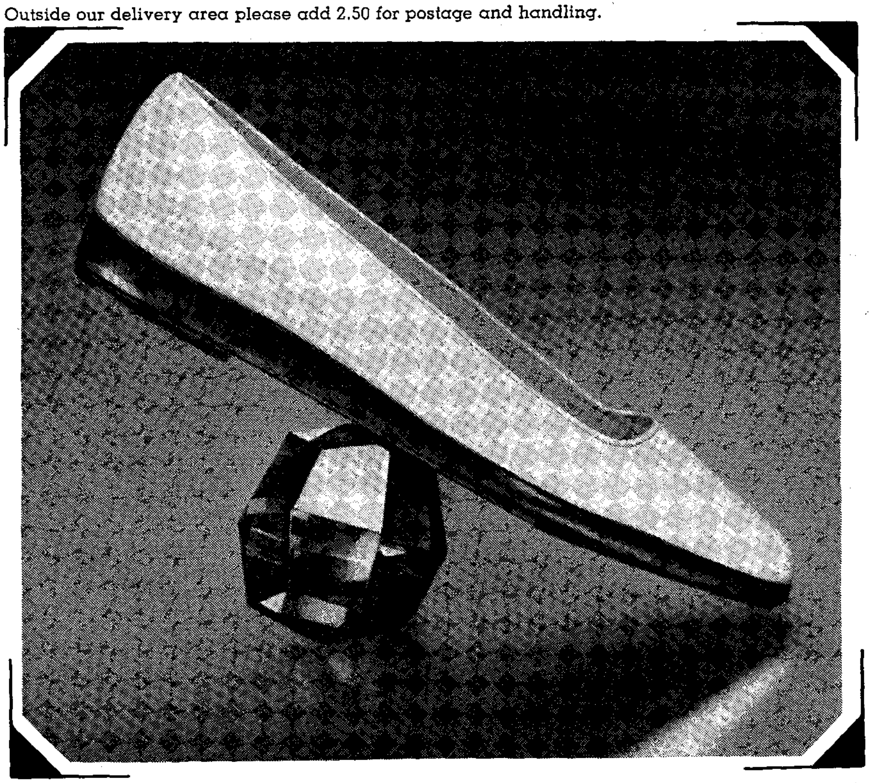

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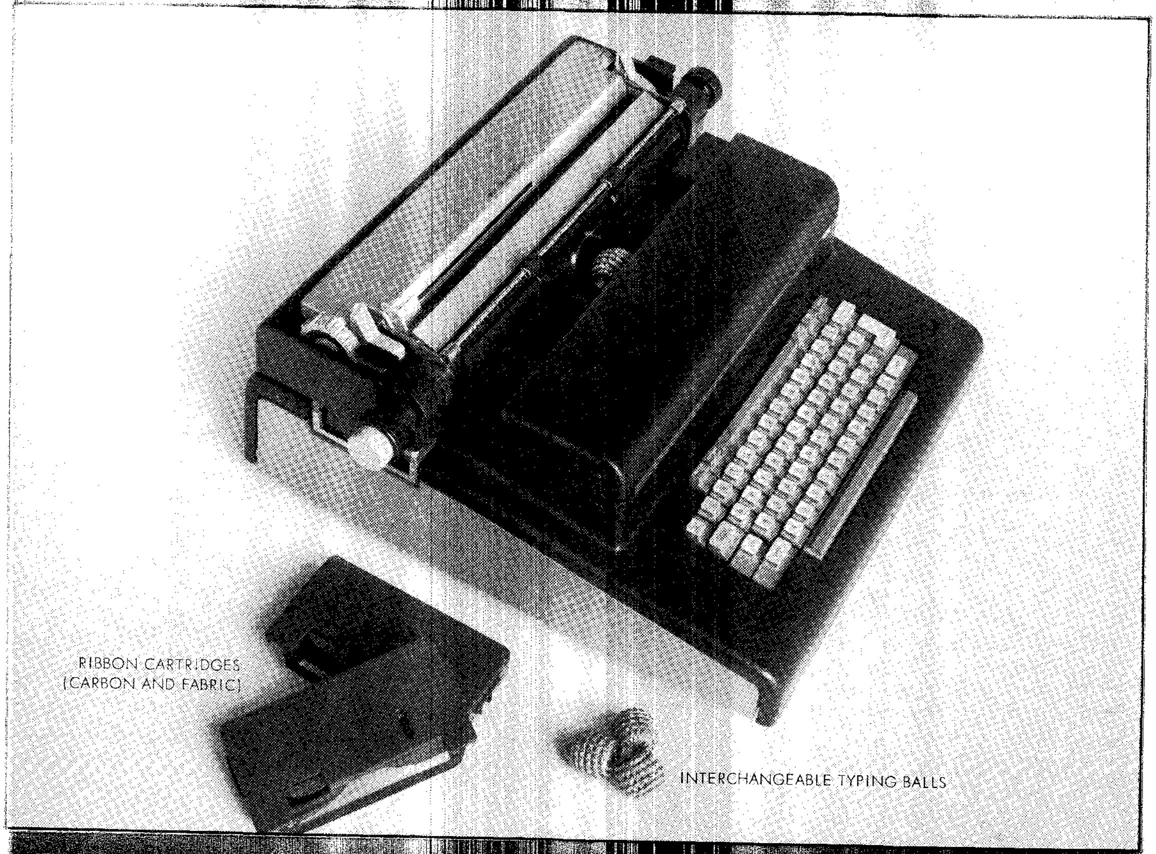
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the verdict spread throughout the city, there were wild public celebrations and "the people caused that night abundance of bonfires to be made all up and down the streets."

In 1651, Lilburne wrote another pamphlet attacking an influential member of Parliament, was summoned before the bar of Commons, convicted without formal accusation or trial, and by means of a bill of attainder was fined seven thousand pounds, banished from England for life, and sentenced to death if he returned. Helpless this time, he fled to Holland. But a year and a half later, when Cromwell dissolved the Rump Parliament that had convicted him, Lilburne assumed that there would be a freer mood at home, and returned to England. He was clapped into Newgate prison and again put on trial for his life. There were countless demonstrations on his behalf, and petitions circulated around the country came back to London with thousands upon thousands of signatures demanding his release and pardon. The furore led a contemporary to remark, "It is not to be imagined how much esteem he hath got, only for vindicating the laws and liberties against the usurpations of his time." This response, in turn, led Cromwell to clamp a virtual state of martial law on London. At the trial, held in the Old Bailey, Lilburne argued that the Rump Parliament had been illegally constituted, so the bill of attainder it had enacted must be illegal, too. Then Lilburne solemnly warned the jurors that if he died on Monday, on Tuesday Parliament could pass sentence on every one of them, on their families, on all the people in London, and eventually on everyone in England. The jury found him not guilty. "Joy and acclamation" were said to have resounded for "an English mile," except among members of the Cromwellian party, whose leader was "infinitely enraged." At his direction, Parliament ordered the jurors examined on their verdict before the Council of State, but once there the jurors refused to speak, on the ground of conscience. When all else failed, Cromwell had Lilburne secretly moved at night from Newgate to the Tower, rejected all writs of habeas corpus, and put the prisoner under such strict guard that he managed to write and smuggle out only one more pamphlet—his last. The government's refusal to free him after he had been found innocent by a jury of his peers provoked plots against the government and attempts on Cromwell's life. To remove the rebellious symbol from the center of unrest, Cromwell ordered Lilburne taken from the Tower and transported to a fortress on the island of Jersey. The following year, when the tumult over his case had subsided, he was moved to a house in Dover, where he was imprisoned until he died, two years later, at the age of forty-three.

"Lilburne had made the difference," wrote Professor Levy. "From his time on, the right against self-incrimination was an established, respected rule of the common law, or, more broadly, of English law generally." Of far greater importance, though, the fight that Lilburne had led sparked into a conflagration the movement that would ultimately overthrow tyranny—the people's growing belief that each of them possessed a personal right to be free under just laws that had to be obeyed by the highest as well as the lowest person in the realm. The concept of the individual as a being whose self-respect and dignity and privacy were inviolable had been born. According to the historian Margaret Atwood Judson, this movement was "the first great outburst of democratic thought in history, with John Lilburne . . . leading the way."

ONE of the basic causes of the American Revolution was England's failure to give colonists here the common-law rights that it professed to assure them. Although the common law was extremely reactionary in many ways—it severely restricted freedom of expression, for example, and its courts were used to punish criticisms of church and state long after the Courts of High Commission and Star Chamber were abolished—still the American colonists looked upon that legal system as a shield against official abuse of their basic rights. The slow, diverse, and uncertain growth of the legal protection of those rights under American colonial law is unclear, for, Samuel Eliot Morison has written, "legal development is probably the least known aspect of American colonial history." Records are fragmentary, and much of the evidence that was recorded is more confusing than enlightening. By the late eighteenth century, however, the specific rights that were to be embodied in the Bill of Rights existed, in one form or another, in colonial laws. After the Declaration of Independence was issued, eight states adopted constitutions that included prohibitions against compulsory self-incrimination. When Representative James Madison, the "father of the Constitution," submitted a bill of rights to the First Congress, in 1789,

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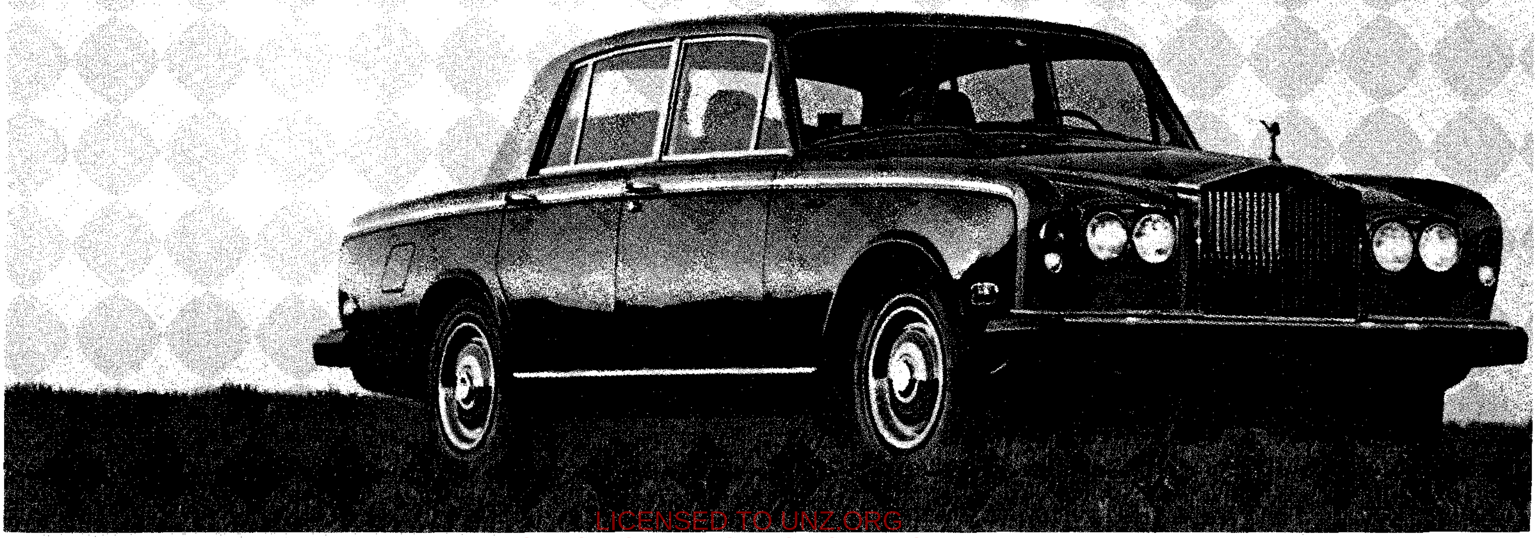

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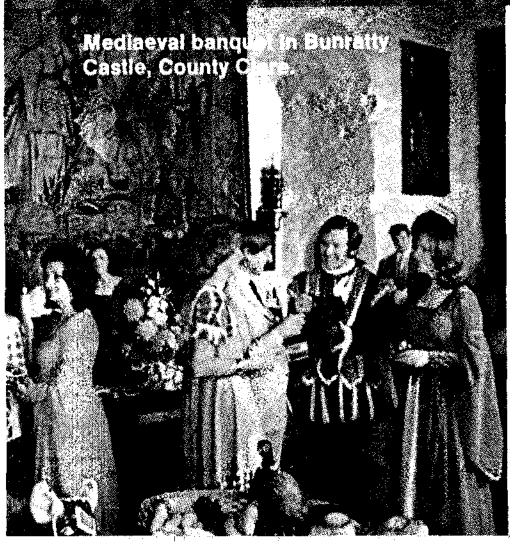
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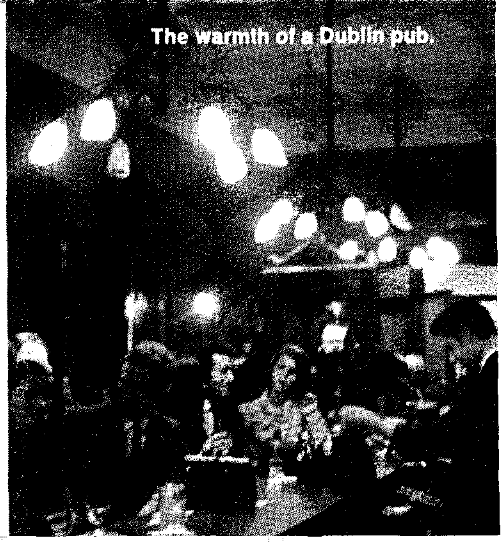
The warmth of a Dublin pub.

his proposed guarantee against forced testimony stated, "No person shall be . . . compelled to be a witness against himself." As far as written records show, Madison said nothing to explain this proposal, either then or later. In order to avoid conflict with a statute setting up the federal court system, a colleague in the House suggested that the proposal be changed to read, "No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," and the alteration was adopted unanimously and, as far as the record shows, without further debate in either house. In 1791, the amendment was approved, along with the rest of the Bill of Rights, and appended to the body of the Constitution.

With this monumental event, Levy—then Earl Warren Professor of Constitutional History at Brandeis University—concluded his account of the Fifth Amendment's origins:

> With good reason the Bill of Rights showed a preoccupation with the subject of criminal justice. The Framers understood that without fair and regularized procedures to protect the criminally accused, there could be no liberty. They knew that from time immemorial, the tyrant's first step was to use the criminal law to crush his opposition. Vicious and *ad hoc* procedures had always been used to victimize nonconformists and minorities of differing religious, racial, or political persuasion. The Fifth Amendment was part and parcel of the procedures that were so crucial, in the minds of the Framers, to the survival of the most treasured rights. One's home could not be his "castle," his property be his own, his right to express his opinions or to worship his God be secure, if he could be searched, arrested, tried, or imprisoned in some arbitrary or ignoble manner. . . . The Framers of the Bill of Rights saw their injunction, that no man should be a witness against himself in a criminal case, as a central feature of the accusatory system of criminal justice. While deeply committed to perpetuating a system that minimized the possibilities of convicting the innocent, they were not less concerned about the humanity that the fundamental law should show even to the offender. Above all, the Fifth Amendment reflected their judgment that in a free society, based on respect for the individual, the determination of guilt or innocence by just procedures, in which the accused made no unwilling contribution to his conviction, was more important than punishing the guilty.

In 1803, Chief Justice John Marshall delivered the Supreme Court's opinion in the case of Marbury v. Madison, which made the Court the ultimate arbiter of what the Constitution means by giving the Court the authority to overrule acts of Congress and the executive branch that violate the nation's fundamental law. Along the way

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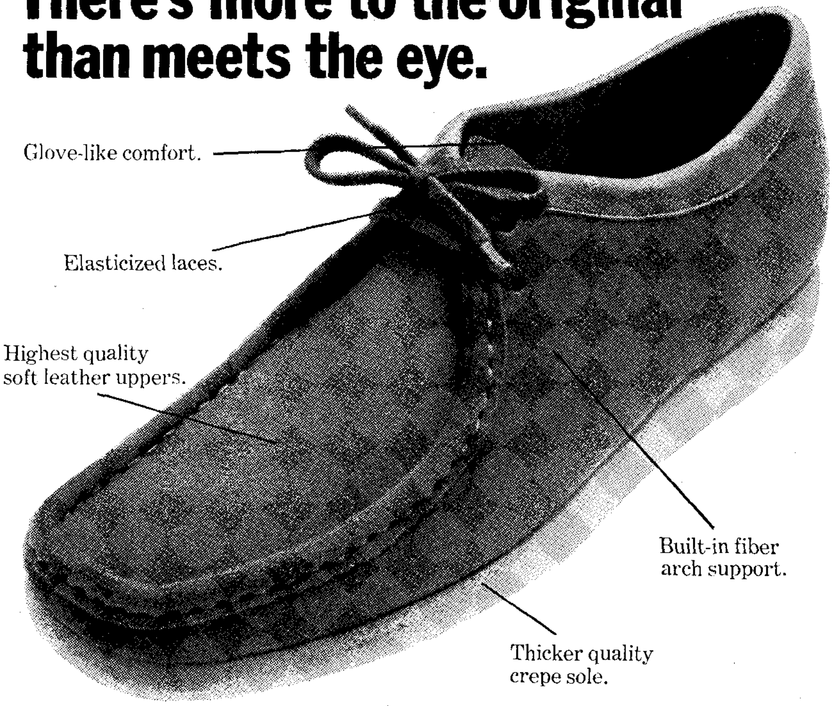
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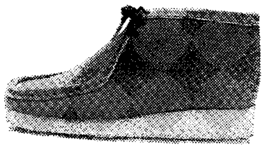

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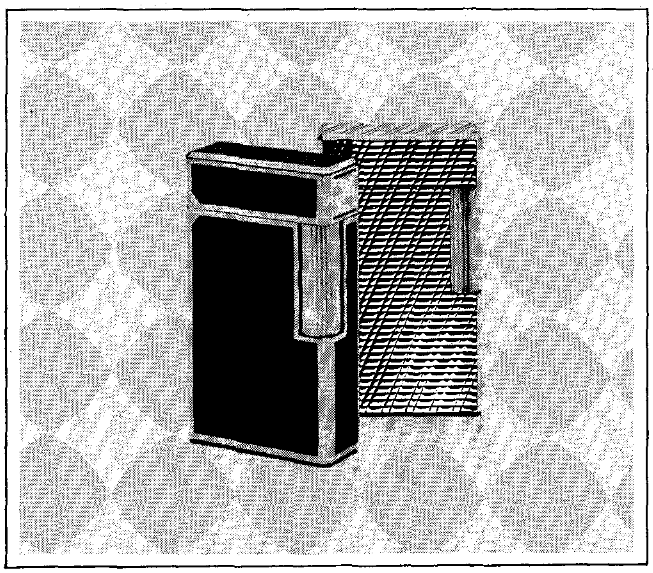

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in that case, Marshall ruled for the Court that a witness did not have to answer a question if he felt that his reply might incriminate him. Four years later, Marshall was riding the circuit, as justices then did, and presided over the trial of Aaron Burr for treason, in the Circuit Court for the District of Virginia. When a witness refused to answer a question on the ground of possible self-incrimination (or "crimination," in the usage of the time), the Chief Justice said, "If the question be of such a description that an answer to it may or may not criminate the witness . . . it must rest with himself, who alone can tell what it would be, to answer the question or not. If, in such a case, he say upon his oath that his answer would criminate himself, the court can demand no other testimony of the fact. . . . While that [fact] remains concealed within his own bosom, he is safe; but draw it from thence, and he is exposed to a prosecution. The rule which declares that no man is compellable to accuse himself would most obviously be infringed by compelling a witness to disclose a fact of this description. What testimony may be possessed, or is attainable, against any individual, the court can never know."

For half a century, Chief Justice Marshall's words were taken as the highest judicial support for a witness's absolute right to remain silent. But in 1857 Congress—in an inquiry into charges that some of its members had extorted money from special interests in exchange for favorable legislation—abrogated this right by passing an "immunity" statute that protected any witness who was compelled to testify "before either house of Congress or any committee of either house" from prosecution for "any fact or act touching which he shall have testified." The law uncovered more corruption and provided less opportunity for doing anything about it than anyone had anticipated, because members of Congress and those who had bribed them appeared before the investigating committee, confessed to innumerable crimes of all kinds that they had committed, and were automatically relieved under the new law of any liability for them. Recoiling at these "immunity baths," Congress repealed the law and replaced it in 1862 with a narrower "use immunity" statute, which provided not full immunity from prosecution for certain crimes revealed in compelled testimony before congressional committees but only immunity from use of the specific evidence thus extract-

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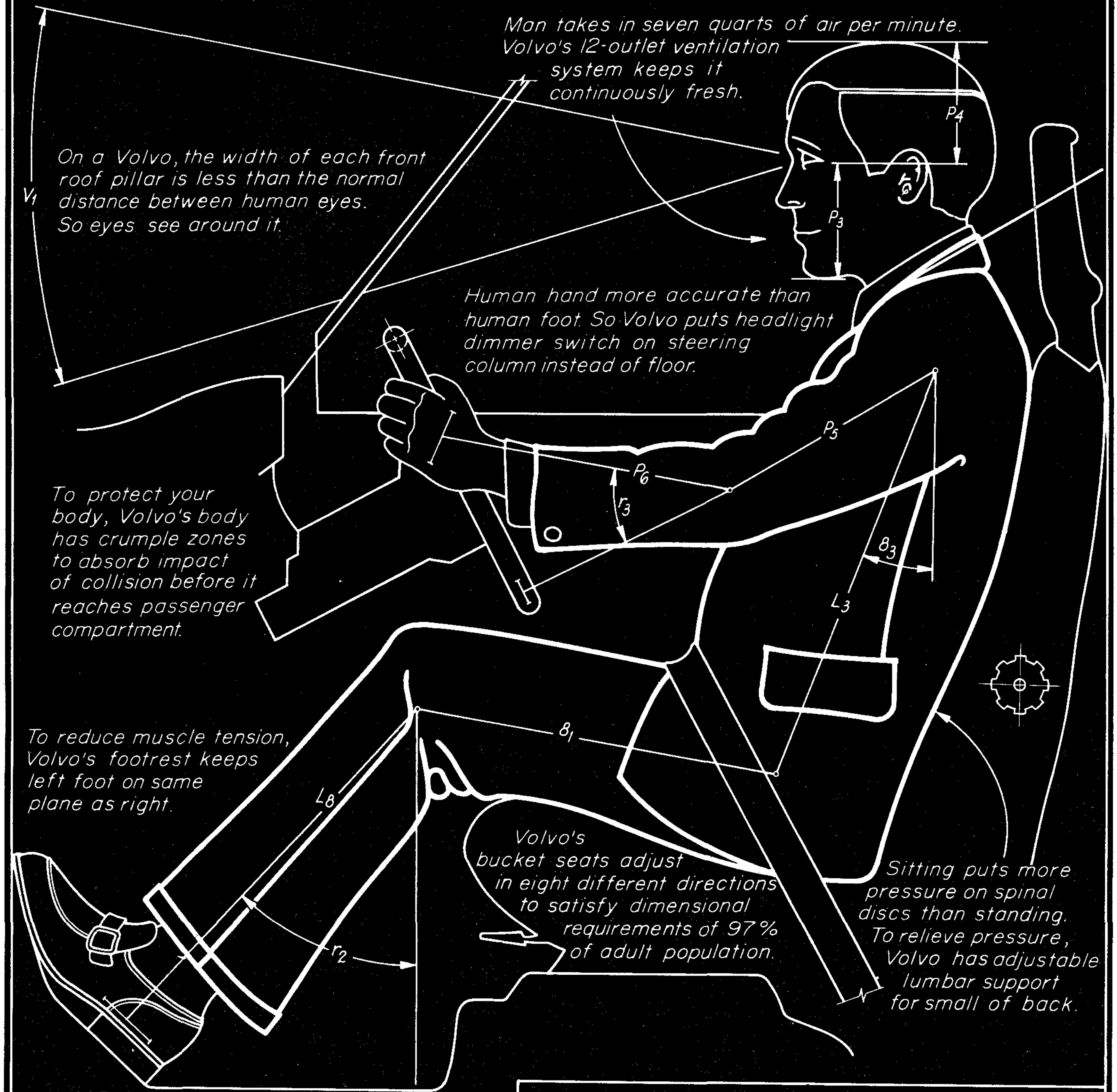

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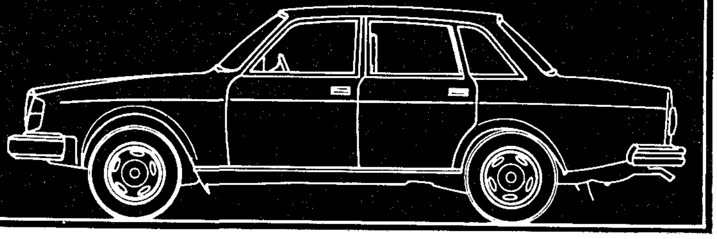

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ed. Criminal proceedings could still be brought against witnesses who testified against themselves, as long as the prosecution based its case on other evidence. Then, in 1868, Congress expanded this law to cover federal judicial proceedings in specific categories of criminal cases, and when the Interstate Commerce Commission was set up, in 1887, Congress gave it the same power to compel testimony from witnesses who were granted use immunity. If witnesses refused to testify after being given immunity, they could be fined and imprisoned until they talked.

In November, 1890, a federal grand jury in Illinois that was looking into possible violations of the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887 summoned a grain dealer by the name of Charles Counselman and asked him about his dealings with several railroads that were suspected of giving illegally low freight rates to favored customers. Counselman, who had been granted immunity, asserted his Fifth Amendment right and refused to answer several questions; the grand jury reported his refusal to the presiding judge; he ordered Counselman to answer the questions; Counselman again refused; and the judge found him in contempt of court, fined him five hundred dollars plus the cost of the proceedings, and sent him to jail until he decided to talk. He decided, instead, to appeal the order. It was upheld by the Court of Appeals, so he took the case to the Supreme Court. Justice Samuel Blatchford, in a unanimous opinion of that Court, declared that the Fifth Amendment "privilege is limited to criminal matters, but it is as broad as the mischief against which it seeks to guard," and that "the liberal construction which must be placed upon constitutional provisions for the protection of personal rights" obliged the Court to find the use-immunity law unconstitutional, since it didn't protect witnesses from the later use of their testimony, by way of its leads to other evidence, to prosecute them. "We are clearly of opinion that no statute which leaves the party or witness subject to prosecution after he answers the criminating question put to him can have the effect of supplanting the privilege conferred by the Constitution of the United States," the Court concluded, for the statute did not give witnesses "complete protection from all the perils against which the constitutional prohibition was designed to guard." That made it less than "a full substitute" for the amendment, and for such a law to be an adequate substitute it would have to provide "ab-

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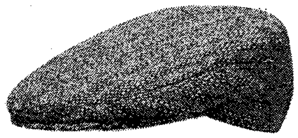

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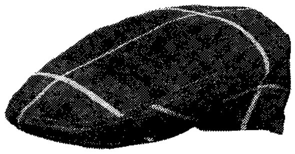

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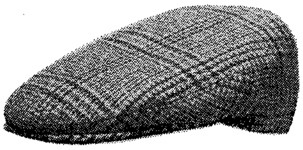

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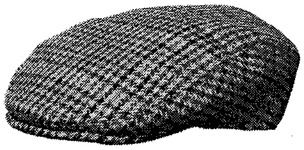

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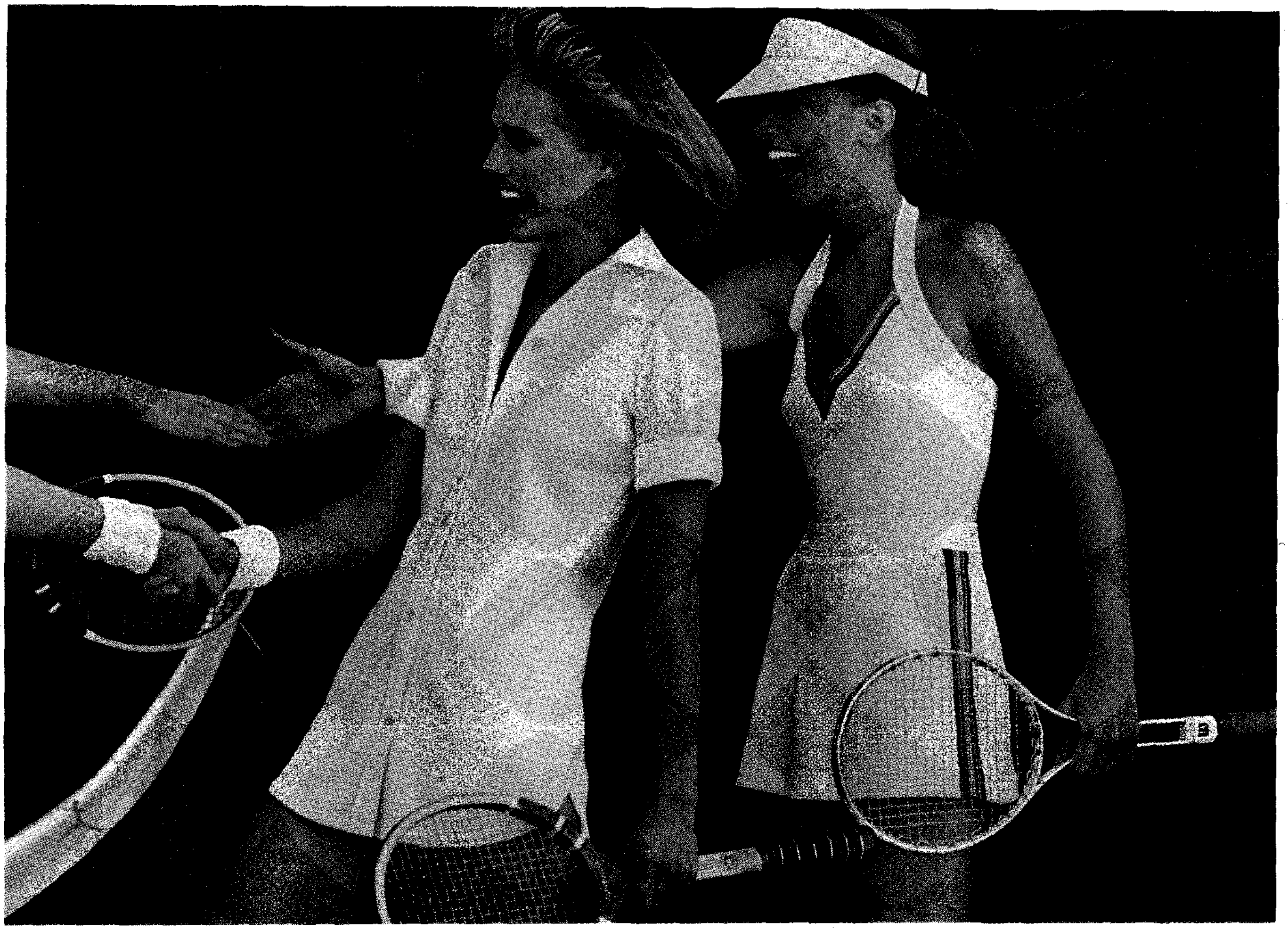

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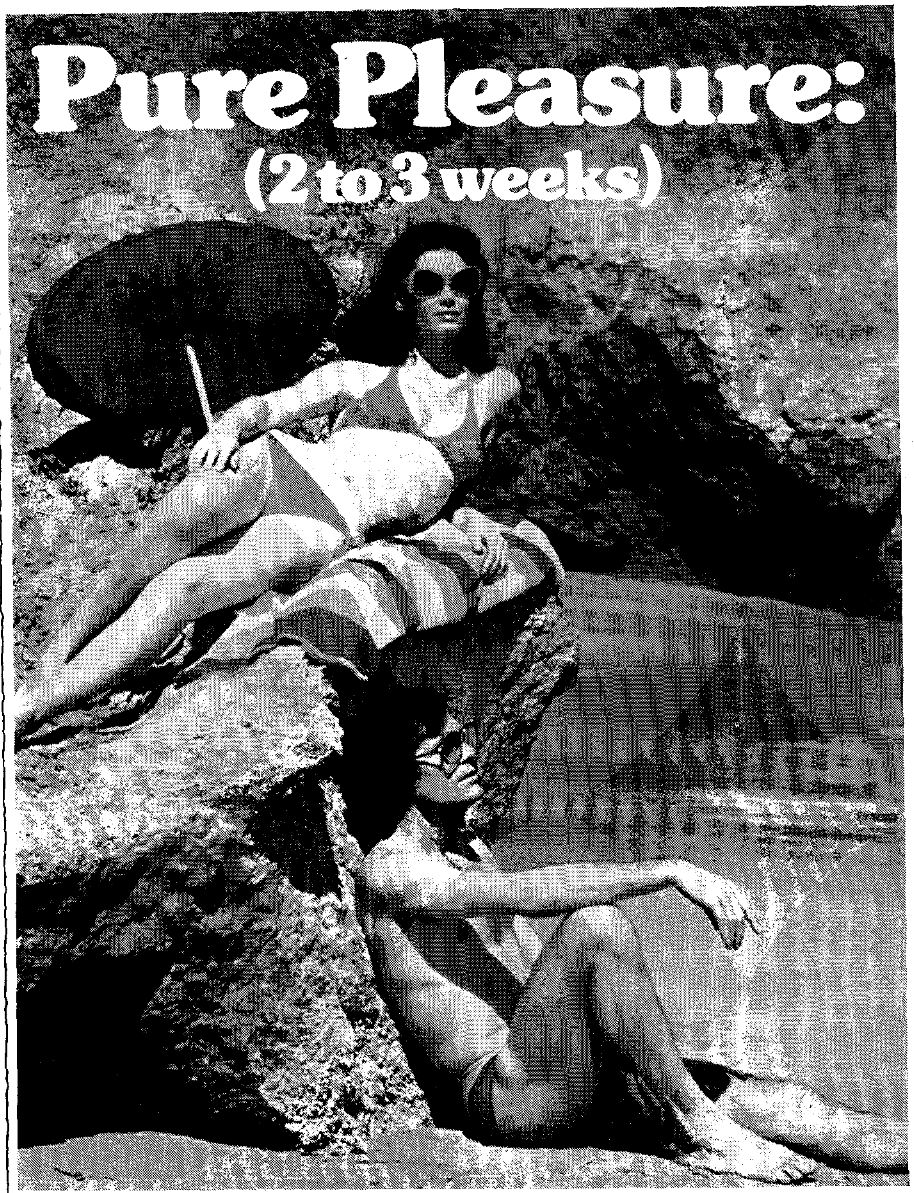
solute immunity against future prosecution for the offense to which the question relates."

The notion that there could be a "substitute" for constitutional mandates was a curious one, since the primary purpose of the Framers in formulating a written constitution in the first place was to put its mandates beyond the reach of the national legislature. The only way in which the fundamental law of the nation could constitutionally be changed was by way of amendment, and the Framers had given Congress a limited role, which was shared with the people at large, in the amending process. Now, though, the Supreme Court's conclusion that the Fifth Amendment could be supplanted by a federal law effectively gave Congress the power to amend the Constitution on its own initiative and without public approval. Finally, since the Constitution flatly states, "No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself"—not that a person can be compelled to be a witness against himself as long as he isn't prosecuted for what he says—the Supreme Court failed to place even a literal, much less a liberal, construction on "constitutional provisions for the protection of personal rights." Rather than giving absolute protection to those rights, the Court actually limited them in the case of the Fifth Amendment by handing the state the power to compel what the Constitution said could not be compelled.

Congress wasted no time in rushing through the door that the Court had opened. Sixteen days after the decision in Counselman was handed down, a bill was introduced in Congress guaranteeing that after immunity was granted to witnesses before the Interstate Commerce Commission "no person shall be prosecuted or subjected to any penalty or forfeiture for or on account of any transaction, matter, or thing concerning which he may testify." The bill—providing a form of absolute immunity that was to become known as transactional immunity—was soon enacted, and was judicially tested when the auditor of the Allegheny Valley Railway, a man named Brown, refused to answer questions put to him by a federal grand jury about low freight rates to good customers. Granted the new form of immunity, Brown pleaded the Fifth Amendment and remained silent, and the presiding judge found him in contempt of court, fined him five dollars, and sent him to jail until he agreed to testify. The Court of Appeals upheld



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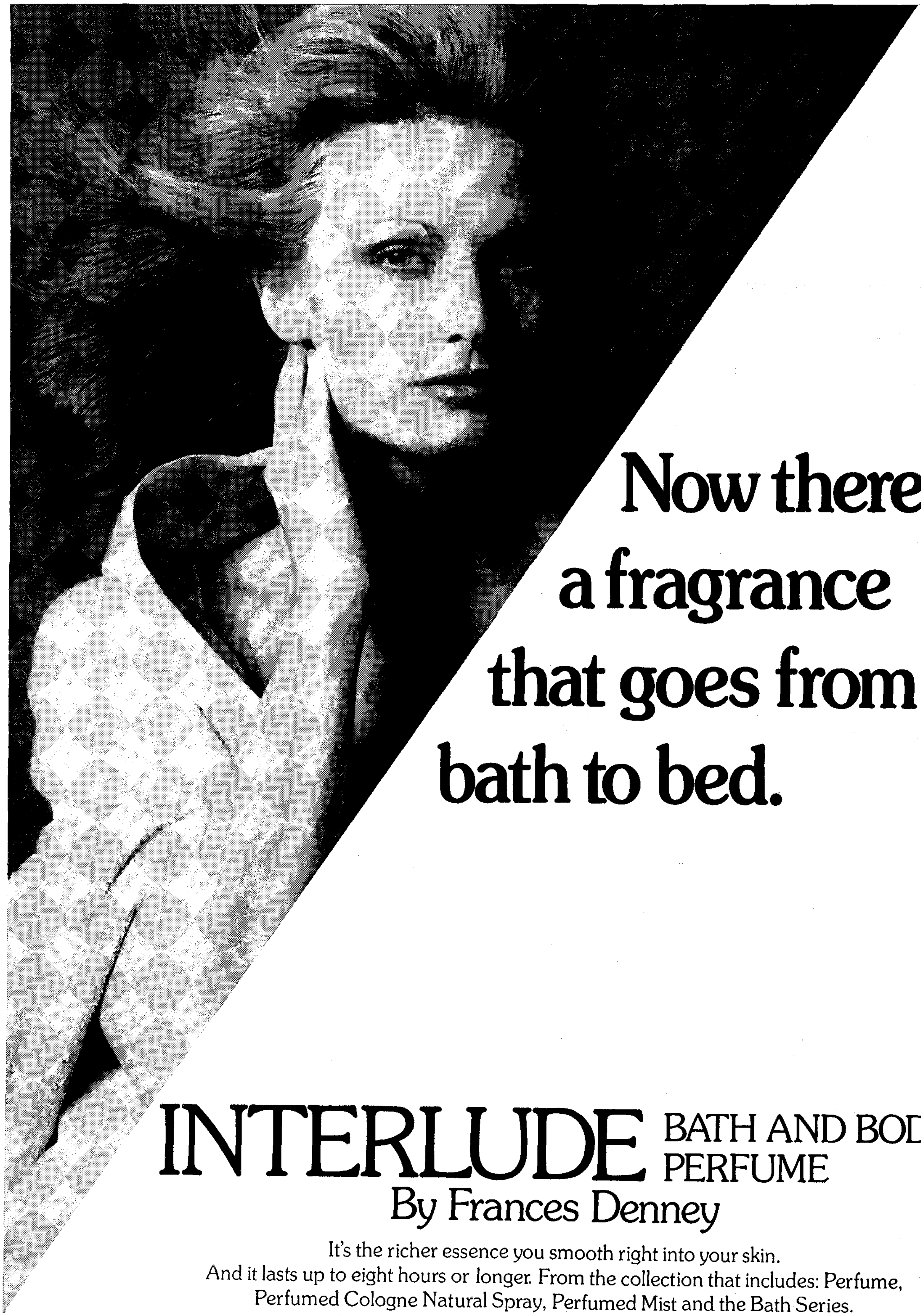
this ruling, and the case—Brown v. Walker—went to the Supreme Court.

By a five-to-four vote, in 1896, the Court upheld the new immunity law. Justice Henry B. Brown delivered the majority's opinion, which was wholly based on the conclusion in Counselman that if absolute immunity was granted a prospective witness his Fifth Amendment right was fully protected. According to Justice Brown, that right could be looked at in one of two ways: it could be interpreted literally, as "authorizing the witness to refuse to disclose any fact which might tend to incriminate, disgrace, or expose him to unfavorable comments," or it could be viewed as an attempt "to secure the witness against a criminal prosecution." The Court concluded that "the clause should be construed, as it was doubtless designed, to effect a practical and beneficent purpose—not necessarily to protect witnesses against every possible detriment which might happen to them from their testimony, nor to unduly impede, hinder, or obstruct the administration of criminal justice."

There was no historical justification whatever for the conclusion that this was the purpose for which the Fifth Amendment was "doubtless designed." Indeed, since the "practical and beneficent purpose" that Justice Brown mentioned entirely served the interests of the state rather than those of the individual citizen, that alone betrayed the intent of the Framers—to protect the individual against the state. To get around this point, Brown took refuge in an ancient judicial sanctuary—the tradition that courts should not overturn congressional acts unless they are flagrantly at odds with fundamental law. This tradition is based on the theory that since the members of Congress are democratically chosen and directly represent the citizenry, their decisions should not be overruled arbitrarily by the courts, which are essentially undemocratic in that their members are appointed rather than elected. In our system, the theory is absurd—even a cowardly abdication of judicial responsibility—for the Framers specifically designed our federal judicial system to serve as an undemocratic check on the democratic excesses that so often seize legislators. In any event, Justice Brown conceded that the colonists had so feared the iniquities of the inquisitorial system of justice that they, "with one accord, made a denial of the right to question an accused person a part of their fundamental law." But then he went on to find ample justification for compelling one who was not formally



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accused of a crime—who was, in fact, given immunity against any such accusation—to tell of others' crimes. That power, he claimed, was "within the control of the legislature." And to contend, as the defendant had, that "he would incur personal odium and disgrace from answering these questions seems too much like an abuse of language to be worthy of serious consideration," the Justice said. Above all, though, the Court majority relied on the needs of government to justify transactional immunity on constitutional grounds. "Every good citizen is bound to aid in the enforcement of the law, and has no right to permit himself, under the pretext of shielding his own good name, to be made the tool of others who are desirous of seeking shelter behind his privilege," Justice Brown declared, and thereby accused the defendant in the case of a crime that no one had charged him with—conspiracy to conceal a crime. (Although the Fifth Amendment says only that no one shall be compelled to testify against himself, testifying against others may involve admitting that one did not report a crime, and not reporting a crime is, of course, a crime.)

The Court majority's reliance on the principle of good citizenship was utterly untenable, for the duties of citizens are nowhere mentioned in the Constitution. The authors of the Fifth Amendment did not speak of good citizens or bad citizens, they merely said that no citizen could be forced to accuse himself. And, of course, the Bill of Rights was written not to help the government enforce its laws but to restrain it from abusing *any* citizen through unjust laws and unfair enforcement of them. But to the majority of the Court the needs of government were paramount, and since, Justice Brown stated, "enforcement of the Interstate Commerce law or other analogous acts . . . would become impossible" without compelled testimony, testimony must be compelled. In short, the Supreme Court declared that if legislative acts could not be enforced without violating the Constitution, then the Constitution would have to be violated to uphold those acts.

The four justices in the minority dissented vigorously, and at points bitterly, from the majority opinion. Justice George Shiras, Jr., for instance, pointed out that the immunity law specifically provided that a witness who was forced to testify was not given immunity from the crime of perjury when he testified, whereas if he were allowed to assert his constitutional right to remain silent he could not incur a charge of perjury for what he had not said. Beyond that, Shiras went on, "a moment's thought will show that a perfectly innocent person may expose himself to accusation, and even condemnation, by being compelled to disclose facts and circumstances known only to himself, but which, when once disclosed, he may be entirely unable to explain as consistent with innocence." Another dissenter in the case was Justice Stephen J. Field, who used the defense counsel's arguments verbatim in describing the rule against compulsory self-incrimination as the "result of the long struggle between the opposing forces of the spirit of individual liberty on the one hand and the collective power of the state on the other." That power is absolutely limited under our form of government, he added, for "the proud sense of personal independence which is the basis of the most valued qualities of a free citizen is sustained and cultivated by the consciousness that there are limits which even the state cannot pass in tearing open the secrets of his bosom." Above all, Field argued in a long and passionate section of his dissenting opinion, there could be no assurance that the authors of the Fifth Amendment had not intended it to protect a witness against self-infamy as well as against self-incrimination. "Both the safeguard of the Constitution and the common-law rule spring alike from that sentiment of personal self-respect, liberty, independence, and dignity which has inhabited the breasts of English-speaking peoples for centuries, and to save which they have always been ready to sacrifice many governmental facilities and conveniences," the Justice said. "In scarcely anything has that sentiment been more manifest than in the abhorrence felt at the legal compulsion upon witnesses to make concessions which must cover the witness with lasting shame and leave him degraded both in his own eyes and those of others."

Judith Shahn

Legal scholarship of the time—especially on the Supreme Court—was so inadequate and slipshod that apparently Justice Field was unaware of an ancient sanction against compulsory self-infamy that strongly supported his argument. As far back as 1528, William Tyndale's "The Obedience of a Christian Man" had condemned the legal practice of forcing a man "to shame himself." By the late seventeenth century, this principle was embedded in

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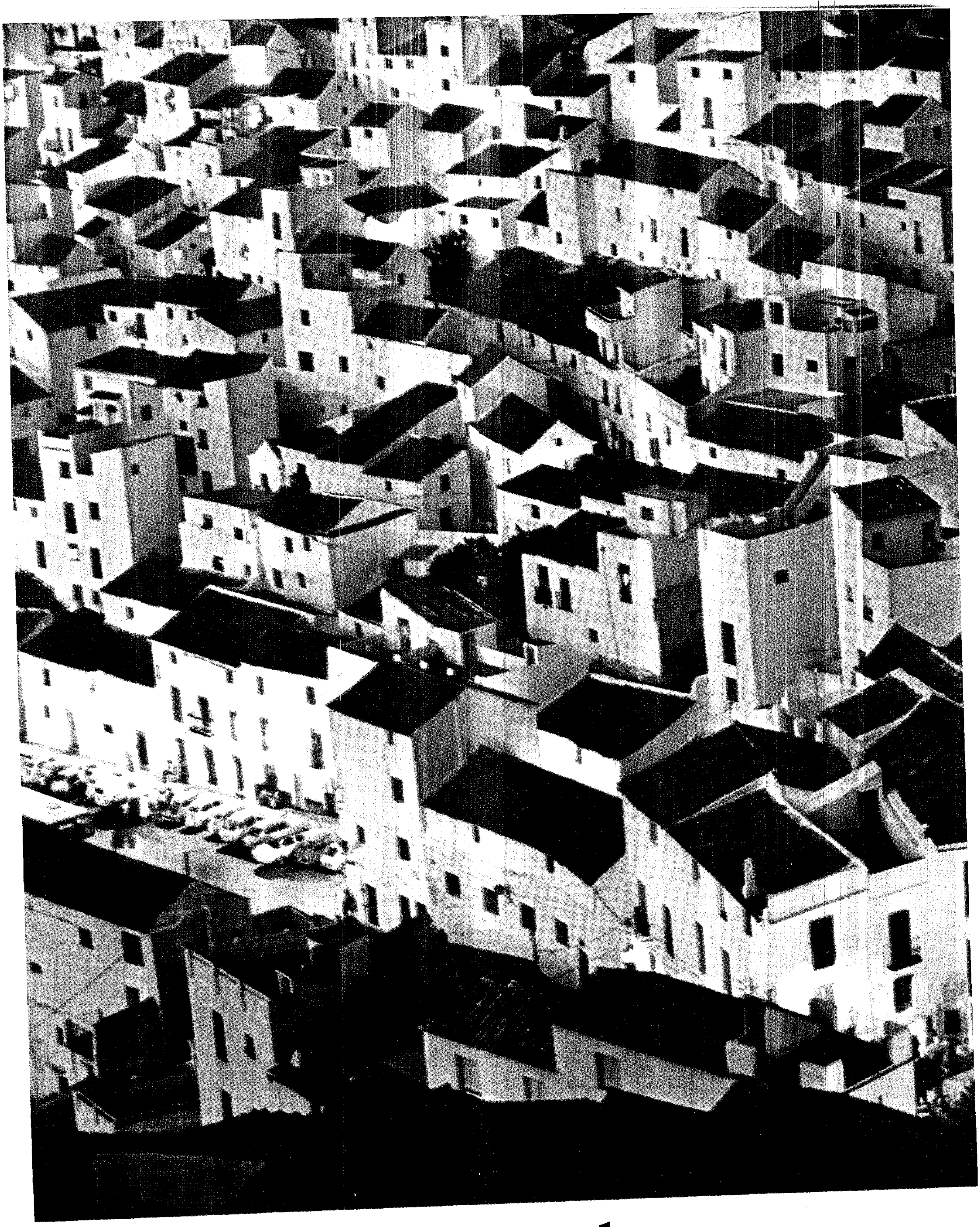

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English law, and in a notable case in 1679 a judge ruled that a witness could not be asked about his misdeeds even after being assured that he would not be prosecuted, because "neither his life nor name must suffer, and therefore such questions must not be asked him." And in 1696 Lord Chief Justice George Treby said, "Men have been asked whether they have been convicted and pardoned for felony, or whether they have been whipped for petty larceny; but they have not been obliged to answer, for though their answer in the affirmative will not make them criminal or subject them to a punishment, yet they are matters of infamy; and if it be an infamous thing, that is enough to preserve a man from being bound to answer." Sir William Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England," which was published in the mid-eighteenth century and was considered the leading text on the law by the Framers, stated that "no man is to be examined to prove his own infamy."

Two years before the Supreme Court upheld the immunity act in Brown v. Walker, a lower federal-court judge named Peter Grosscup had rejected the statute as unconstitutional. In his opinion, delivered in 1894, he addressed himself to the issue of self-infamy, among other matters, as making up an integral part of the Framers' design when they drew up the Fifth Amendment:

> Did they originate such privilege simply to safeguard themselves against the law-inflicted penalties and forfeitures? Did they take no thought of the pains of practical outlawry? The stated penalties and forfeitures of the law might be set aside; but was there no pain in disfavor and odium among neighbors, in excommunication from church or societies that might be governed by the prevailing views, in the private liabilities that the law might authorize, or in the unfathomable disgrace, not susceptible of formulation in language, which a known violation of law brings upon the offender? Then, too, if the immunity was only against the law-inflicted pains and penalties, the government could probe the secrets of every conversation, or society, by extending compulsory pardon to one of its participants, and thus turn him into an involuntary informer. Did the Framers contemplate that this privilege of silence was exchangeable always, at the will of the government, for a remission of the participant's own penalties, upon a condition of disclosure, that would bring those to whom he had plighted his faith and loyalty within the grasp of the prosecutor? I cannot think so. . . .
>
> The oppression of crowns and principalities is unquestionably over, but the more frightful oppression of selfish, ruthless, and merciless majorities may yet constitute one of the chapters of future history. In my opinion, the privi-

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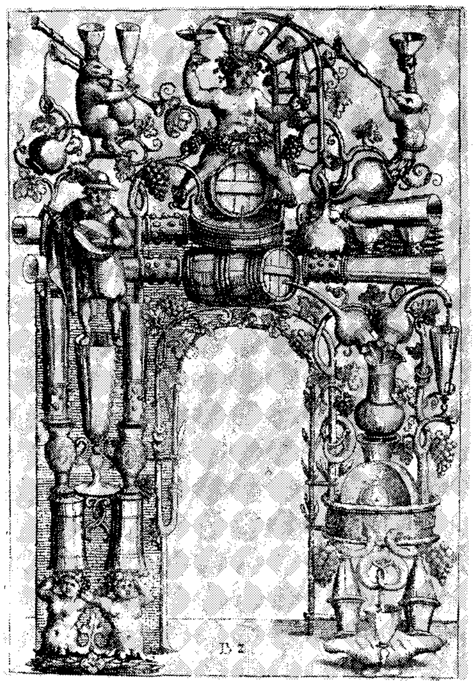

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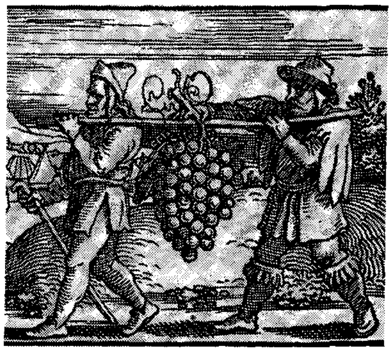

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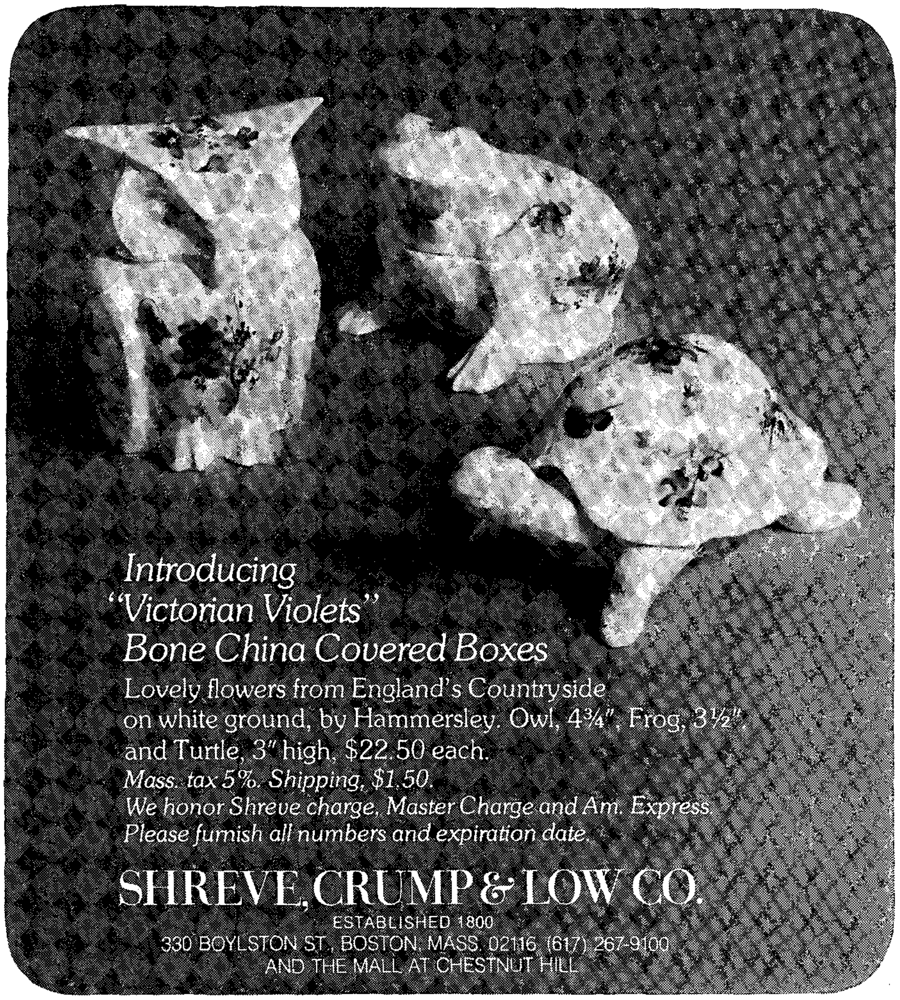

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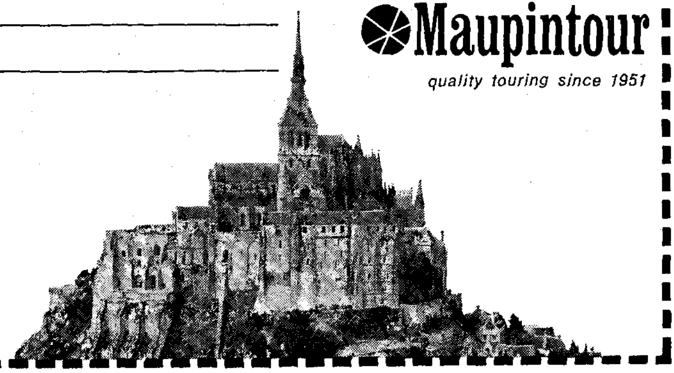
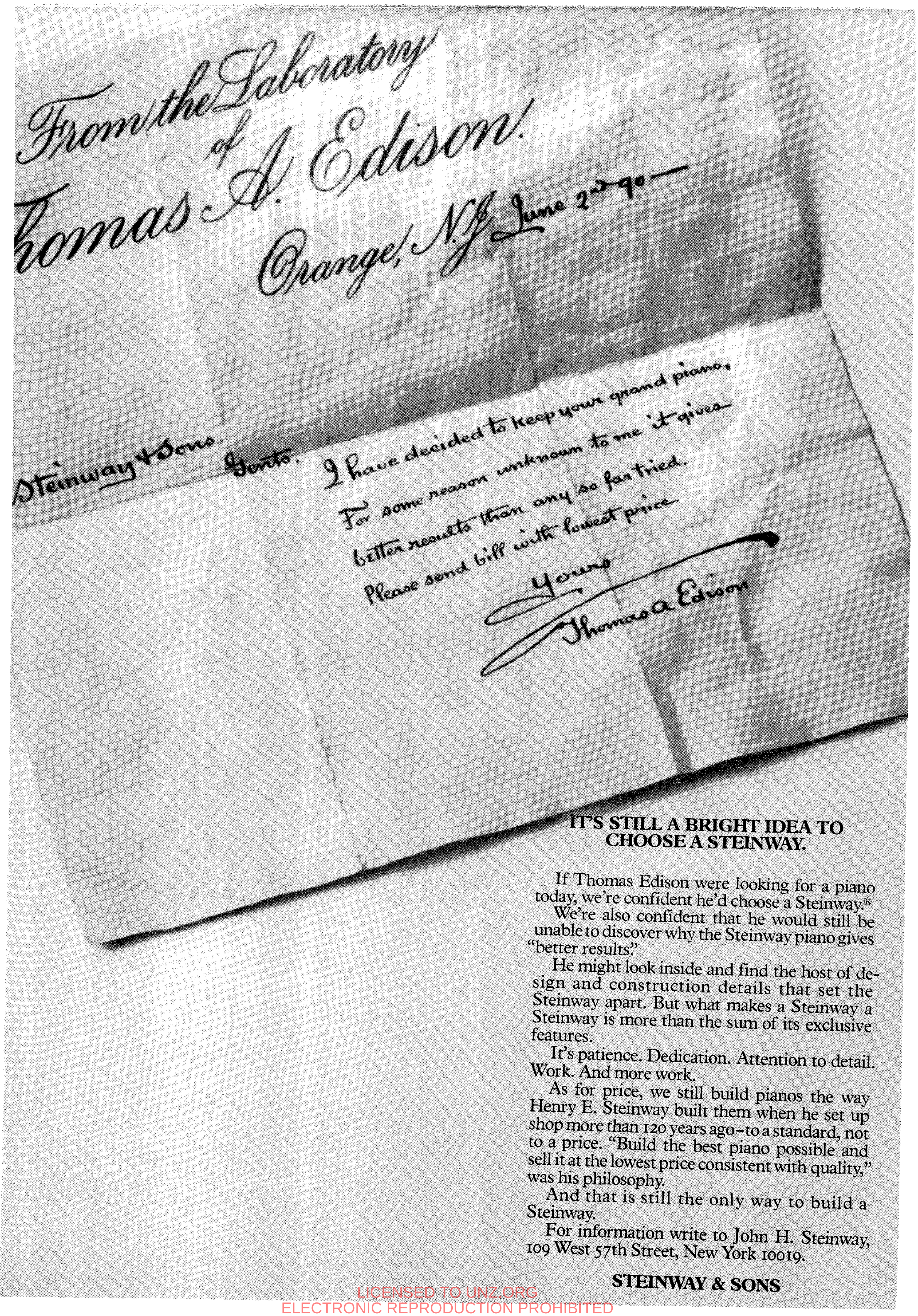


lege of silence against a criminal accusation, guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment, was meant to extend to all the consequences of disclosure.

Both the Supreme Court's narrow endorsement of transactional immunity and its rejection of the theory that the Fifth Amendment prohibited the government from forcing one to disgrace oneself were ultimately to abet the tyranny of the majority that Judge Grosscup foresaw. As a result of anti-Communist hysteria, which had spread throughout America from the time of the Bolshevik Revolution in 1917 until it burst out into a national nightmare of repression in the late nineteen-forties and early nineteen-fifties, Congress, which had created most of the hysteria in the first place, responded to it by enacting some of the most repressive laws ever to be placed on this nation's books. Armed with these laws, congressional committees and federal grand juries summoned their victims, who were forced to admit their radical political beliefs and associations and to inform on their friends or go to prison. In one of the most famous of these cases, which reached the Supreme Court in the mid-fifties—Ullmann v. United States—the Court upheld a transactional-immunity statute that Congress had passed to implement one of the more far-reaching anti-radical laws. Since the statute provided absolute immunity, Justice Felix Frankfurter said for the seven-man majority, it was consonant with the decision in Brown v. Walker, which had "consistently and without question been treated as definitive by this Court." Of the two dissenters, Justice Hugo L. Black opposed the decision on the ground that if the Constitution said, "No person shall be . . . compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself," that was what the Constitution meant. The other dissenter, Justice William O. Douglas, called upon the Court to overturn the five-man majority opinion in Brown and to raise the four-man minority opinion there to the status of constitutional doctrine by ruling "that the right of silence created by the Fifth Amendment is beyond the reach of Congress." Above all, Douglas shared the concern expressed sixty-odd years earlier by Judge Grosscup and Justice Field about self-infamy, and he appealed to the Court to stand up for "conscience and human dignity and freedom of expression" by giving a person's reputation and his sense of independence and self-respect the full protection accorded it before the Supreme Court went to work on the



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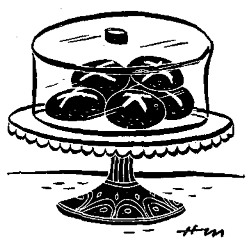
Constitution. "The critical point is that the Constitution places the right of silence *beyond the reach of government*," he repeated. "The Fifth Amendment stands between the citizen and his government." But the Court's majority refused to listen.

AFTER Brown v. Walker, the most important case concerning compulsory self-incrimination to be decided by the Supreme Court was Twining v. State of New Jersey, in 1908. In a state criminal trial, a judge had noted in his charge to the jury that the defendants had declined to take the stand in their own defense, and they appealed this act as a violation of their Fifth Amendment rights as interpreted by the Fourteenth Amendment. That amendment says, "No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in 1868, and many legal scholars and judges believed that its purpose was to make the entire Bill of Rights binding on the states. But, in 1873, five years after the amendment was adopted, the Supreme Court decided that it guaranteed citizens of the states only those rights the states said they possessed—that is, the Fourteenth Amendment was meaningless. Four members of the Court, led by Justice Field, bitterly contested the 1873 decision, for if the Fourteenth Amendment did no more than the majority held, he said, "it was a vain and idle enactment, which accomplished nothing, and most unnecessarily excited Congress and the people on its passage." In Twining v. New Jersey, the defendants reopened the argument by contending that the Fifth Amendment right against compulsory self-incrimination had been "incorporated" through the "privileges or immunities" clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to cover state criminal proceedings. But the Court rejected this view, and cited its 1873 decision as binding.

To buttress this conclusion, Justice William H. Moody, speaking for the Court in Twining, pointed out that the rights and privileges of national citizenship so far recognized by the Supreme Court were "the right to pass freely from state to state, the right to petition Congress for a redress of grievances, the right to vote for national officers, the right to enter the public lands, the right to be protected against violence while in the lawful custody of a United States marshal, and the right to inform the United States authorities of violation of its laws." The rights enumerated in the Bill of Rights, among them freedom of religion, speech, press, and assembly; the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures, against indictment for felony except by grand jury, against double jeopardy, and against involuntary self-incrimination; the right to a speedy and public trial by an impartial jury, to a public accusation describing its nature and cause, to be confronted by one's accusers, to have the power to summon witnesses on one's behalf, and to have a lawyer; and the right not to be subjected to excessive bail or fines or to cruel and unusual punishment—all these fundamental rights were the privileges and immunities of citizens only when they came up against the authority of the federal government. Not one of these rights, the Court declared, was guaranteed to citizens against the authority of individual states unless specifically provided for under the laws of those states. In fact, the states could suspend or abolish any of the rights they had guaranteed their citizens, and no power, including that of the national government, could stop them. Accordingly, Justice Moody asserted, the right against compulsory self-incrimination was not a privilege or immunity of a citizen in a state criminal proceeding. Going on to the defendants' further claim that compulsory self-incrimination also denied them due process of law, as guaranteed by both the Fifth and Fourteenth Amendments, Justice Moody stated that to constitute due process any legal principle had to be shown to be an intrinsic part of "the law of the land," as that phrase was meant by the authors of Magna Carta. He then asked rhetorically whether the prohibition against compulsory self-incrimination was "a fundamental principle of liberty and justice which inheres in the very idea of free government and is the inalienable right of a citizen of such a government." He answered that it was not, because a search through English and American history prior to the Revolution revealed "nothing to show that it was then thought to be other than a just and useful principle of law." In



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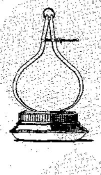

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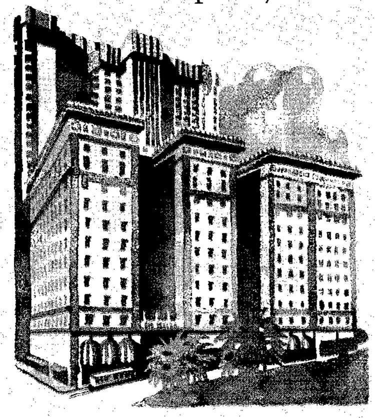

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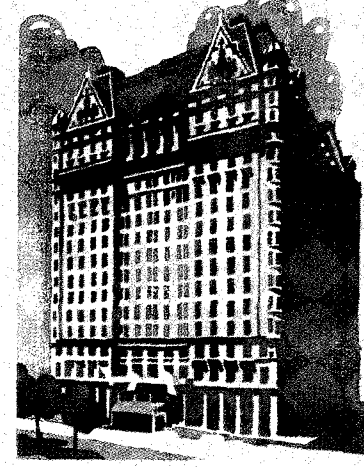

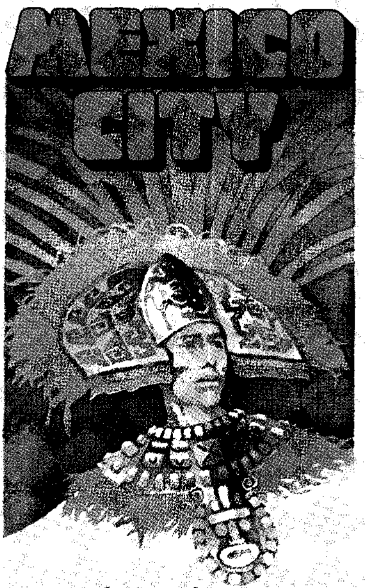

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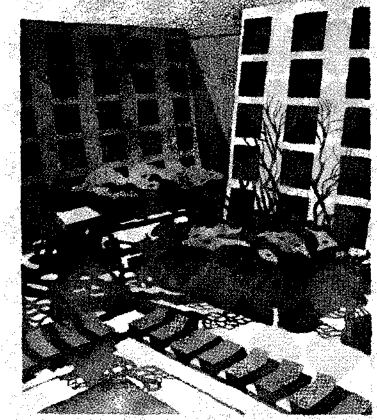

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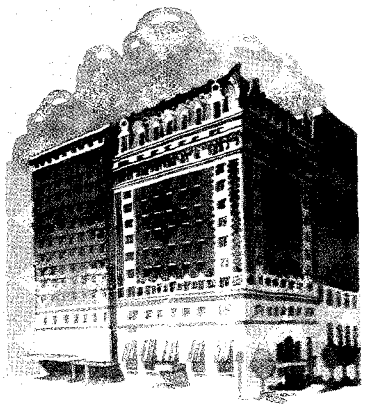

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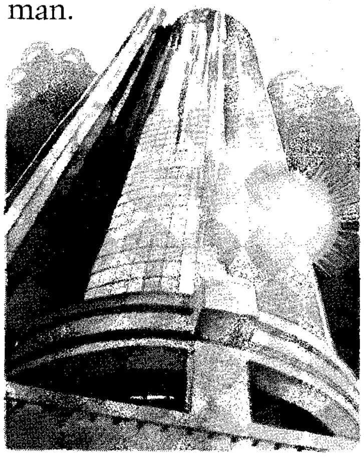

THE WORLD

UNITED STATES	
Anchorage	Anchorage-Westward
Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Denver	Cosmopolitan
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (Spring 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Houston Oaks
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
Calgary	Calgary Inn
Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR	
San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
Antigua	Hotel Antigua
Guatemala City	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
Kowloon	Miramar
JAPAN	
Kyoto	Miyako
Tokyo	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
MEXICO	
Cancun	Camino Real
Guadalajara	Camino Real
Mazatlan	Camino Real
Mexico City	Alameda, Camino Real
Puerto Vallarta	Camino Real
Saltillo	Camino Real
Tampico	Camino Real
NORWAY	
Oslo	Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES	
Manila	Philippine Plaza (Sept. 1976)
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England, he went on, the "privilege was not dreamed of for hundreds of years after Magna Carta (1215), and could not have been implied in the 'law of the land' there secured."

The test Moody proposed was faulty. For one thing, many of the principles that had been considered fundamental at the time the American Constitution was adopted had not been dreamed of for hundreds of years after Magna Carta. Indeed, if the founding of the United States was nothing more than a repetition of that document's principles, then six centuries had passed with no political progress to be shown for them. For instance, when King John signed the Great Charter even jury trials in criminal cases were unknown in England. In addition, Magna Carta contained almost no fundamental rights of ordinary people as we understand such rights today. Those that were claimed so fervently—by men like Lilburne, among thousands of others—to be indelibly imprinted in it were actually imposed on it by myth in the centuries after it was written. The key sentence in Magna Carta that was later believed to contain the fundamental principles of democratic law reads, "No freeman shall be taken, or imprisoned, or disseised, or outlawed, or exiled, or any wise destroyed; nor shall we go upon him, nor send upon him, but by the lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land." In thirteenth-century England, "the law of the land" meant trial by battle or by an ordeal such as being branded with a hot iron to see whether the burn healed quickly, which meant one was innocent, or became infected, which meant one was guilty, and "the lawful judgment of his peers" referred to those who umpired the battle or interpreted the reaction to the iron.

Continuing, Justice Moody pointed out that there was no reference to a guarantee against self-incrimination in the English Petition of Right, submitted to the king in 1628. Once again the Justice—that is, the Supreme Court—was wrong. As Professor Levy has pointed out, a crucial part of the Petition was designed to stop the sovereign from forcing subjects to lend money to the Crown, and from forcing those who declined to make such loans to take self-incriminatory oaths before a special royal commission. Moody also claimed that compulsory self-incrimination "was then a matter of common occurrence in all the courts of the realm." While that was true, Moody ignored the fact that beginning a few years later and for more than two

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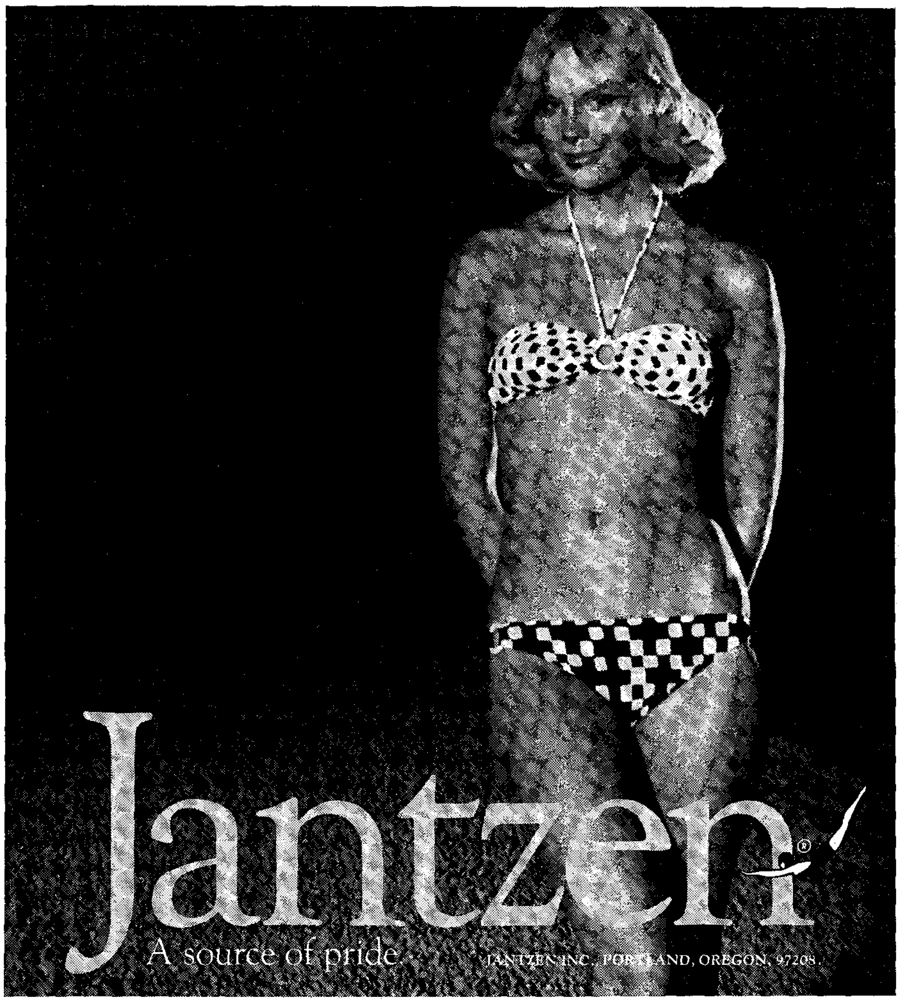
centuries afterward compulsory self-incrimination under oath was not permitted in common-law courts in England; in fact, during this period defendants were not even allowed to testify under oath, either for or against themselves, in such courts of the realm until only ten years before Moody delivered the Supreme Court's opinion in Twining. Moody claimed that the English Bill of Rights of 1689 was "likewise silent, though the practice of questioning the prisoner at his trial had not then ceased." Actually, by that time the rule against allowing prisoners to be questioned under oath was already established. Moreover, the English Bill of Rights was largely a fraud, for it contained little to assure rights to the common man—aside from sanctions against excessive bail and fines and cruel and unusual punishment—but was mainly designed to protect the government's rights. One demonstration of this purpose emerged when Thomas Paine attacked that Bill of Rights in "The Rights of Man" by saying, "The act, called the Bill of Rights . . . what is it but a bargain, which the parts of the government made with each other to divide powers, profits, and privileges?" As if to prove his point, the British government charged Paine with treason, and he was convicted of committing, among other crimes, seditious libel against the Bill of Rights.

Justice Moody then moved on to America, and asserted that only four of the original thirteen states had asked that the Constitution be amended by adding a bill of rights that included the right against involuntary self-incrimination. He did say that six of the thirteen states had such a right written into their own constitutions, but he did not mention that every state having a separate bill of rights prohibited compulsory self-incrimination. He also ignored the broadest and most pertinent document of freedom up to that time, the Virginia Declaration of Rights, written by George Mason, which had greatly influenced all the state constitutions and the national Constitution; it, too, contained a sanction against forced self-incrimination. And, finally, Justice Moody ignored the Supreme Court's own finding in Brown v. Walker that the American colonists "with one accord, made a denial of the right to question an accused person a part of their fundamental law." In conclusion, Justice Moody dismissed the prohibition against involuntary self-incrimination as being in any way fundamental by saying that "it is nowhere



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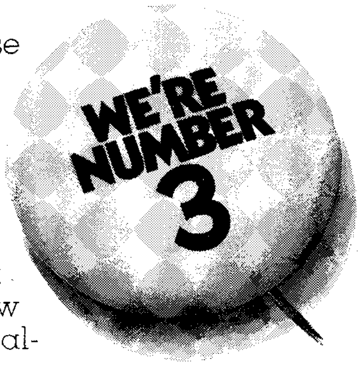

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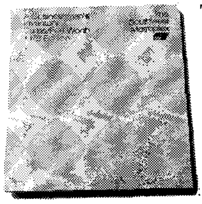

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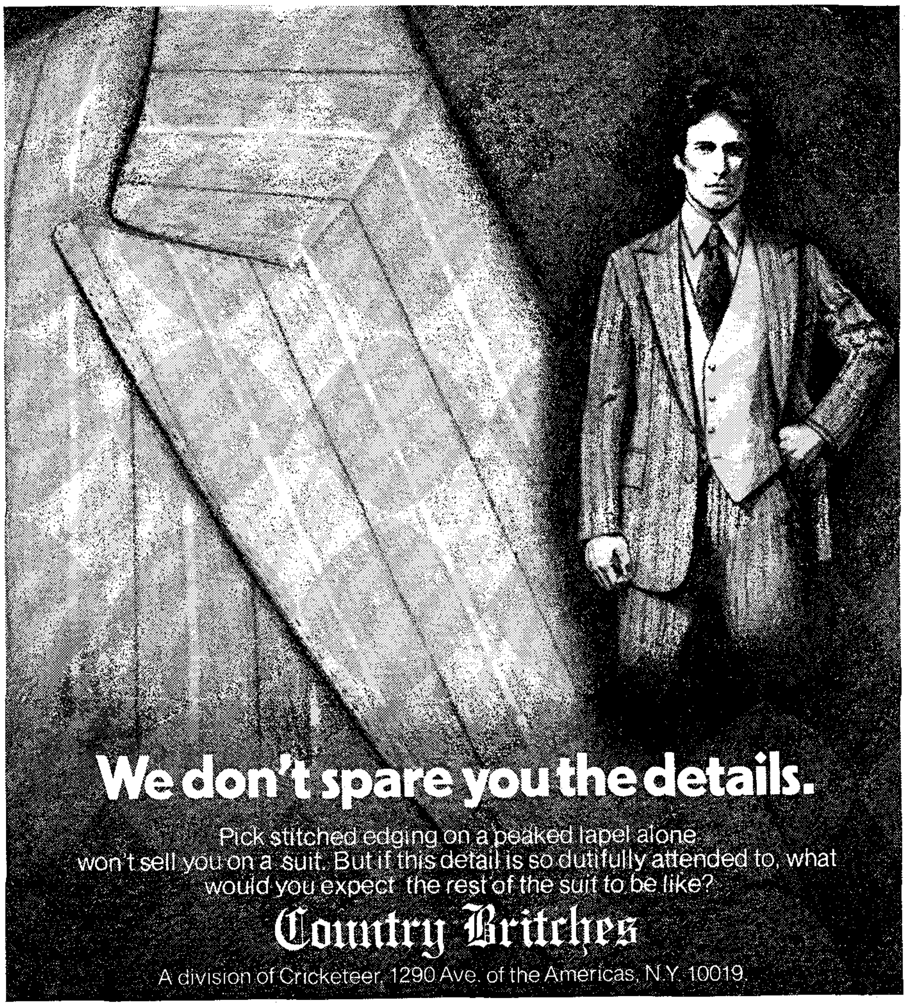
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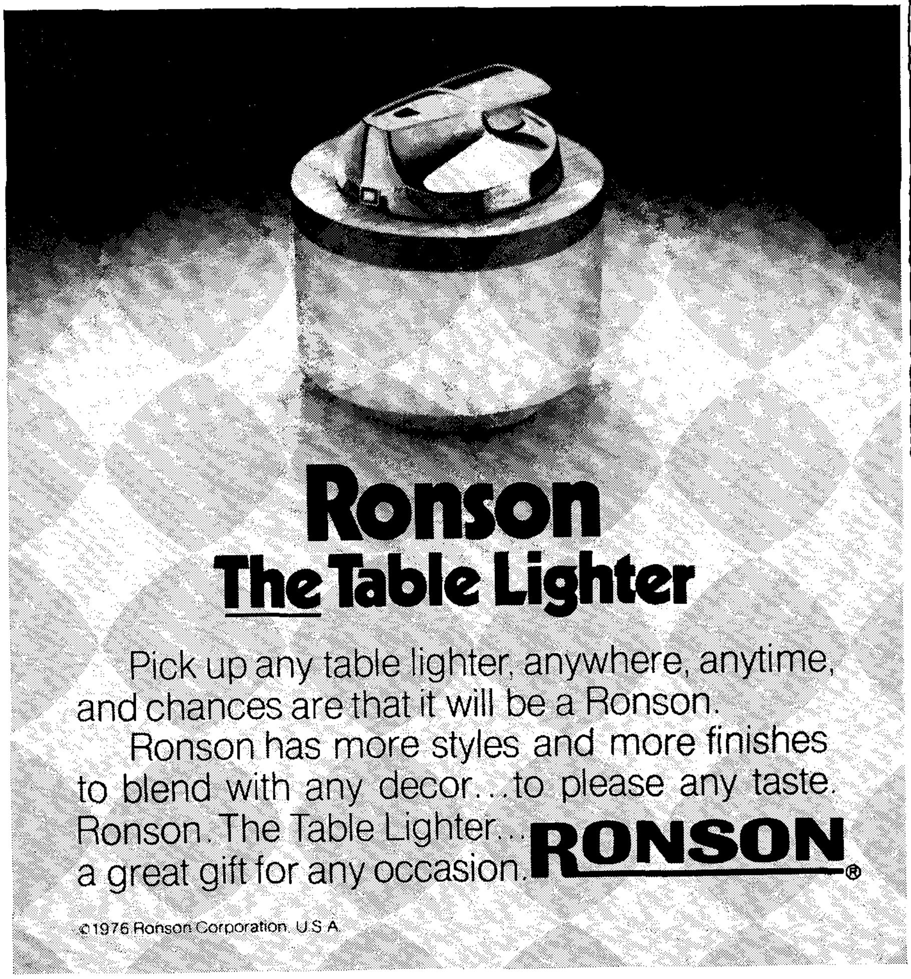
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observed among our own people in the search for truth outside the administration of the law"—in other words, the rule has no counterpart in ordinary society. This claim, which has repeatedly been made by such eminent jurists of today as Walter V. Schaefer, of the Illinois Supreme Court, and Henry J. Friendly, of the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit, misses a couple of basic points. For one, "the search for truth" has nothing to do with the Fifth Amendment, which was obviously written with the express purpose of allowing people to conceal the truth. For another, the world outside the law is not like the world inside the law—most notably in the respect that in civil society one cannot be imprisoned for one's transgressions. Indeed, if the rules of civil society were the standard on which our criminal law were based, then no one would be forced to talk about others or go to prison, because scarcely anyone is regarded with more scorn in the ordinary world than the Judas figure—from the childish tattletale to the adult informer.

BY the beginning of the eighteenth century, criminal-court judges in England generally concluded that compelled confessions were untrustworthy, and this realization became another reason for not allowing an accused person or a witness to be tortured. But in America the use of torture went on illegally for many years—and, in fact, still goes on. As it turned out, the Supreme Court was to have as much difficulty in facing this problem as it has had in facing the problem of coerced confessions in general.

In the mid-nineteen-thirties, three black men were arrested in Mississippi on a charge of murdering a white man. Five days after the crime, they were indicted, arraigned, given court-appointed counsel, and then were taken to trial the following morning. The trial lasted less than two days, and at its conclusion the three were found guilty and sentenced to death. Aside from their confessions, there was no evidence against them, and during the trial their story of how they had come to confess was laid before the jury. The story told how a deputy sheriff had led a mob to one of the defendants, hanged him by a rope from a tree outside the dead man's house for a time, let him down long enough to hear him proclaim his innocence, hauled him up again, let him down, heard him repeat his claim, then tied him to a tree trunk and whipped him until the mob tired of it and released

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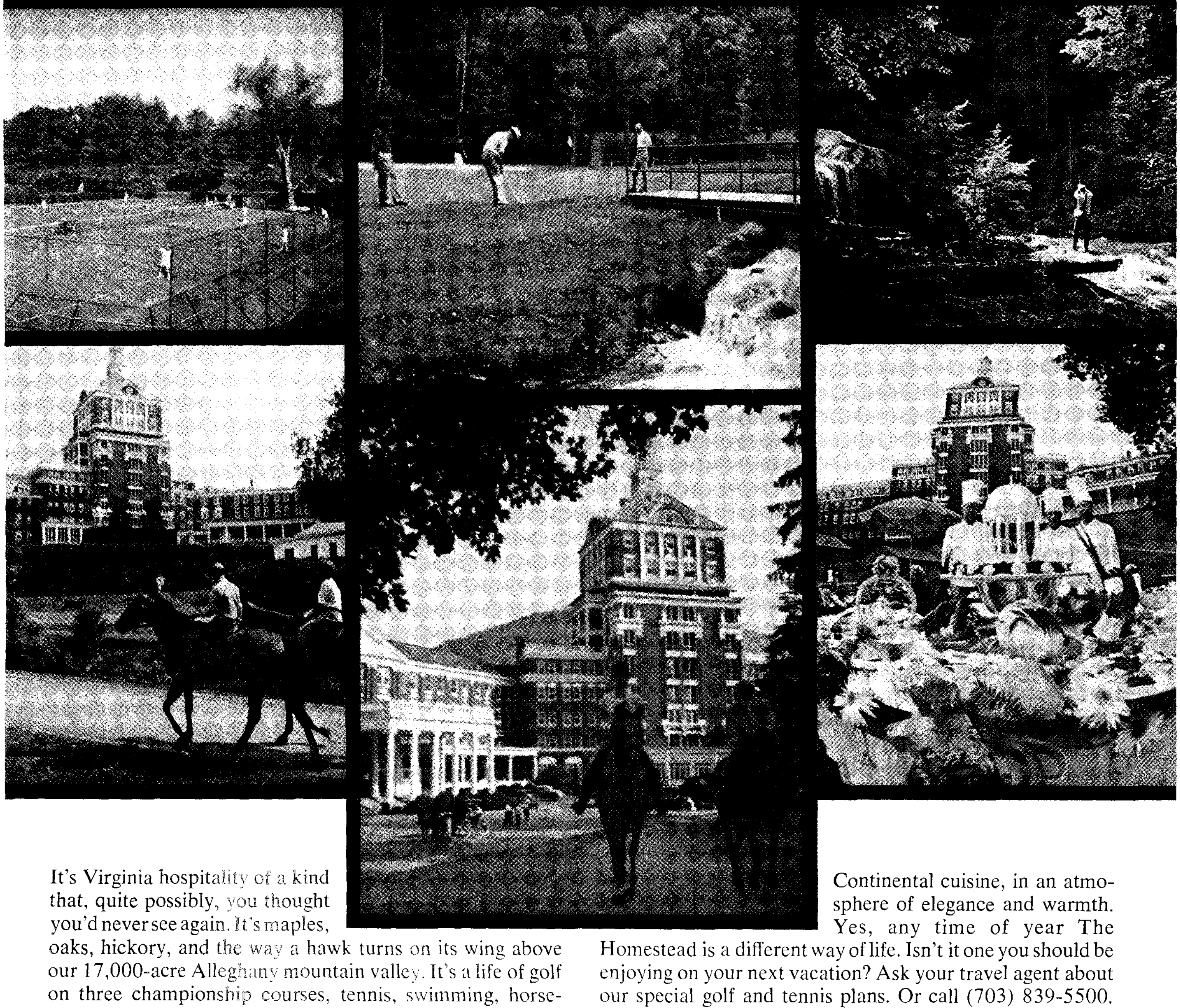

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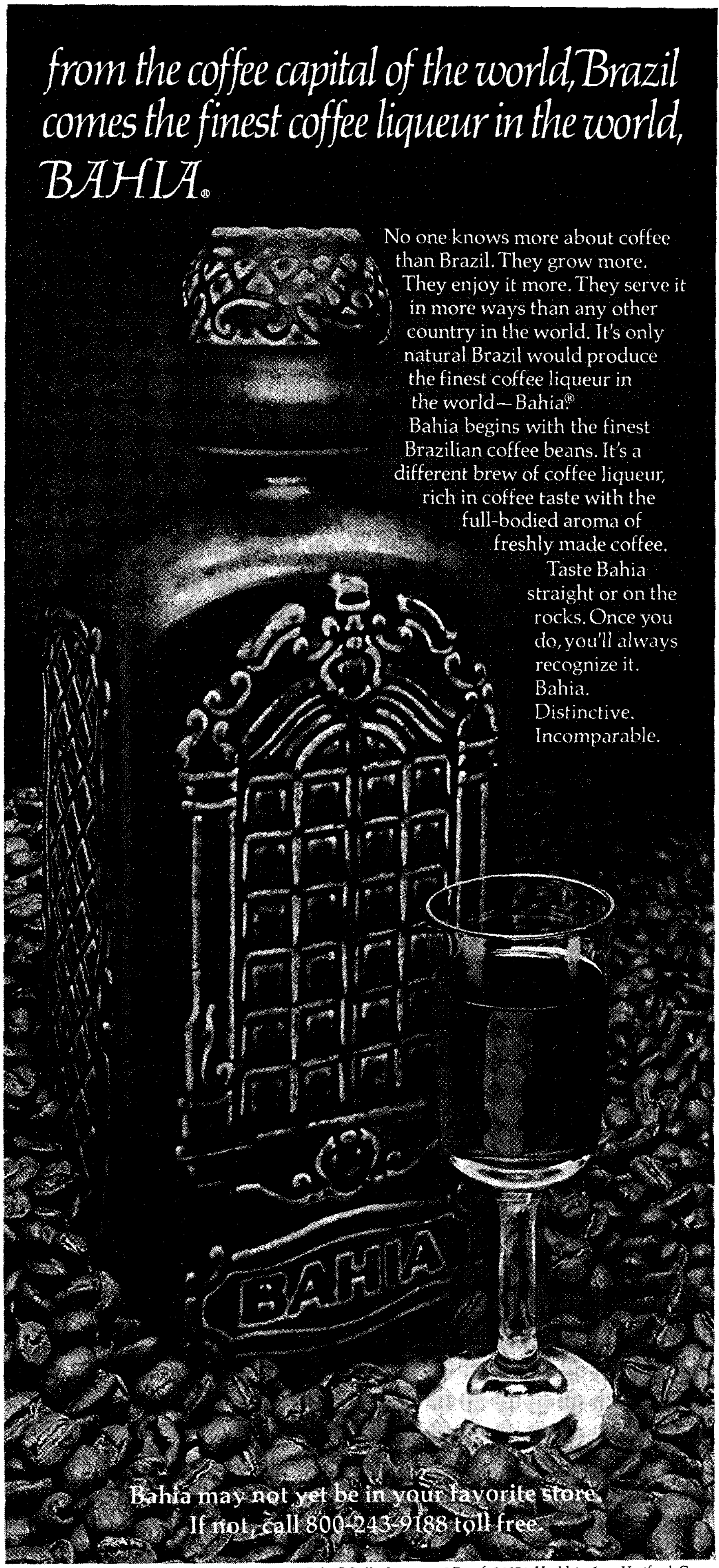

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him, without persuading him to confess. A couple of days later, the deputy and a colleague went to the man's house and took him to jail—by way of nearby Alabama, where they stopped and beat him some more. They vowed to go on beating him until he confessed, and finally he did, whereupon they took him to jail. The deputy then picked up two other black men who had been implicated by the first suspect, took them to jail, made them strip and lie down over chairs, and whipped them with the buckle end of a leather belt until their backs were cut to pieces. In time, they confessed, too. During the trial, they displayed the fresh wounds on their backs to the jurors, and the defendant who had been hanged showed them the rope marks on his neck. The deputy sheriff readily admitted while on the stand that he had beaten one of the men, but, he said, "not too much for a Negro." The judges of the Mississippi Supreme Court read the trial record and upheld the convictions and death sentences.

Brown v. Mississippi, unlike thousands of similar cases across the country, ended up in the United States Supreme Court. In the arguments there, counsel for the State of Mississippi contended that Twining controlled the issue and that, accordingly, the federal rule against involuntary self-incrimination didn't apply to a state case. In February, 1936, the Court announced its decision, which upheld the state's contention on this point. "The question of the right of the state to withdraw the privilege against self-incrimination is not here involved," announced Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes for the Court. What was involved, though, he went on, was that "torture to extort a confession" was so "revolting to the sense of justice" that it constituted a denial of due process, which was a right that the state could *not* withdraw. On this ground, the Court reversed the convictions.

State courts apparently couldn't believe that the Supreme Court had been serious in finding such practices illegal, and they continued to uphold convictions based on third-degree confessions. After all, there were states' rights, and none of them was more jealously guarded than the right to assert the police power at will. And, as Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, a prominent Victorian jurist, observed, "It is far pleasanter to sit comfortably in the shade rubbing red pepper into a poor devil's eyes than to go about in the sun hunting up evidence." To give the law some semblance of integrity, state courts went through what has been called "the swearing contest," in which policemen swore that defendants hadn't been beaten, defendants swore that they had, and judges and juries invariably took the word of the policemen. Time after time when such cases reached the Supreme Court, it repeated its insistence on due process and reversed the convictions. But, again, this had little effect on the states, whose law-enforcement officers seemed unmoved by such reversals.

In 1943, the Supreme Court ruled, in McNabb v. United States, that in federal criminal cases any protracted detention of a suspect violated a federal statute ordering that suspects be promptly taken before magistrates, and that confessions obtained during prolonged detention were inadmissible. This rule, the Court explained, was meant to check "resort to those reprehensible practices known as the third degree." Of course, the rule was binding only on federal courts, but it was expected that their behavior would serve as an example to the states. However, judges on lower federal courts also apparently couldn't believe that the justices had been serious, and began ruling that before a defendant could claim coercion under the McNabb rule he had to demonstrate that there was a causal relationship between the length of time he had been detained and his confession. To deal with this circumvention, the Supreme Court ordered in 1957, by way of Mallory v. United States, that *any* unnecessary delay in taking a federal prisoner before a magistrate made a confession automatically inadmissible in court. Still, the prevailing abuse of the right against involuntary self-incrimination was the continuing use of the third degree in state cases, and the McNabb-Mallory rule didn't touch those at all.

Stymied by the intransigence of state officials, the Court went off in several different directions to stem these atrociously unjust practices. One of the chief means by which police often got evidence against suspects was by searching them without a warrant and using the evidence forcibly uncovered against them. Of course, this violated the Fourth Amendment's stricture against "unreasonable searches and seizures" and ignored the requirement that the police must have "probable cause" to believe a crime has been committed before they may seize evidence or arrest a person. Moreover, this kind of practice also violated the Fifth Amendment, since it indirectly compelled a person to betray himself by giving up

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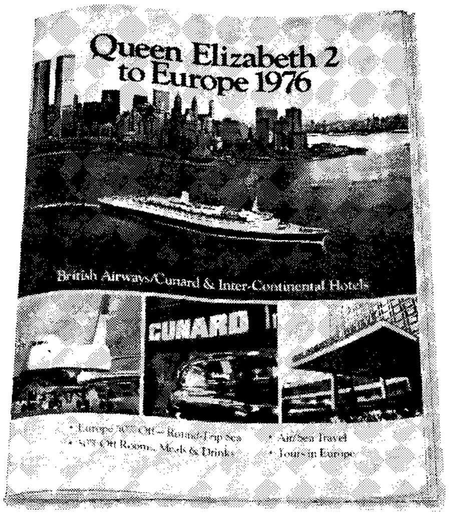
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evidence of his culpability through force. Finally, in 1961, the Court decided, in Mapp v. Ohio, that the Fourth Amendment was binding on the states. In effect, this meant that state violations of the amendment could be taken into federal court. That ruling made the Amendment's most effective and intrinsic element—the exclusionary rule, which prohibits unreasonably seized evidence from being submitted in court—also binding on the states. In 1963, the Court also made the Sixth Amendment right to counsel binding on the states through Gideon v. Wainwright, and a year later expanded this ruling, in Escobedo v. Illinois, by holding that the right to have a lawyer commenced as soon as a suspect was taken to a police station. Like the Court's ruling on the Fourth Amendment, the one on the Sixth Amendment had a salutary effect on the right against compelled testimony, since the first piece of advice that any lawyer will give to a client who is suspected or accused of a crime is to say nothing at all to the police. But law-enforcement officers who were temporarily dismayed by this limitation on them soon got around it—by torturing suspects before taking them to the station house. To prevent this recourse, the Court took the giant step of applying the Fifth Amendment to the states, by way of Malloy v. Hogan, in 1964. Then, two years later, the Court expanded its protection by ordering, in Miranda v. Arizona, that every suspect in a criminal case must be warned of his constitutional rights from the moment he becomes a suspect—including the right to have a lawyer present at any stage of the proceedings against him, the right to remain silent, and the right to be warned that whatever he says may be used against him. In time, this order created a new form of the old swearing contest, in which policemen swore in court that they had given the Miranda warning, defendants swore that they hadn't, and judges and juries invariably believed the policemen. Even so, the Miranda decision made a compelling point: If the highest court in the land could not prevent injustice, at least it would not condone it. Speaking for the five-man majority in Miranda, Chief Justice Earl Warren said that "the privilege against self-incrimination—the essential mainstay of our adversary system—is founded on a complex of values." He went on to explain, "All these policies point to one overriding thought: the constitutional foundation underlying the privilege is the respect a government—state or federal—must accord to the

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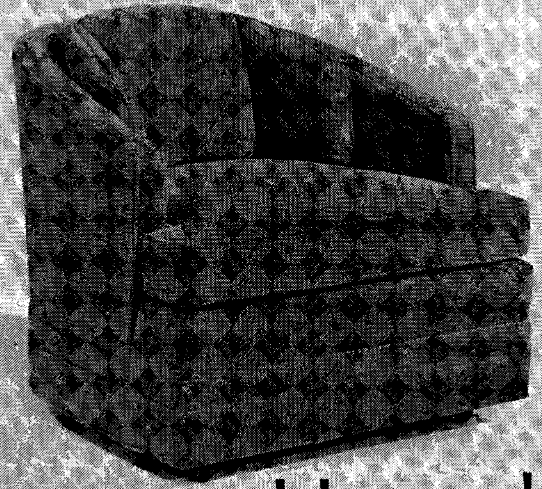

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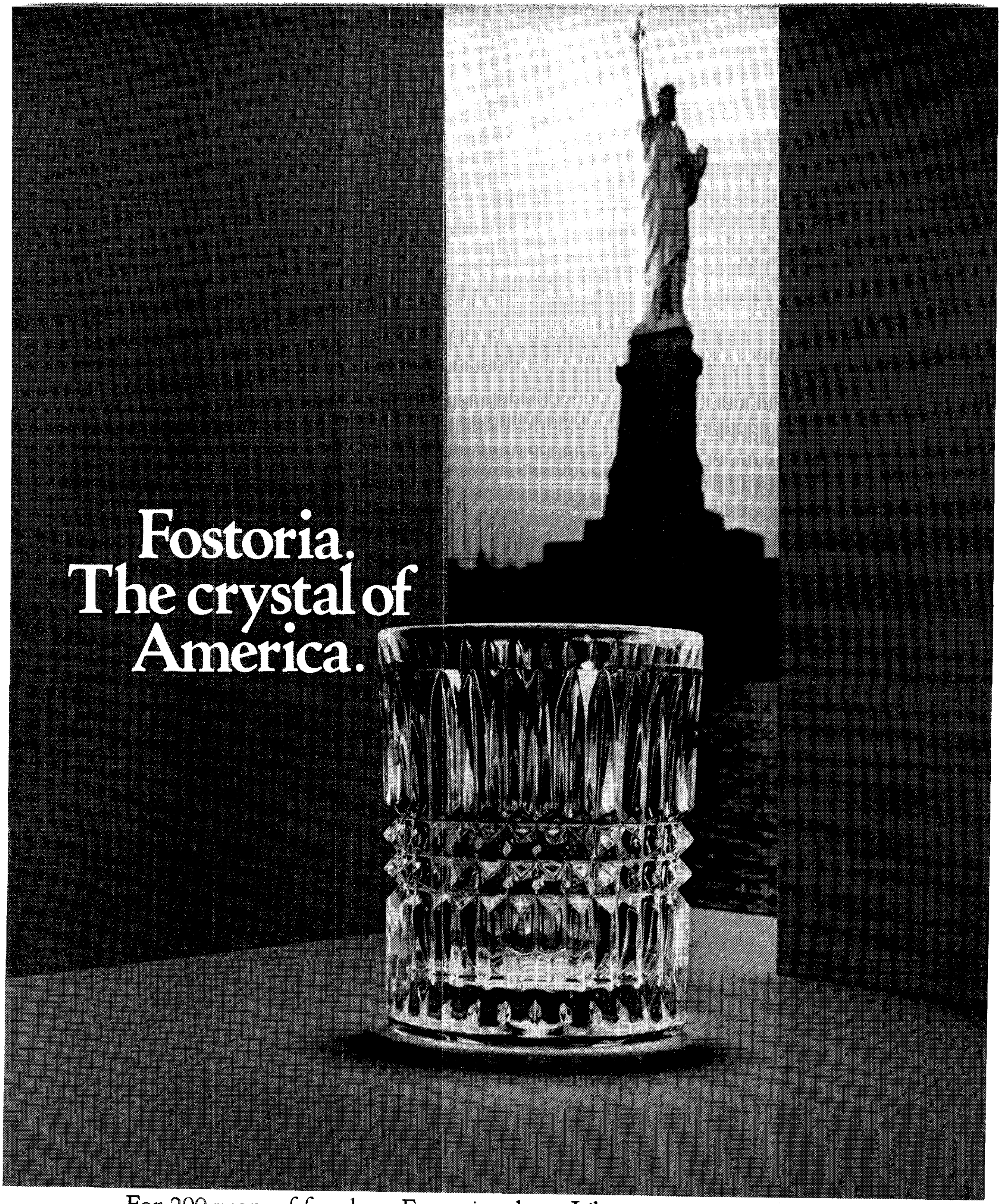
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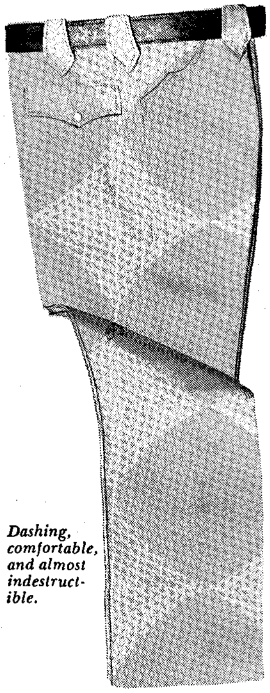

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On the same day that the Court applied the Fifth Amendment to state criminal cases, it also handed down its decision in Murphy et al v. Waterfront Commission of New York Harbor, which resolved a jurisdictional conflict that had previously existed among the states and between the states and the federal government in regard to grants of immunity. Before Murphy, when one state granted a witness immunity another state or the federal government could then prosecute him on the basis of his testimony, since no state could grant immunity from prosecution by another state or by the federal government. In Murphy, the Court ruled that when a person was forced to testify in one jurisdiction his testimony could not be used to prosecute him in another jurisdiction. However, to interfere as little as possible with the federal system, the decision allowed an exception to the absolute-immunity standard laid down in Counselman and upheld in Brown, Ullmann, and other Supreme Court decisions: it permitted use immunity to be employed in a dual-sovereignty situation when only one jurisdiction has any sort of immunity provision. Although the Court thereby made use immunity constitutional in narrowly circumscribed cases, the overall effect of the Murphy decision was to broaden the coverage and scope of the Fifth Amendment privilege by making it far more difficult to prosecute a person for what he testified to in *any* jurisdiction. That the Court meant to hold to the strict Counselman-Brown requirement of transactional immunity in all other circumstances was demonstrated a year after Murphy, when the Court struck down a congressionally authorized use-immunity statute. In that case, Albertson v. Subversive Activities Control Board, the Court unanimously found the statute unconstitutional, again cited the Counselman-Brown rule requiring absolute immunity in exchange for compelled testimony, and declared that any immunity statute must be measured by this standard.

In sum, almost everything done by the Warren Court to interpret and apply the Fifth Amendment to the whole range of criminal law in America did little more than assure everyone of the rights that most people believed they had possessed all along. Even so, the indignant outcry from police, prosecutors, judges, politicians, the press, and laymen against the Court was so immediate and so clamorous that one might have thought the Bill of Rights had been scrapped altogether rather than at last restored in one small part to the purpose that its authors had meant it to serve.

"THE natural progress of things is for liberty to yield and government to gain ground," Jefferson wrote, and some years later he added, "Timid men . . . prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty." The rise in crime in the United States over the past dozen years has driven a lot of timid people to seek the calm of despotism by giving up their liberty to government on every level in the name of law and order. To the ignorant citizen and to the stupid judge, the Fifth Amendment right seems like a refuge for the guilty. On occasion, the Supreme Court has tried to correct this attitude. In 1956, for instance, the Court said in an opinion on a Fifth Amendment case, "At the outset we must condemn the practice of imputing a sinister meaning to the exercise of a person's constitutional right under the Fifth Amendment." But the following year President Eisenhower told a press conference, "I must say I probably share the common reaction: If a man has to go to the Fifth Amendment, there must be something he doesn't want to tell." The President's failure to see that such a man might have good and innocent reasons—and the right—not to tell something led Justice Hugo L. Black to observe a little later, "The value of these constitutional privileges is largely destroyed if people can be penalized for relying on them."

Few aspects of American law have distinguished the right wing from the left wing as clearly as their attitudes toward the Fifth Amendment. On the right, it has long been attacked as a refuge for the guilty, who, it is said, *should* be compelled to admit their crimes and be strictly punished for them. And on the left, it has long been defended as the essential bulwark against an inquisitorial government—in Jefferson's view, *all* governments—which may condemn and punish the

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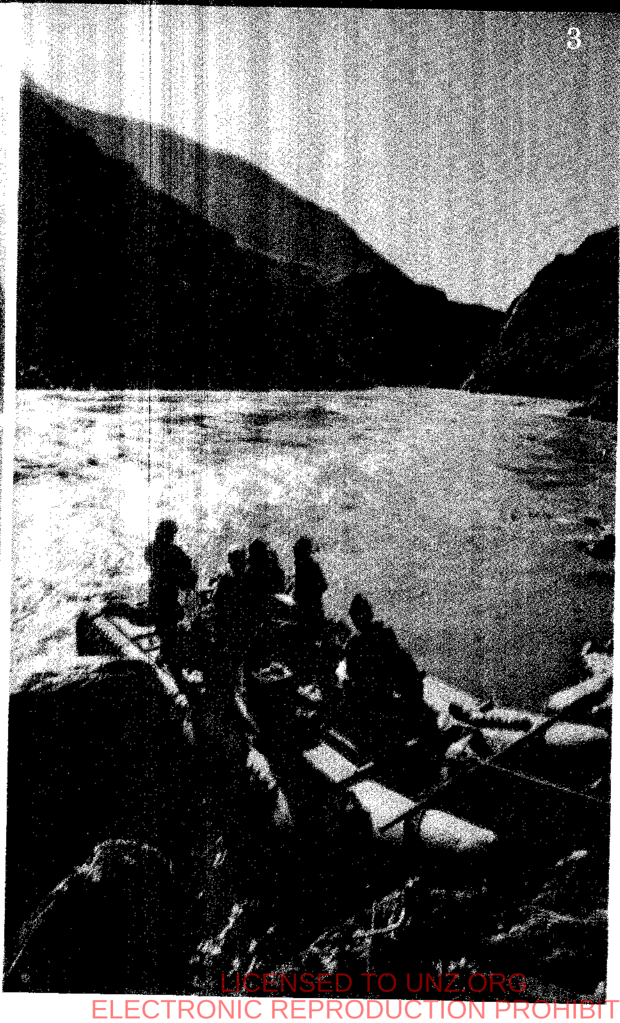
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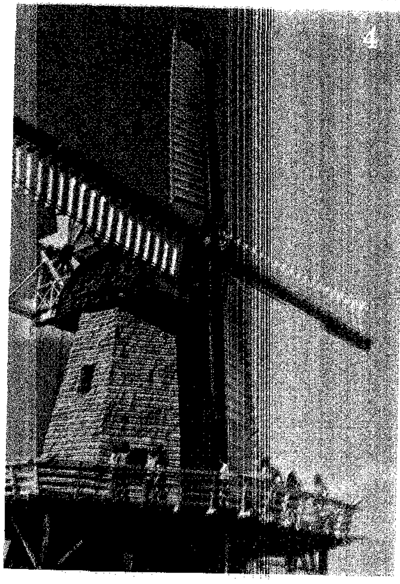
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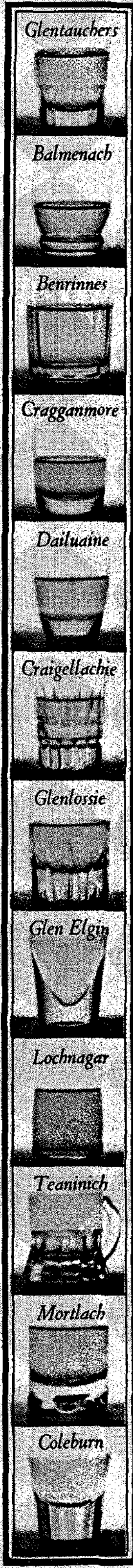

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innocent along with the guilty. The leading spokesman for the right-wing viewpoint is Chief Justice Warren E. Burger. Long before he was appointed to the Supreme Court by President Nixon, Burger publicly attacked the Fifth Amendment sanction at every opportunity. As a judge on the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit, he often criticized his liberal colleagues there for applying the sanction too strictly in their rulings. And at a law symposium that Burger attended the year before he became Chief Justice, he questioned the validity of such fundamental principles of our legal system as the presumption of innocence, trial by jury, and the right against compulsory self-incrimination. On the last point, Burger said at the law symposium, "Certainly you have heard—and judges have said—that one should not convict a man out of his own mouth. The fact is that we establish responsibility and liability and we convict in all the areas of *civil* litigation out of the mouth of the defendant." To some legal scholars, it seemed astonishing that a man who made no distinction between the civil law and the criminal law—who failed to note, for instance, that their penalties are a loss of money on the one hand and a loss of freedom and perhaps life on the other—could have become Chief Justice of the United States.

Soon after the Nixon Administration took office, Attorney General John N. Mitchell ordered a secret study made of the feasibility of altering the Fifth Amendment, either by drafting a law that would weaken its stricture against compelled testimony or by abolishing its privilege altogether through a constitutional amendment. Apparently, the second course seemed too long and too uncertain, so the Department of Justice concentrated on the first approach. A couple of years earlier, Congress had set up the National Commission on Reform of the Federal Criminal Laws, and it was still at work on its assignment when Nixon and Mitchell took over. Along the way in its deliberations, the Commission adopted a recommendation made by a consultant: that transactional immunity be replaced by use immunity across the board. In effect, the proposal endorsed a broader form of use immunity than the laws of the eighteen-sixties, which the Supreme Court first rejected in 1892 and again and again in later years. The use-immunity proposal stated that anyone who was compelled to testify could not be prosecuted directly on the basis of that testimony or indirectly on the basis of leads from it to other evidence, but that one could be prosecuted after being compelled to testify as long as the evidence used against one was obtained independently of, and was untainted by, the coerced testimony. Early in 1970, the use-immunity proposal was drafted in a separate bill, which was introduced in the House by three representatives who had served on the Commission and were also members of the House subcommittee having jurisdiction over such legislation. A single day was allotted for a hearing on the proposal to rewrite the Fifth Amendment. Of the six witnesses who testified on the subject, only one, a spokesman for the American Civil Liberties Union, opposed use immunity.

The Nixon Administration's principal legal defense for backing the innovation was that the Supreme Court's decision in Murphy v. Waterfront Commission—that is, the narrow technical exception allowing use immunity in circumscribed cases—had made use immunity in general wholly constitutional. The witness from the A.C.L.U. and various critics who were not heard by the subcommittee complained that such a law would have many drawbacks. Once a prosecutor could force a prospective defendant to testify about his crimes, for instance, the immense advantages that the government already had in manpower, money, and official intimidation would become gigantic, for then the prosecutor could immediately confine his search and concentrate all his resources on one person—the person who was granted use immunity and forced to testify against himself. And once the main target was sighted, a less than scrupulous prosecutor could easily fabricate a claim that the evidence used in court against the witness had been uncovered independently of the testimony elicited under compulsion. Even if a prosecutor was scrupulously fair, anyone among the many employees in large United States Attorneys' offices or in even larger metropolitan district attorneys' offices might inadvertently follow up a lead that came originally from a witness's testimony, and someone else might unwittingly offer it in court as untainted evidence. Of course, prosecutors are often exceedingly ambitious, and the best way for them to get ahead is by building a record of crime-busting—even if that means, as it all too frequently does, using illegally acquired tips from wiretaps or bugs, covertly broadening court-imposed limits on search warrants in order to pick up unauthorized material evidence, or ig-

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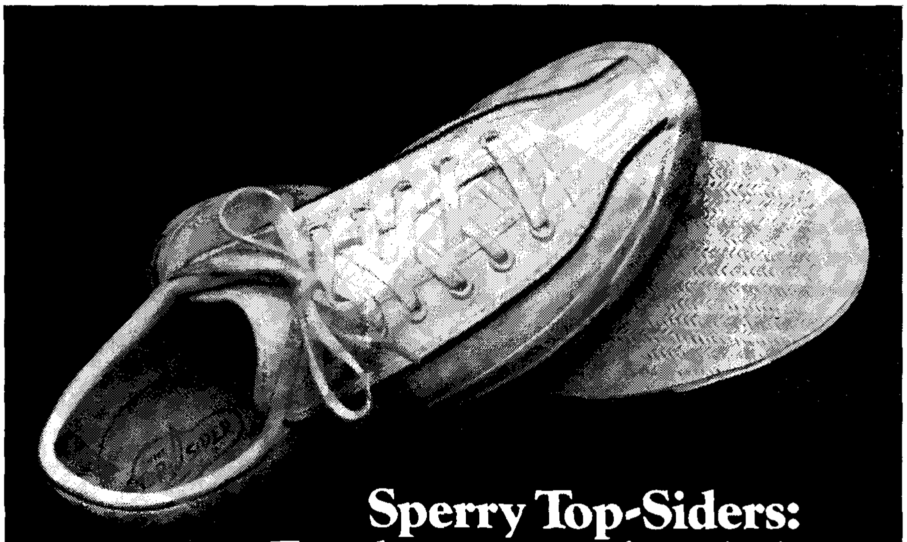

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noring third-degree methods used by police to extort confessions. Since the Bill of Rights was written to control such prosecutors, critics of the use-immunity bill pointed out, it was folly to encourage such men to legally force a man to talk and then to illegally use his words against him—the course that would almost certainly be taken by the incompetent, lazy, or vicious prosecutor. Moreover, when two or more suspects were involved in a case, use immunity could be employed to force each of them to testify against the other, which, in effect, would amount to their testifying against themselves, since the testimony of one could be used as independent evidence against the other. Finally, federal immunity laws of the past had applied only to specific crimes that were difficult or impossible to solve without the help of a confession from someone who was involved. But the use-immunity proposal being considered by the House subcommittee provided that it would replace all transactional-immunity statutes and would be applicable to all crimes covered by the federal code four years after enactment by Congress.

The House subcommittee, which was controlled by a strong liberal majority, approved the use-immunity bill with only one vote being cast against it—by William Fitts Ryan, Democrat of New York, who said that it would destroy the Fifth Amendment. Afterward, the parent Judiciary Committee, which was also controlled by liberals, approved the measure with little discussion and sent it to the floor of the House as part of the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970. That act, which was perhaps the most undemocratic and repressive piece of legislation to be seriously considered by Congress in a generation, passed with little debate and almost no opposition; when the final vote was tallied up, only twenty-six members of the House had voted against it. In the Senate, only one member—Lee Metcalf, Democrat of Montana—voted against the measure. It was an election year, Nixon had made crime a basic issue of his Presidency, and, as fully expected on all sides, Congress was not of a mind to sacrifice itself on the altar of democracy.

In the legal community, though, it was widely believed that the use-immunity law was so flagrantly unconstitutional that not even a Supreme Court headed by Chief Justice Burger could uphold it. But few Court-watchers anticipated that Nixon would soon have four appointees on the Court.

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Their effect was rapidly made clear in at least one respect. "In no area of criminal justice was the Nixon Court's new departure so swift and veering as in cases arising under the Fifth Amendment's self-incrimination clause," wrote Professor Levy—now Mellon Professor at the Claremont Colleges, in California—in his recent book "Against the Law: The Nixon Court and Criminal Justice." He went on, "The Court decided fourteen such cases during just the first two years of Burger's incumbency. . . . In all but one of the fourteen cases the right claimed under the Fifth Amendment lost." Of the thirteen assaults on the Amendment that succeeded, the most destructive was the decision in the case of Harris v. New York, which was handed down in 1971. The opinion of the Court was delivered by Chief Justice Burger, whose target was the Miranda ruling that a suspect must be warned of the right to remain silent, of the right to have a lawyer, and of the right to be told that anything one says may be used against one in court. Although the Miranda rule made any statements obtained in violation of it inadmissible as evidence, Burger undercut this guarantee by announcing for the majority of the Court in Harris that self-incriminating statements taken in violation of Miranda *can* be used during a trial to test a defendant's truthfulness if he takes the stand. That is, once a suspect says something self-incriminating to the police before he is warned of his rights, his words cannot be used against him at the time of his trial as evidence of his guilt but can be used against him "to impeach his credibility." Of course, the immediate, practical, and overwhelming result of the new rule was to prevent any person who had made such an incriminating statement, no matter how trivial, from speaking in his own defense at his trial, for no defense lawyer could allow a client to swallow the judicial fiction that jurors would ignore self-incriminating remarks when it came time for them to decide about overall guilt or innocence. In effect, then, the Court wiped out under such circumstances an accused person's fundamental right to defend himself. And, perhaps worse, the decision indirectly encouraged policemen and prosecutors to ignore the Miranda rule long enough to obtain some kind of incriminating statement, even one that they knew was misleading, in order to prevent suspects from later defending themselves in court. "The opinion in Harris taught that government may commit crimes in or-

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der to secure the conviction of criminals," Professor Levy observed, and added, "It taught the odious doctrine that in the administration of the criminal law, the end justifies the means and the Constitution can be circumvented."

A few months after Congress passed the use-immunity law, several young men in California were subpoenaed by a federal grand jury investigating draft evasion in that area, and were asked questions about a dentist who was suspected of having provided them with unnecessary dental work to make them ineligible for military service. They refused to testify, were granted the newly enacted form of federal use immunity, again refused to testify, and were imprisoned for contempt of court. The case—Kastigar et al v. United States—went to the Supreme Court, which handed down its decision in the spring of 1972. To the amazement of most constitutional scholars, the Court upheld the law without qualification by a vote of five to two, with two justices not participating. The same scholars were amazed by the majority opinion's lack of craftsmanship, logic, and awareness of legal history. The opinion, written by Justice Lewis Powell, so misinterpreted the Court's own precedents, Professor Levy said, that it "left them twisted like pretzels." Powell's basic argument was that transactional immunity was actually *too* broad—broader, in fact, than the Fifth Amendment right itself—and that use immunity was precisely "coextensive" with that right and thus a proper substitute for it. Since this view was flatly at odds with almost everything the Court had said on the subject over a period of eighty years, Powell was obliged to reject the entire line of Court rulings during that time without expressly saying so by overruling them. To this end, he began with the Counselman decision, the first of the line, and simply declared—erroneously—that it had upheld use immunity; its statement that only transactional immunity could replace the privilege itself, he said, was merely dictum and "cannot be considered binding authority." To be sure, the Counselman opinion on this point could be described as dictum (a statement that is less than intrinsic to the order of the Court in a given case, and is meant to serve more as a future guide than as a present command), but it wasn't dictum after the Court made it the central point, four years later, in Brown v. Walker, and in a long series of decisions that subsequently reaffirmed the doctrine of absolute immunity. The

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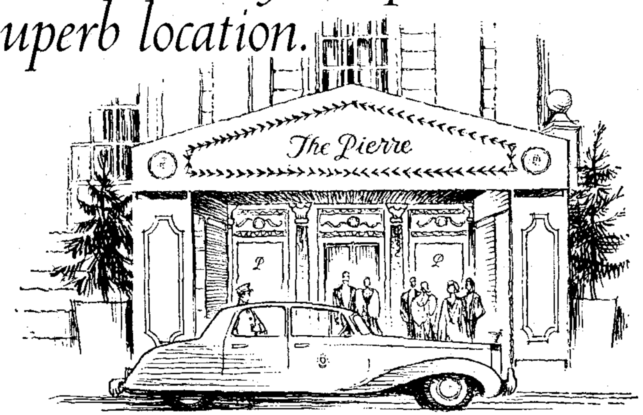

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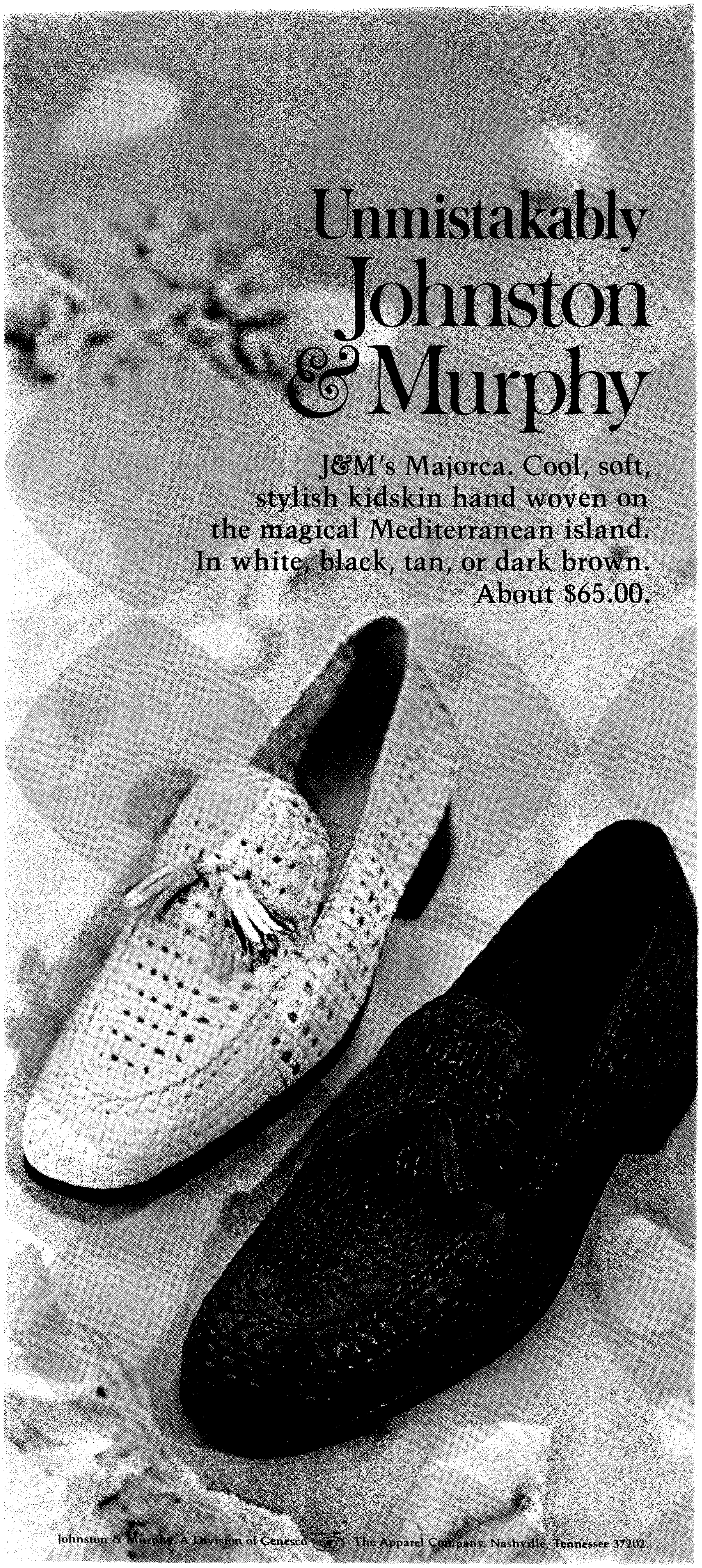
only exception in that series was the Murphy decision's acceptance of use immunity in certain kinds of dual-sovereignty cases, and Powell squeezed through this loophole, even while denying that he was doing it, to justify the Court's ruling that use immunity is fully constitutional in all cases.

WITH the decision in Kastigar, the long struggle to stop government from forcing its way into the innermost privacy of people's thoughts, associations, and consciences largely came to an end. The right wing's final victory in this contest between the state and the individual was doubly remarkable in that the state itself had long felt restrained by tradition against using any form of immunity frivolously. The traditional reluctance of Congress, the courts, and the executive branch to wield such a potent weapon carelessly grew out of several factors—among them the fear that corrupt prosecutors would give "immunity baths" to those guilty of serious crimes; the belief that grants of immunity constitute grave invasions of citizens' privacy and should be resorted to only when all other law-enforcement methods have failed; and, finally, the knowledge that compulsory immunity turns people into informers, a despised breed throughout American history. The danger of ignoring these factors soon became clear. After the Court's decision in Kastigar, state legislatures enacted similar laws replacing transactional immunity, and local prosecutors began summoning thousands of witnesses before grand juries. There is no record of the number of people who have been compelled in state cases to testify against themselves and others or who have been subsequently prosecuted for what they revealed. Nor are the federal records complete. But one comparison is enough to reveal the extent of the new law's use: up to the mid-nineteen-sixties, the Department of Justice had granted immunity only a few dozen times; in the eighteen-month period following the Kastigar ruling, the Department was called upon to grant immunity to more than five thousand witnesses. Hundreds of these grants were made in political cases prosecuted by the Nixon Administration, which devised the law chiefly for that purpose. Although the Administration's ostensible social justification for use immunity was that it was essential to the fight against organized crime, use immunity, or any other form of immunity, is largely valueless in such cases. The Mafia's *omertà* code, which can be roughly translated as



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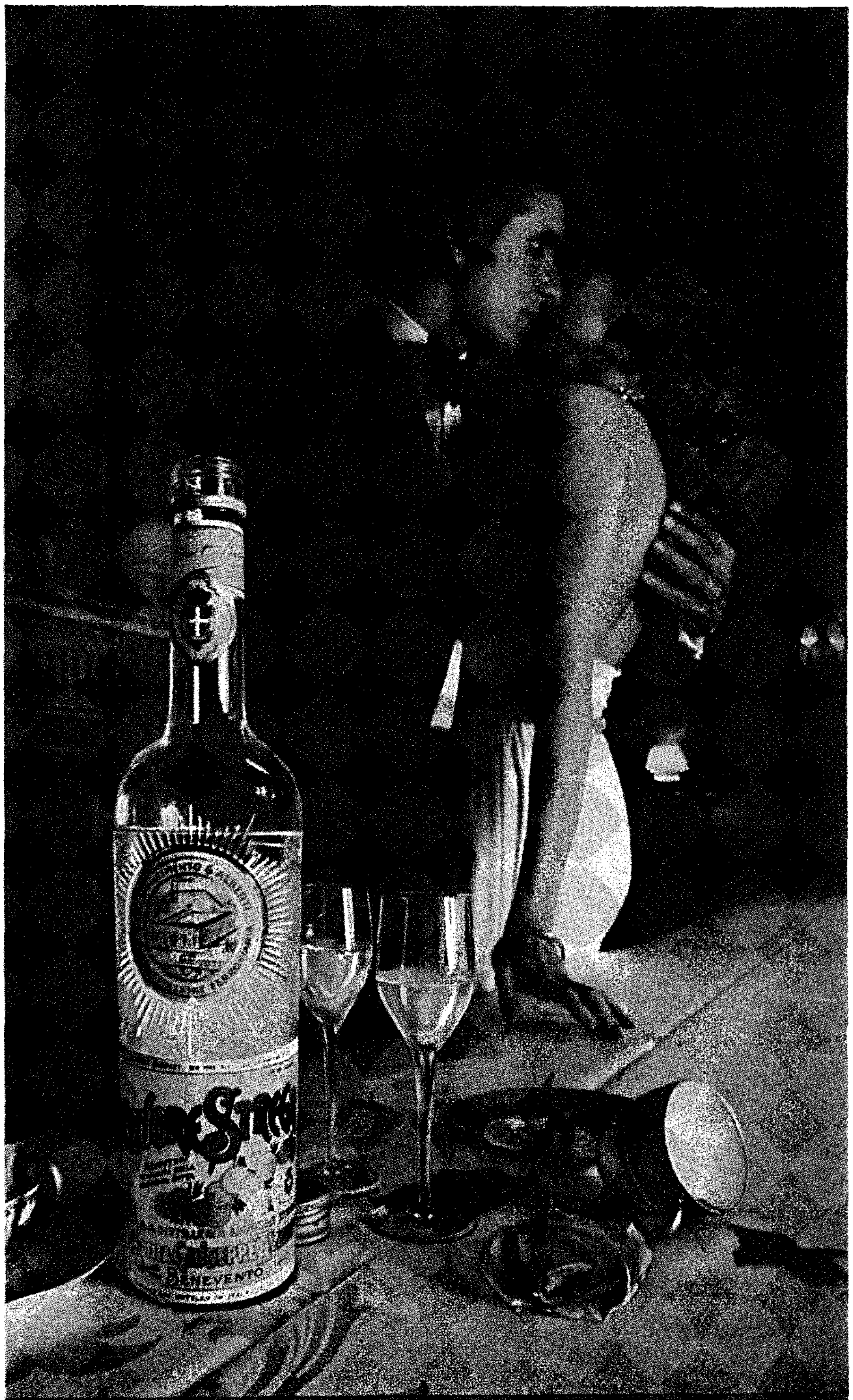

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"death to informers," makes a few months in jail for contempt of court a comparative slap on the wrist. In fact, a mobster's insistence on silence in order to receive such a sentence is the best way for him to prove his loyalty, and is doubtless a means to promotion within a grateful mob hierarchy. In addition to organized racketeering, the kinds of crimes that have been said to be controllable only by way of enforced immunity laws are bribery, extortion, gambling, consumer fraud, bootlegging, and commercial larceny—all but the last of which are most often committed by organized criminals, too. For those crimes that aren't, probably the most effective and certainly the fairest kind of immunity would be voluntary immunity, which a prospective witness who wants to talk could accept as protection from prosecution; those who don't want to talk often lie anyway when they are forced to, and while they are sometimes convicted of perjury, that doesn't generate the information that immunity is supposed to produce.

In any event, before 1970 federal immunity statutes were specifically designed to be used only in those cases where little else would work. Now, with use immunity having replaced *all* federal immunity laws and covering *all* federal crimes, the government can, in Judge Grosscup's words, "probe the secrets of every conversation." Today, any person can be summoned before a grand jury, a court, or a legislative committee and forced to answer all questions that may be asked. The opportunities for political oppression that this opening provides are practically unlimited. Of course, political freedom was the primary goal of men like John Lilburne and the Framers of the Constitution, and political freedom was one of the basic reasons behind the adoption of the Fifth Amendment. But an even more fundamental goal of the amendment, like the rest of the Bill of Rights, was to preserve and nourish that fragile, necessary, and wondrous quality that gives meaning and purpose to human life—individuality.

—RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the second part of a three-part article.*)

●

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Memphis Press-Scimitar*]

Margie owns the only Kiwi costume in existence—a brown feathered suit with pointed bill and no wings. She appeared in it, had lunch with other guests, then flew back to her home.

THE THEATRE

IN VINO VERITAS

Edward Albee's scalding comedy "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" is enjoying an admirable revival at the Music Box—a revival made all the more interesting by the fact that Mr. Albee himself has directed the play. (The harsh principle embodied in the saying "A lawyer who tries his own case has a fool for a client" doesn't apply in the theatre; a playwright's notions about how to stage his play are bound to be illuminating, even when, as sometimes happens, they are dead wrong.) In the fourteen years since "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" first opened here, to high praise and a certain amount of shocked whispering over what was then considered to be its exceptionally raw language, the play has passed the usual tests of the classic: its title has woven itself into our ordinary conversation, and its two leading characters, George and Martha, have become familiar enough to be cited as types. Viperish anti-heroes, they stand making faces at each other from their little soiled plinths as confidently as the first George and Martha stand without expression on their immaculate high marble ones. Unlike the aloof Washingtons, Albee's George and Martha are now seen to be part of our conventional domestic circle. The more fainthearted among us may be disconcerted to find them lodged so cozily in our midst, for—childless and laceratingly quarrelsome—they had seemed at first glance to be the natural enemies of family life. The ambiguity of their right to a place among us is, of course, a measure of the acuteness of Mr. Albee's observation of how we live and a tribute to the unflagging cleverness of his craftsmanship.

In 1962, the play was taken to be so unpleasant a portrait of marriage that it soon came to be conjectured that it wasn't really about marriage at all; it was said to be a disguised autopsy not of a failed heterosexual relationship but of a failed homosexual one. The reasoning here was characteristically gingerly and obtuse: it placed upon homosexuality the burden of a predictable failure in love that no straight-arrow American was willing to place upon heterosexuality. Today, we perceive that Albee's subject in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" isn't the marriage relationship or any other form of sexual relationship—nothing could matter less to him than who pairs off with whom in this play—but, rather, that relationship of which Cardinal Newman was indirectly speaking when he said of the human race that it was implicated in some vast primordial catastrophe. Crudely put, the message of Albee's play is that, such as we are, we are all there is, that we do not suffice, and that we dare not give up simply because we do not suffice. It is the brave message that he has often wig-wagged to us over the years, never more urgently than in his latest play, "Seascape." At every turn, we lose our way; at every moment of struggled-for attachment, the thread breaks; nevertheless, we begin again. It is to this bleak testing place that George and Martha batter their way nightly, in the terrible candor opened up to them by alcohol and fatigue and the lingering taste of the dust of their love.

Colleen Dewhurst and Ben Gazzara rise with stunning effect to their incomparable opportunities as Martha and George. They are adversaries worthy of each other and of the great contest in which they are engaged; at the blackest and most desperate moments of that contest they are able uncannily to make us laugh. Maureen Anderman and Richard Kelton play the other couple, Honey and Nick; I found them disappointing, but I have to admit on Miss Anderman's behalf that Albee has given her little to do except to pretend to throw up offstage, and it is surely too much to ask of an actress that she make her name on Broadway by that means. Albee's direction of the cast is curious in one respect: drunk to begin with, the two couples go on drinking incessantly hour after hour, but in George's and Martha's case they never become befuddled—even the lines that have been written to be uttered befuddledly come out as crisply as if they were the dicta of some morning seminar. Albee has also reduced the pace of the closing moments of the play to a sort of slow dance of speech and silence, speech and silence, not at all in the realistic vein of the rest of the production. The change of pace amounts to an unnecessary precaution; we know George and Martha well enough by then not to be given glosses on their conduct by the man who invented them. The costumes are by Jane Greenwood, and the setting and lighting were designed by William Ritman.

—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Hero

A YOUNG American born and raised in a black slum in Detroit by a mother who has taught him to run away from trouble and never to kill is sent to Vietnam; what he experiences from the moment he arrives is horrifying, and when he sees his closest friends burned to death—trapped in the tank he would normally have been in himself—he goes berserk and shoots between ten and twenty of the enemy. He is sent back home and seems all right for a while. Then after he is summoned to Washington, given the Congressional Medal of Honor, and called a credit to his race, he ends up in a state of severe mental anguish in the psychiatric ward of the Valley Forge Army Hospital, in Pennsylvania. The play begins.

The play is Tom Cole's "Medal of Honor Rag," at the de Lys, and all the action takes place in an office in the hospital. A psychiatrist has come from New York to talk with the soldier—the first session, he hopes, of a course of treatment that will restore the soldier to sanity. The information that I have given you is the information contained in the dossier that has been handed to the psychiatrist—information assembled by other doctors, who have tried and failed. Now this psychiatrist must try to discover other facts or explore apparently minor ones that the patient has evaded, in an effort to get at the source of the physical pain and recurrent nightmare that are among the symptoms of the soldier's madness. As I listened to doctor and patient, it occurred to me that, theatrically speaking, this sort of psychiatric question-and-answer session has become as safe as any courtroom scene, and has the same built-in fascination. One's attention never wavers as layer after layer of secrecy and pride and panic and shame are peeled away, as a duel of wits fizzles out, and as anger bursts into violence. It is also true that the very word "Vietnam" evokes an emotional response from any audience. The script is professionally written—perhaps a little too professionally. One feels unsettled, maybe even more than that, at watching so tidy a play made of such harsh elements. "Medal of Honor Rag" is not a fake—although the doctor at one point tries a rickety analogy, comparing his own guilt at having escaped a concentration camp in Poland as a child to the soldier's, which the soldier quite sensibly brushes aside—but it is not quite right, either.

No question about the acting, though. David Clennon is fine as the watchful, sympathetic, detached psychiatrist, never missing his patient's slightest gesture or inflection, and Howard E. Rollins, Jr., is splendid as the agonized, intelligent, trapped, and self-trapped soldier. Much praise must also be given David Chambers for his strong, self-effacing direction—two men in a single room for more than an hour, yet one is never aware of an arbitrary or false move, and the performance quietly gathers strength as it goes on. —EDITH OLIVER

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LONG BEACH, Calif.—Ann Nuestat does not consider herself a classic beauty to whom love poems are written. Yet there it was on her desk.
Nuestat, a Construction Engineer for NAPD, found the 21-line sonnet amid her designs and blueprints the other day in her Signal Hill office.
"One of the men here saw a contract laborer leave it on my desk, but he didn't get his name," Ann recalls. "I must say I'm very flattered. It's a very sweet poem."—*ARCOspark, published by the Atlantic Richfield Company.*

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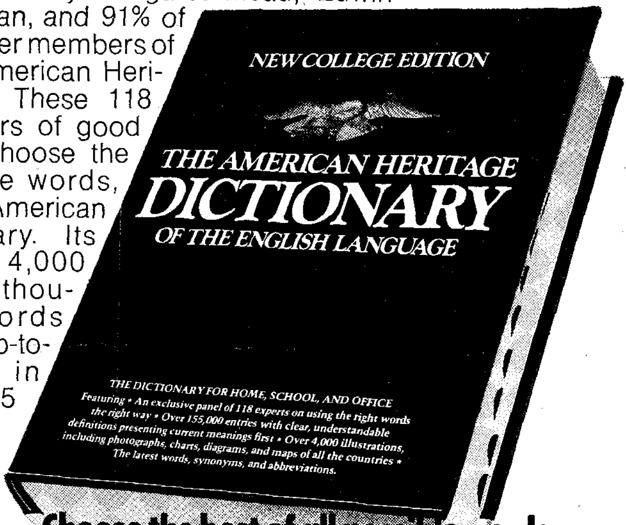
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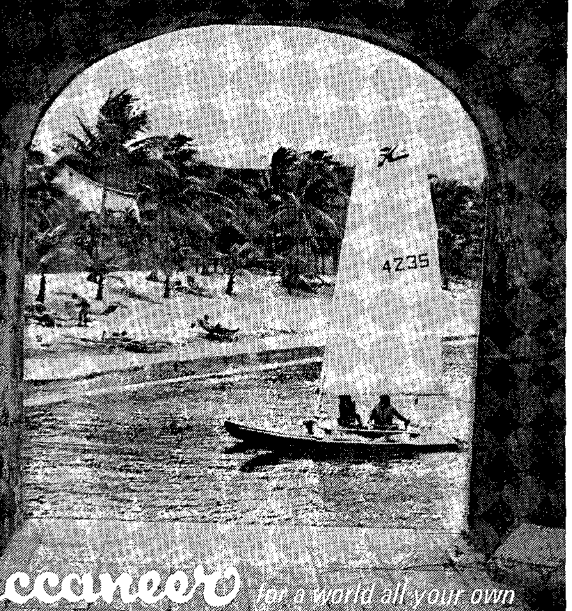

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THE RACE TRACK

Questions About Zen

WELL, I must say that the Kentucky Derby now looks less clear. Indeed, at Aqueduct last Saturday the whole picture was transformed by the unconvincing victory of Zen, who won the Gotham Stakes by only a head. He may still improve enough to be a serious contender in the Run for the Roses at Churchill Downs on May Day, but at the moment there are doubts about his ability to stay the mile and a quarter. In the Gotham, at a mile, he led turning into the stretch by at least two lengths and was going smoothly. Then, just before the last furlong, Cojak came up with a great rush, and it was touch and go till the numbers went up. Play the Red was third, a length and a half behind. The time for the mile was 1:35⅗.

Zen did look better in the parade to the post than the nine other three-year-olds; he's a rangy gray colt by Damascus, and he wears the well-remembered racing colors—"white, red dots, red cap," as the programs say—that his owners, the Bancroft brothers, inherited from their grandfather William Woodward. He also seemed a bit more eager to run than the other starters. Perhaps it was because he's been doing a lot of riding in horse vans, which is said to put a runner on his toes. In the past month, he has travelled from Camden, South Carolina, where he wintered, to Laurel, where he had a workout; on to Aqueduct, for his first race of the season; back to Camden; then to Pimlico, for the Hirsch Jacobs Stakes; and to New York again, for the Gotham. Maryland trainers are as keen on vanning horses to get them into condition as Californians are on swimming them at Del Mar. I wonder if vanning wasn't thought up by Yancey Christmas, as good a man with a horse as there ever was in Maryland. Back in the thirties, when he was racing in New England, Yancey had a plater he used to enter at Suffolk Downs when he particularly wanted to win a bet. He'd put the horse in a van, drive around downtown Boston for hours, and then unload him at the track just before the race. The animal would win, regular as clockwork.

Zen, of course, will have a chance to make a better showing in the nine-furlong Wood Memorial on April 17th, and I hope he does.

HONEST PLEASURE galloped off with the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. He led all the way, and was even eased up at the end, to take it by three lengths in 1:47⅘, paying $2.10 to win and $2.20 to place. Now he's off to Keeneland for the Blue Grass Stakes, his prep for the Kentucky Derby.

And while we're on the subject of Derbies, the Arkansas Derby was run last weekend. It was won by Elocutionist, the favorite, by a couple of lengths from New Collection, with Klen Klitso third. Sonkisser, the winner of the recent Fountain of Youth Stakes at Gulfstream, was out of the money.

So was Telly's Pop, the favorite for the Santa Anita Derby, run early last week. It seems he has a streak of temperament that is the despair of Telly Savalas and Howard Koch, who own him, Mel Stute, who trains him, and the horde of well-wishers who follow him from track to track: he won't run unless he's in the mood. He demurred in the California Breeders' Champion Stakes, and nobody knows when he'll do so again or what to do about it, except hope that it doesn't happen in the Hollywood Derby.

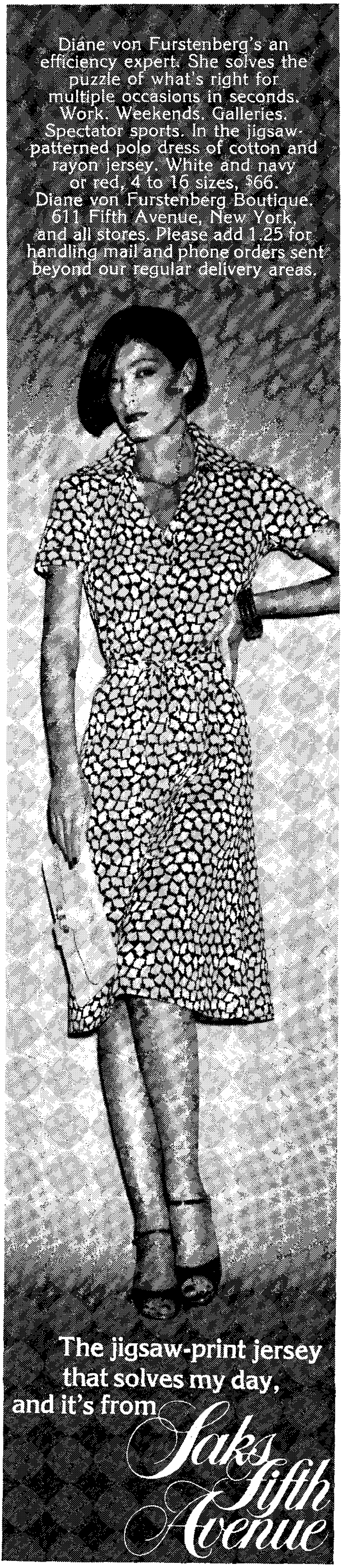
DEARLY PRECIOUS, the best two-year-old filly last year, came back to competition in the Flirtation Stakes at Pimlico last Saturday and had plenty of company in the race. Seven other fillies ran, but Dearly Precious still managed to win by twelve lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

The Scandinavian languages are very similar to each other, but it is an exaggeration to say that Scandinavians always understand one another when speaking their own languages. Danes and Norwegians usually understand each other, but the Danes may sometimes find Swedish more difficult, and Swedes often have difficulties in understanding Danish, partly because Danish is often being spoken rather fast and abruptly. In fact, Danes understand Swedish best, when it is being spoken by Finns, but only a limited number of Finns speak Swedish, and the Finns—even those who speak Swedish—find it very difficult to understand Danish.—*"A Brief Introduction to Danish Foreign Policy and Defence,"* by *Niels Jørgen Haagerup.*

And then there's always the chance that what's being said doesn't amount to anything anyway.



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JAZZ

New York Notes

FEBRUARY 11TH: Teddi King gave a model concert at Town Hall late this afternoon. She was accompanied with distinction by Bucky Pizzarelli, and she sang a dozen songs, the best of which were Alec Wilder's "It's So Peaceful in the Country," the McHugh-Fields "Porgy," Rodgers and Hart's "Why Do You Suppose?," Irving Berlin's "Fools Fall in Love," and Michel Legrand's "Ask Yourself Why." She is a tiny, elegant, pretty woman who sings with a surprisingly big and luxurious voice. It is a brocade voice, one that makes her songs rich and spacious. She belongs to the hierarchy of popular singers (a woefully inadequate term; they are really a new kind of lieder singer) that has been appearing and reappearing in increasing numbers in recent years and includes, among others, Mabel Mercer, Bobby Short, Maxine Sullivan, Maggie Whiting, Tony Bennett, Blossom Dearie, Anita Ellis, Johnny Hartman, Helen Merrill, David Allyn, Irene Kral, Hubbell Pierce, Jackie Cain, Barbara Lea, Nancy Harrow, and Susannah McCorkle. These singers have diamond diction, they sing the notes as written (at least for the first chorus), they sing in tune and at the proper tempo, they revere and search out good songs, and, though often witty, they are performers of high seriousness. Some singers, whether from insecurity or a mistaken attempt to get cozy, gabble between numbers—making jokes, bestowing blessings, giving labyrinthine histories of the songs they sing, complaining, dedicating their songs to Frank Sinatra, and introducing the celebrities in the house. This has a poor effect. The singing and the talking flow together, the performer loses his mask, his performer's privilege, and whatever mood has been established must be continually reset. Some singers move too much. They point at the audience, they go akimbo, they flop their heads, they use the mike cord as a lariat, they bow to the floor, they skid from side to side of the stage, they keep time by snapping their fingers, wiggling their thighs, or ticktocking their heads. (Consider Mabel Mercer's regal, motionless head and the way her hands sketch occasional slow-motion arabesques; Billie Holiday's carved poise; and Maxine Sullivan's tilted chin and slow, sailing smile.) Teddi King herself has been guilty of some of these infractions (she has on occasion consulted "act doctors," show-biz quacks who cheapen a performer's act enough to make it succeed in Miami and Las Vegas), but she was still and reserved and cool this afternoon. And she sang superbly. Her voice had clarity and strength, and her pitch, which is sometimes unreliable, was perfect. It was a peaceful and handsome concert, one of the best she has given. Teddi King's career has been beleaguered by illness and a peculiar inability to avoid second-rate bookings. It is time she moved dead center and assumed the stature and praise due her.

"Frankly, no, Hollister, I don't want to listen to the speech you're going to make in the Senate tomorrow. I want to watch 'Ironside.'"

Three of Teddi King's compeers—Tony Bennett, David Allyn, and Irene Kral—have come gracefully to the fore on new records. Bennett has recorded nine songs with Bill Evans alone as his accompanist, and the results are relaxed and sure. In many ways, this is the most attractive record he has made, and he comes close to reining in his tendency to shout the last eight bars of every tune. David Allyn, as personally harassed as Teddi King, came up with Boyd Raeburn's experimental big band in the forties, and he is a singers' singer. Frank Sinatra stands somewhere behind him, but the rest—the intense vibrato, the lack of ornamentation, the shoulder-to-shoulder phrasing—is his. All twelve numbers on the record are slow and meditative, and there is a sadness about his singing that comes close to despair. The same is true of Irene Kral. She is Roy Kral's sister, and she has a beautiful voice. It curves effortlessly, her vibrato is delicate and sensuous, and her dynamics are subtle. Her only shortcoming is an Anita O'Day tendency to flatten certain notes that should be allowed to expand naturally—but that was the way to sing when she was coming up, in the late forties. Barry Harris accompanies David Allyn, and Alan Broadbent accompanies Irene Kral, and both are flawless pianists. The records are "The Tony Bennett

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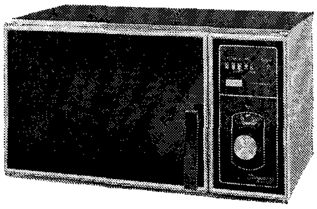

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Bill Evans Album" (Fantasy F-9489), "David Allyn: Don't Look Back" (Xanadu 101), and "Irene Kral: Where Is Love?" (Choice CRS 1012). Beware of the liner material on the Allyn album; its semiliterate transports suggest that the Pleistocene era of liner-note writing isn't over yet.

FEBRUARY 13TH: Benny Goodman, aged sixty-six, persists. Avuncular and gravelly, he played and talked at length on "The World of John Hammond," which was broadcast by PBS last December and will be shown again. A month from now, PBS will broadcast his performance of Aaron Copland's 1948 Goodman-commissioned "Concerto for Clarinet and Orchestra" with the Los Angeles Philharmonic. RCA is reissuing for the first time all of the two hundred or so numbers he made for Victor with his big and small groups between 1935 and 1939 (three two-record albums have come out so far—"The Complete Benny Goodman," Volumes I-III; AXM2-5505, 5515, and 5532—and we are only through 1936), and Columbia has released a two-record set made largely between 1940 and 1942 ("Benny Goodman: Solid Gold Instrumental Hits," PG 33405). Tonight, Goodman gave a sold-out concert in Carnegie Hall, thirty-eight years and twenty-eight days after the historic Goodman Carnegie concert that has come to be celebrated as much for Jess Stacy's extraordinary unscheduled two-minute solo near the end of "Sing, Sing, Sing" as for the work of Goodman and the rest of the band. It has been Goodman's wont in recent years to hire small bands, and tonight he had a rhythm section of Hank Jones, Bucky Pizzarelli, Slam Stewart, Peter Appleyard (vibraphone), and Grady Tate or Connie Kay, and, in various combinations, such horns as Roy Eldridge and Bobby Hackett, Urbie Green, and Al Klink (tenor saxophone). Goodman appeared in eight or so of the twenty-one numbers played; the rest of the time was taken up by his sidemen, whose best numbers were Pizzarelli's chorded "Mood Indigo," Hackett's exquisite "What's New?," and Eldridge's striving, jumping "The Man I Love." The tunes Goodman soloed on were "Strike Up the Band," "I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plan," "After You've Gone," "Indiana," "Stompin' at the Savoy," "That's a Plenty," and "One O'Clock Jump." Much of his old fluidity was intact. His runs got where they were going, his growls imparted a nice hot

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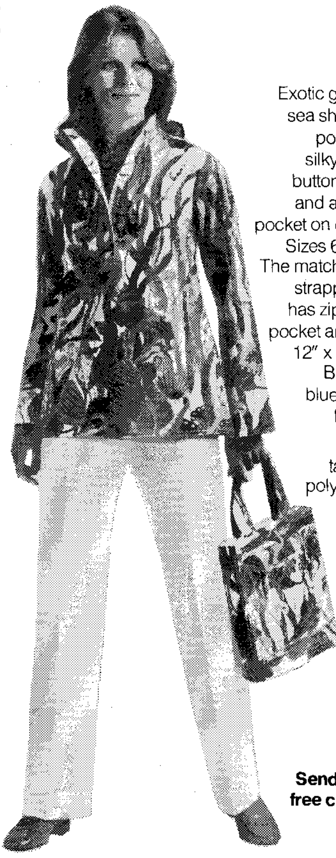

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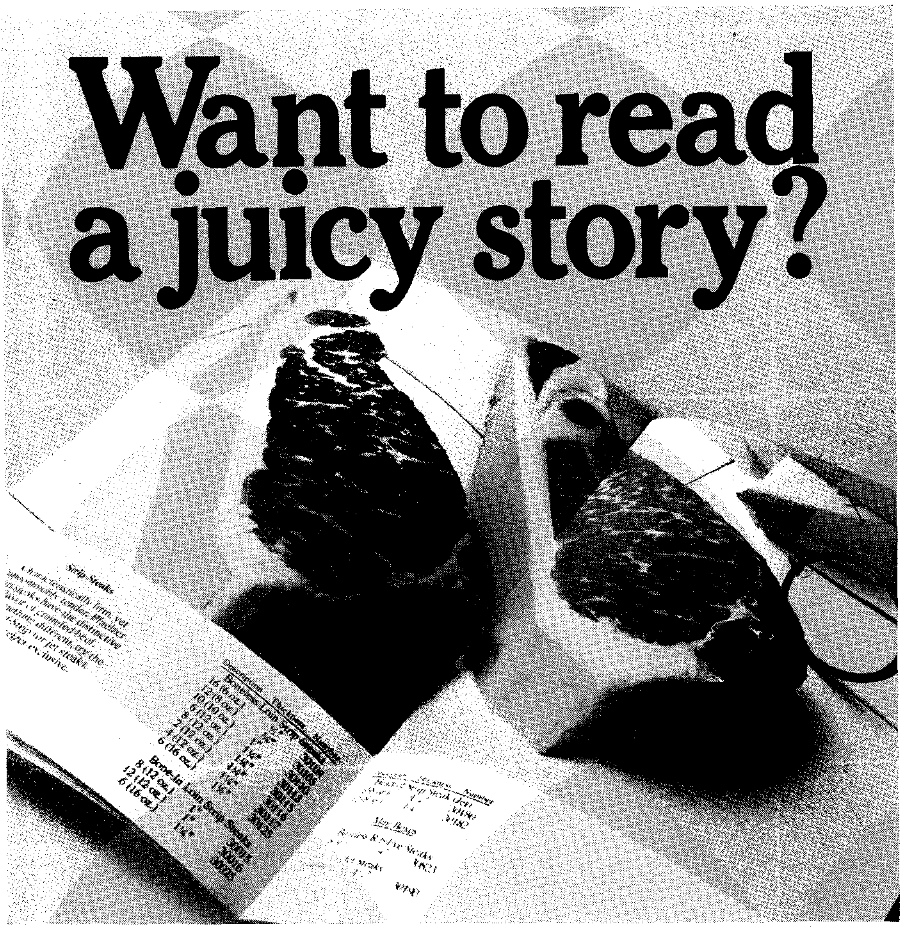
quality, and his old devotion to melody was evident. Also evident was his curious lack of style. When he became famous, in 1935, Goodman had perfected an attack made up of a fleet and intuitive ability to improvise, a distillation of such clarinettists as Frank Teschemacher and Jimmie Noone, and a virtuoso technique. All was governed by his tone, which shone, particularly in the middle register. He was the best clarinettist we had yet had (Buddy De Franco eventually surpassed him), but he was also the least colorful. Style is controlled idiosyncrasy, and for style on the clarinet in the thirties and forties one turned to Pee Wee Russell and Lester Young and Edmond Hall, and even to Joe Marsala and Irving Fazola. Russell was invariably surprising. Sometimes he was breathtaking and sometimes he crashed, but there was always his cranky, lustrous tone and the brilliant illogic of his solos. Young was wholly different. He used a metal clarinet and got a lemony, streamlined sound. His winds were legato, his direction downstream. Hall and Marsala and Fazola were all style, and were a treat for the marvellous variety and richness of their tone. Who has matched Hall's unique pear sound or Fazola's and Marsala's dark and secret chalumeau passages?

The RCA reissues make Goodman's conservatism and lack of flair particularly clear. His first famous band was precise and changeless, and its boxy Fletcher Henderson arrangements fitted perfectly. Every number sounded the same, and the few first-rate soloists never offset the Sunday-school efforts of their lesser colleagues. (What an inestimable lift Jess Stacy gave the band when he joined in 1935! One can hear him in each number, glinting in the ensembles and then providing avenues of light for the soloists and singers.) The band in the Columbia reissues was equally drilled and smooth, but it had, for a halcyon few months in 1941, such looming figures as Sid Catlett, Charlie Christian, Billy Butterfield,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Cootie Williams, and Mel Powell, and it had the arrangements of Eddie Sauter, one of the first arrangers to listen to Duke Ellington and break away from the British-square writing of Henderson. But Christian died, Catlett was fired, and Butterfield and Williams wandered on, and the band returned to its stiff, machine-made ways in "Mission to Moscow," "Jersey Bounce," "Idaho," and "A String of Pearls." Great styles have a special hell: they tend to become self-parodic. Goodman need have no fear. He will continue to sound much as he did in 1935.

MARCH 8TH: The Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet, which disappeared before it ever fully appeared, was a classic instance of the ships-that-pass-in-the-night nature of jazz. The group was formed in 1972 and dissolved in 1975. (In addition to the co-leaders, it consisted of Wayne Wright on rhythm guitar and John Giuffrida on bass; they were ultimately replaced by Vinnie Corrao and the splendid Michael Moore.) It worked less than half the time it lasted, and, as far as New York was concerned, didn't seem to exist at all, for, outside of random concerts, it played here only five weeks—three at the Rainbow Grill, where it shared billing with a singer named Damita Jo, and two at the old Buddy's Place, on Second Avenue. Yet the Braff-Barnes Quartet was one of the best small jazz groups ever put together. It was disciplined, it invariably swung, and it did marvellous songs. The sound was unique: a treble-bass blend reminiscent of the classic Rex Stewart-Barney Bigard-Django Reinhardt-Billy Taylor pickup group of 1939. It was lyrical *and* funky. The quartet had an electric in-person presence, and always played at the top of its gifts—no loafing, no padding, no windiness. Most jazz groups are monochromatic, but Braff-Barnes ceaselessly changed color. Braff's dynamics have never been more agile. Within four bars, he would move from a low-register whisper to a barely tapped high note to a full, middle-register cello tone. Barnes stretched his dynamic sense to its limits, too. Dreaming, barely voiced notes gave way to wild high-register *twangs* that sounded like a clarinet, and these gave way to soft, wind-harp chords. All the while, whether the two were soloing, playing in unbreakable unison, or fashioning elbowing counterpoint, there was the next-room *whirr whirr whirr* of the rhythm guitar and the steady poling of the bass. Luckily,

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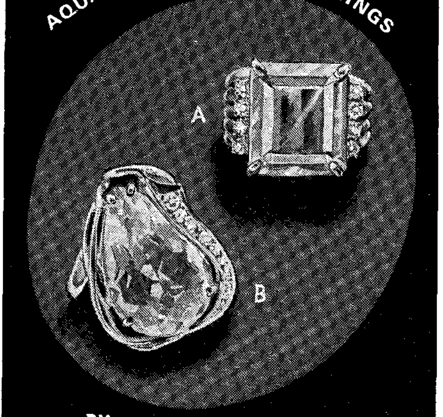

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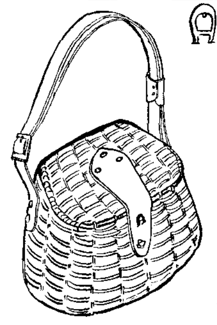

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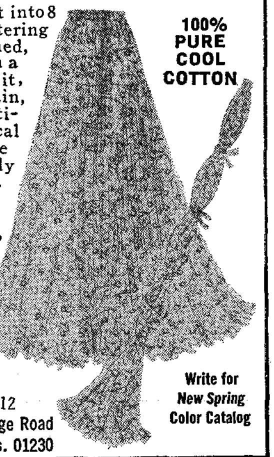

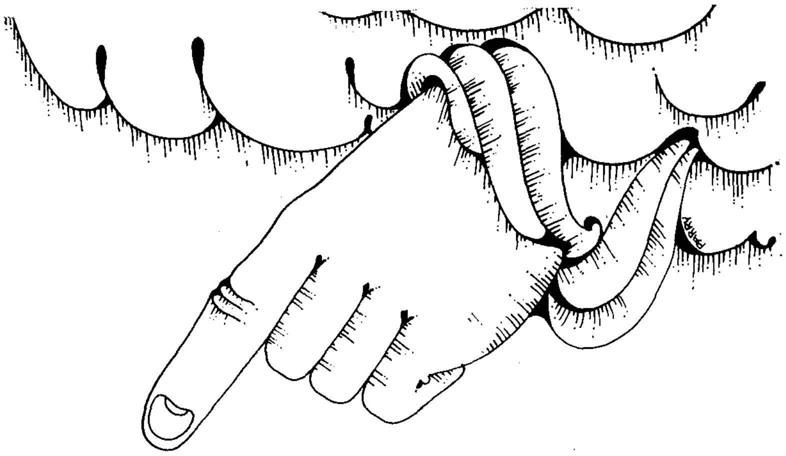

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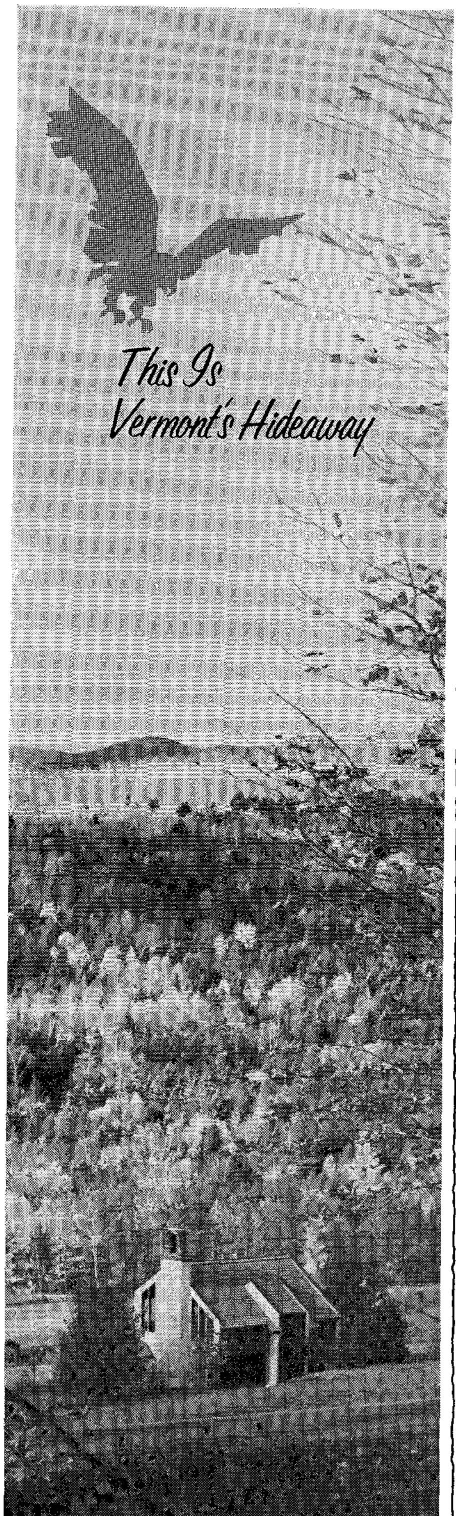

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the group was decently recorded, and perhaps its truest record—with Wright and Moore—was done at a concert in the spring of 1974: "The Ruby Braff-George Barnes Quartet: Live at the New School" (Chiaroscuro CR 126). There are some remarkable moments—the two long, low Braff notes on "Solitude" that are indistinguishable from cello notes; the sliding, unearthly sotto-voce way that Braff begins his solo on "Sunny Side of the Street" (it summons up Louis Armstrong's supreme solo on his 1930 "Sweethearts on Parade"); Barnes' ringing high notes on "Sugar;" Braff's tough, swinging solo on "Struttin' with Some Barbecue;" and the booming big-band ensemble the quartet achieves on "Rockin' in Rhythm."

March 12th: A pair of musicians who should not be forgotten, and who are fortunately celebrated in new reissues: Charlie Shavers, trumpeter, composer, and arranger (1917-71), and Leo Watson, tiple, drums, trombone, and vocals (1898-1950).

Shavers was a highly gifted musician. A skilled arranger (he did most of the tight, polite arrangements for the John Kirby band, from 1937 to 1944), he wrote "Undecided," long beloved by jazz musicians, and he was a whirlwind trumpeter. He came up with Tiny Bradshaw and Lucky Millinder, and after he left Kirby he worked on and off for eleven years with Tommy Dorsey. He gigged away the rest of his life—with Jazz at the Philharmonic, as an accompanist to singers, and abroad. His death came two days after Louis Armstrong's, and went almost unnoticed. Shavers was short and roundish, and he had a cheerful, compulsive look. His music buffeted him, and he was in constant motion. When he was picking his way through a particularly dangerous arpeggio, he would lift his right foot and, completing the figure, slam the foot down and follow through by pointing his trumpet at the floor and hunching his shoulders. Shavers was the first virtuoso jazz trumpeter. He relished his powers. He had a ballooning tone, a rococo attack—often spelled out in excited runs that matched Art Tatum's and Charlie Parker's—and he liked to fool around in the highest register. The showoff quality in many of his solos was fully intended (he carried to perfection what Harry James only began in his display pieces, and he paralleled in a less advanced harmonic way Dizzy Gillespie's tarantellas, which, indeed, he may have inspired), but every once in a while he set his fireworks

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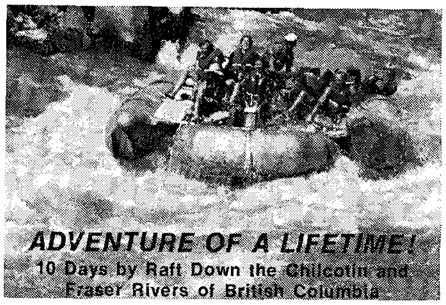
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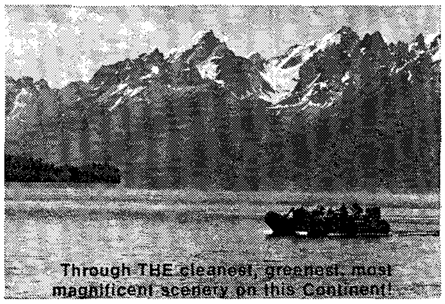
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aside and played with an affecting simpleness and lyricism. The Bethlehem label, which was around in the fifties and early sixties, is being reactivated, and one of its first reissues is "The Finest of Charlie Shavers" (BCP-6005). The record was made late in the fifties, and it provides Shavers with the setting every jazz horn player dreams of—a large and bosomy string section. He plays ten ballads and is in relatively calm form. He lolls against the strings, letting loose broad lower-register figures, quick high notes, gentle double-time figures, and Rex Stewart half-valved notes. He embellishes and polishes each song until it gleams. Shavers the improviser is fully visible, though, on seven tracks of "Sidney Bechet: Master Musician" (RCA AXM2-5516). These were made in 1941, while Shavers was with John Kirby and at the height of his powers. He is very hot on "Twelfth Street Rag" and on "Limehouse Blues," but on "I'm Coming Virginia," "Mood Indigo," and a blues, "Texas Moaner," he is sorrowing and elegiac. Listen to the way he repeats a two-note Louis Armstrong figure at the beginning of his solo on "Texas Moaner" and then caps it with the proper blaring high note, and to "Mood Indigo," where he discovers, both in his melodic statement and in his solo, a rending blueness.

In his special way, Leo Watson was a genius. He was little known during his life, which was madcap and short. Much of his career was spent in a swinging novelty group called the Spirits of Rhythm, which flourished in the thirties and forties and was made up of various combinations of tiples, guitars, bass, and drums. Although he played the tiple (a stringed instrument between the guitar and the ukulele), trombone, and drums, he was primarily a scat singer. Scat singers are human horns who improvise often wordless, sometimes onomatopoeic songs, and the best of them have included Ella Fitzgerald, Anita O'Day, Babs Gonzales, Joe Carroll, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral, and Louis Armstrong, who is said to have accidentally invented the form in 1926 when he was recording "Heebie Jeebies" and dropped the music. But Watson was the greatest of them all. His vocals contained long phrases of quickly revolving vowels that were interrupted feverishly with words used in a sly nonsense fashion. He had a free, wild sense of time, and in the late thirties he got off passages that predated Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie by five years. His voice was harum-scarum. He growled,

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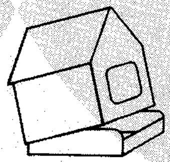
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blared, whined, chanted, shouted, crooned. The recording that has brought Watson out of oblivion—"Pre-Bop" (Bob Thiele Music BBM1-0940)—was made in 1946 and contains his last record date. Four tracks were made—"Sonny Boy," "Tight and Gay," "The Snake Pit," and "Jingle Bells"—and with him are Vic Dickenson, Leonard Feather, who was the A. & R. man as well as the pianist, the bassist Vivien Garry, and the drummer Harold (Doc) West. The first three numbers are vintage Watson, but "Jingle Bells" is a marvel. In its high-flying way, it suggests "Finnegans Wake." It begins in a slow tempo with ricky-ticky piano and Dickenson growling and sashaying his way through the melody. Then West abruptly doubles the tempo, and Watson is off. Here, in rough transcription, is what he does:

babadeladabaaaaaaaaaohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhdela (*pause*)
bells of the wedding of the wedding cake
cut the cake, cut the cake, cut the beyyaaaaaaaaaayehbedoooo
ooooooloayyyyy bebop deyaeeeeeeayo
jingle bells, jingle bells (*growls*)
snowbirds of Chicago (*pause*) Chicago Chicago (*singing the melody*)
ayeyiyiayeyiyibelopdeoooooooooyaaaaaaaaaa bebop
East Side West Side all around the town (*singing the melody*)
all the birds of snow of Chicago (*legato, then his voice falls away and into*)
aeyohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh deum
(*Vic Dickenson solos, and Watson returns*)
didge-ye-everhear didge-ye-everhear didge-ye-everhear didge-ye-everhear
Alexander's Ragtime Band? Band playing (*pause*)
de-bing de-bing de-bing de-bing de-bing de-bing
the big bass drum de-bing bong bing
aaaaayaeeeeeeeeh (*and smoothly into a wordless closing duet with Dickenson*).

Steve Gilmore on bass. The band is the best collective group Israels has had, and it offered faithful versions of Jimmy Lunceford's "For Dancers Only" and Duke Ellington's "Rockin' in Rhythm" and "Bundle of Blues," the last marred only by an out-of-sync reprise of Barney Bigard's solo. The other restorations included "Two Bass Hit," a smooth-shelled arrangement by Gil Evans of Jelly Roll Morton's "King Porter Stomp," and a properly tongue-in-cheek rundown of Charles Mingus's funny Morton salute "My Jelly Roll Soul." The rest of the evening was not as enterprising. We heard a perfervid "Body and Soul" and a fine Johnny Carisi number, "Springsville," both done by Phil Woods, who appeared for half a dozen selections, but we also heard lesser efforts by Levitt, Woods, and Israels himself, who brought his wife, Margot Hanson, out for some wordless

MARCH 13TH: The imaginative jazz repertory experiments carried forward in 1974 and 1975 by the New York Jazz Repertory Company and Chuck Israels' National Jazz Ensemble have been in abeyance until tonight, when Israels' big band gave the first of its four 1976 concerts at the New School. (The N.Y.J.R.C. will not be heard here until the Newport Jazz Festival-New York, when it will offer at least four concerts.) Most of the sixteen men Israels brought on tonight are carry-overs from the excellent group he had last year. They include Ben Aronov on piano, Bill Goodwin on drums, Tom Harrell, Jimmy Maxwell, and Dave Berger on trumpet, Joe Randazzo and the arranger and composer Rod Levitt on trombone, Dennis Anderson and Ken Berger on saxophone, and Steve Brown on guitar. The rewarding new members are Arnie Lawrence on alto saxophone, Joe Romano on tenor saxophone, and Kay Davis coloratura. The emphasis tonight had shifted from substance, which in the past had been rare and often intricate, to the band itself, which was precise and hearty and swinging. Bill Goodwin was especially surprising. He has sometimes played ladyfinger drums, but tonight he rocketed and racketed like the old Don Lamond.

Two independent repertory groups have also surfaced this winter. One has just finished a month at Michael's Pub and is an informal offshoot of the N.Y.J.R.C. Led by Dick Hyman, a pianist and a director of the N.Y.J.R.C., and including Bob Wilber, Pee Wee Erwin, Milt Hinton, and Bobby Rosengarden, it played easy and attractive updatings by Hyman of James P. Johnson ("Old Fashioned Love," "Carolina Shout"), Jelly Roll Morton ("Buddy Bolden's Blues," "Fickle Fay Creep"), Scott Joplin ("Maple Leaf Rag"), and Louis Armstrong ("Cake Walking Babies"). The second group is the New California Ramblers, which was named after the famous cornucopic dance band that recorded in New York in the twenties and thirties. The new band was put together by a twenty-two-year-old bassist, tubist, and bass saxophone player named Vince Giordano, who played the booting bass saxophone with Joe Venuti, Zoot Sims, and Bucky Pizzarelli in the N.Y.J.R.C.'s second Bix Beiderbecke concert last year. The New Ramblers has nine members, among them Clarence Hutchenrider, the clarinettist of the Casa Loma band; Al Galladoro, the virtuoso alto saxophonist; the guitarist Marty Gross; a fine reed player named Sam Parkins; and Richard Sudhalter, the co-author of the recent Beiderbecke biography and a graceful cornettist in the Buck Clayton-Ruby Braff mold. The group mainly uses stock arrangements from the Ramblers' period, and plays them as they were written, leaving their eighths and sixteenths undotted. In the course of a recent evening, the band, which has been keeping its soul together by playing alternate Thursdays at a Queens Boulevard bar called Egbert's, went through a 1931 Archie Bleyer arrangement of "Business in F," Ellington's 1928 "The Mooche," Coon-Sanders' 1929 "Kansas City Kitty," a 1927 stock of "Stardust," the Ramblers' 1925 "Charleston," the Trumbauer-Beiderbecke "Singing the Blues," a 1933 stock of "I'll Never Be the Same," and the 1933 Dorsey Brothers "Mood Hollywood." The band plays with tremendous pep and the solos flash; one hopes it soon finds a home in the city.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Where was President Ford? That was answered last night when a shining new color photograph of Mr. Ford was hung over the library's language collection and the President's visage Weamed down on the sober-faced board members.

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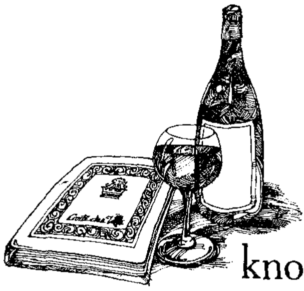

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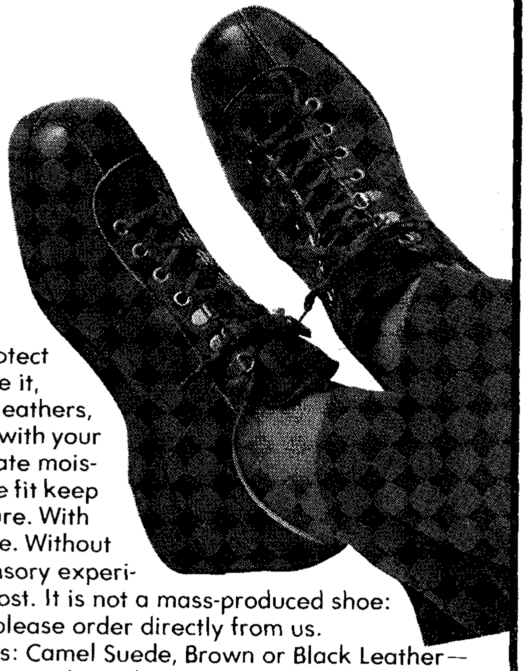

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

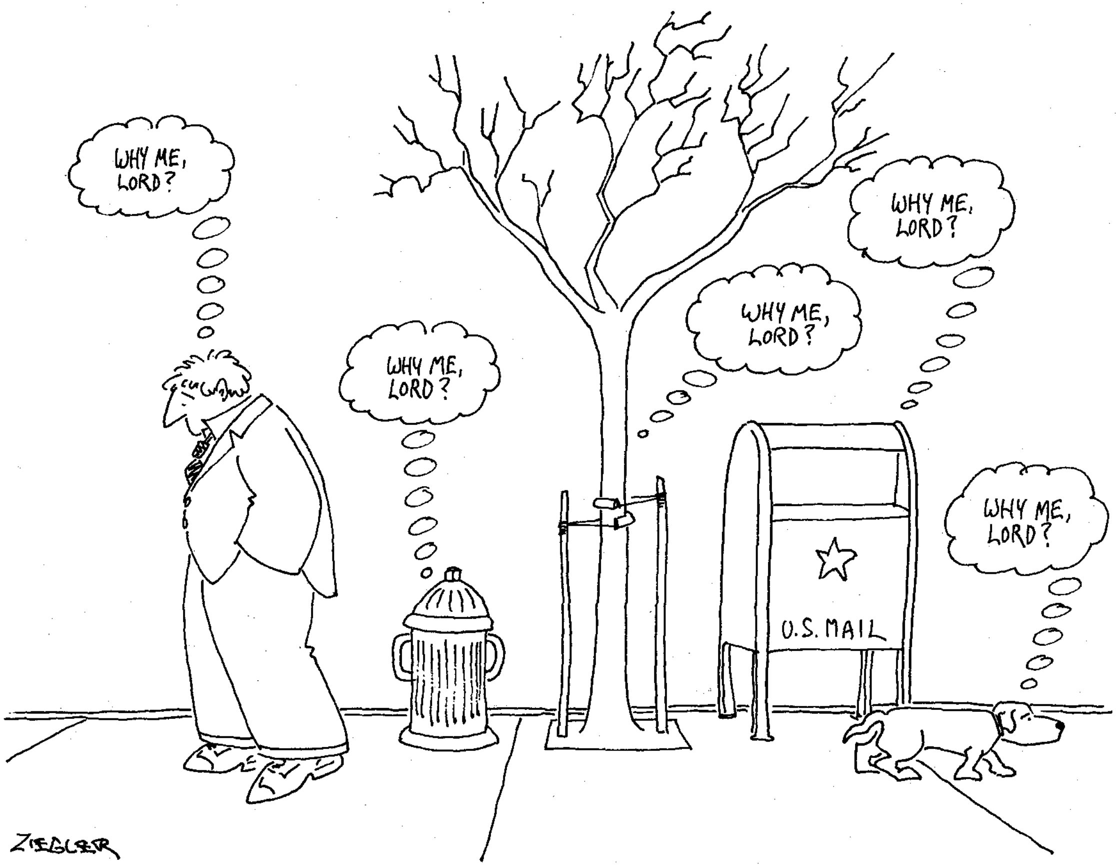
Plowed-Up Fields

ROD STEIGER plays W. C. Fields in Arthur Hiller's "W. C. Fields and Me" with a nose that looks like a horse's packed feed bag darned with string; hair that makes it seem as if a dishful of yellow poster paint had been poured onto a frugal layer of straw; and a mouth so immobilizingly twisted that you would think Fields began his working life after he had had a stroke. The false nose is cruel to Fields, who was sensitive about what he defiantly referred to as his proboscis. It is also a disadvantage to an actor, because it perpetually appears about to fall off, like a Tudor gable on a house on the Paramount lot in a gale. The whole makeup job is so embalming that it prevents expression, which is a crucial film disability. Acting does not lie in impersonating. Makeup is costume, not essence; every acting student knows that. Steiger might be better able to give us the spirit of Fields without being lumbered with this facsimile of the droll scowler. But then the whole film is factitious. Just as the mummy makeup precludes the tics of misanthropy that animated the real Fields' face, so the movie artificially sweetens his character.

This is not the man who, in "The Bank Dick" (1940), gets his soppy prospective son-in-law to embezzle five hundred dollars to invest in a beefsteak mine. This is not the husband who, in "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (1935), proceeds with marked sloth to obey his bossy wife, in her hairnet, by ejecting singing burglars from the cellar. This is not the whiskey drinker who, in "My Little Chickadee" (1940), explains to a skinny woman with a feather that seems to be in flight on the front of her hat that he is just drinking a little sheep-dip ("Panacea for all stomach ailments"), and suggests to the gracious Mae West when he is trying to get a wedding ring onto "the fourth digit of the left hand" that he needs a little goose grease; or who, in "The Bank Dick," takes the money out of a child's piggy bank and puts in I.O.U.s.

In the present film we see Fields striking up an improbably gooey friendship with a midget. The friendship is pure Cream of Wheat, with lumps. Although there is nothing to go on, apart from the jubilantly explicit Fields output, I think it likely that he would have regarded sentimentally seen midgets with the same fishy glare that he had for cooed-over children. Given his view of the infant world, I am absolutely certain that he could never have said, as the film has him contentedly say, "Only time when I sleep like a baby is when I hear rain on the roof." It is the repetition of this thought that takes us to his deathbed, on Christmas Day, 1946, when Fields died from boozing. He always used to refer to death as "the fellow in the bright nightgown." This Senecan and grandiloquent comic was hardly likely to cry, as he does in the film, with pretty thankfulness in his final moments for the sound of the pattering of rain on the roof, produced with a hose by his mistress, Carlotta Monti, on whose "W. C. Fields & Me," written with Cy Rice, this film was based. The book is a stilted tribute to the brine-pickled genius, and is best approached with a pair of tongs.

About the real Fields, as we have come to know him so well from his features and shorts, there was a lack of folly which was paradoxically childlike. His brutality, like a kid's, was earnest. So was his sincere consumption of cool drinks—in his case, two quarts of gin a day. (He often drank straight from the bottle in his films, looking medical, as if he were taking his own temperature.) So was his hatred of family life, which perhaps occurs at its best in "It's a Gift" (1934), in the scene in which, having been driven from bed by his portly scold of a wife, he decides to sleep on a porch swing. The swing collapses, and then there is one disturbance after another: an early-bird life-insurance salesman inquiring about the waking habits of one Carl LaFong, whose name fails to interest Fields even though it is studiously spelled out; rattling milk bottles; a bouncing coconut; the cherubic Baby LeRoy slinging grapes; and two women talking their larynxes out. No matter. Fields is not much of a sleeper anyway. He is in no need of respite: he is nature's night seaman, most himself when the more average babes of this world are peacefully ashore with a bottle of formula between their toothless gums, and large bourgeois women are fussing about getting their beauty sleep, and he and his cronies can play pool. He exists outside time. You can't imagine him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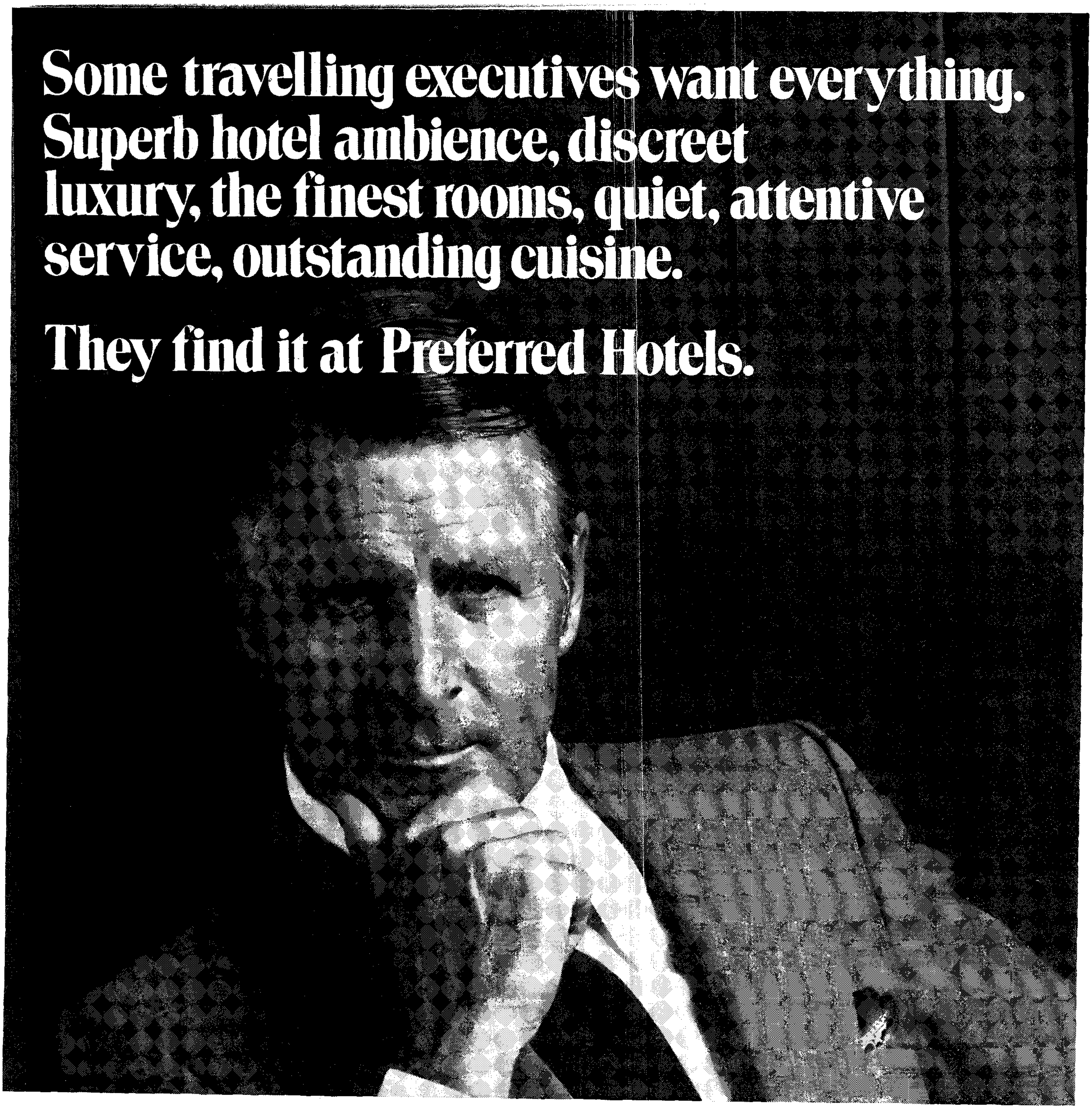

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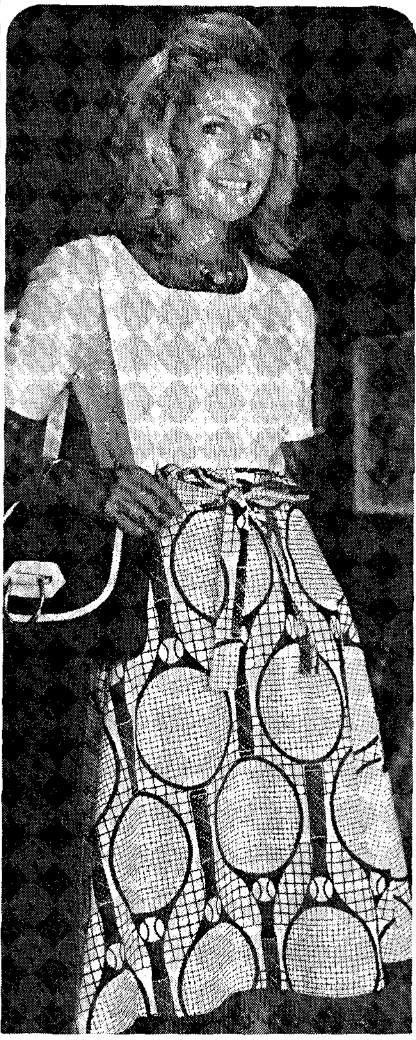

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tired. He would have a hangover at any hour of the day and feel bright as a buttercup for a sparring match with conventionalism at three in the morning. Cheerful advertisements now show us fresh-faced young couples to sell wine *aged in the bottle*; Fields can never have been fresh-faced: he sold nothing but lack of penitence, and he gives the impression of having enjoyed an infancy in which he was aged in the wood.

Of the mysterious and dyspeptic retreats of humor from which Fields hurled his lifelong mutters the film gives us no idea. Since the real Fields never stopped lying about himself, this picture—which sometimes contradicts apparently reliable sources—may be accurate in its boring view of its hero; but one doubts it. The movie would probably have summoned up more of Fields if it had displayed a little more of his own inventiveness, as well as a little more candor about his arrogance and his suspiciousness of the world at large. The real Fields, who relished a moment in "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break" when he parks his infant niece in a shooting gallery "for safety," would have been a little sick at the sentimentality of the scene in his biographical movie in which he goes swimming with his midget, who must be a good fifty years old, and proceeds to play something nauseatingly like ring-around-a-rosy with him in the water. The characteristic Fields, who was stingy to a degree and had pseudonymous bank accounts everywhere, would never have given the midget a philanthropic ride across the continent in a jalopy; he would be better typified if he had been shown hiring a Rolls-Royce and making the down-and-outer pay.

Neither Arthur Hiller nor Rod Steiger seems to grasp the bravery and wit in the real Fields' wild innuendos. Nor does Valerie Perrine, the beauty who plays Miss Monti in this film. She doesn't strike one as a genuine Fields doxy. Rod Steiger, his face stiff with makeup, and the scriptwriter, Bob Merrill, his script rigid with clichés, can't muster Fields' swingeing revelry and comment. The Fields of the films we love would possibly have called his Carlotta something like "my little frosted cupcake," "my ravishing little pineapple," "my little titmouse," "my gladsome delphinium." But not here. There are no blistering sweetnesses for Miss Perrine to play against, so the film lies there on the floor like a rank herring.

"W. C. Fields and Me" calls into

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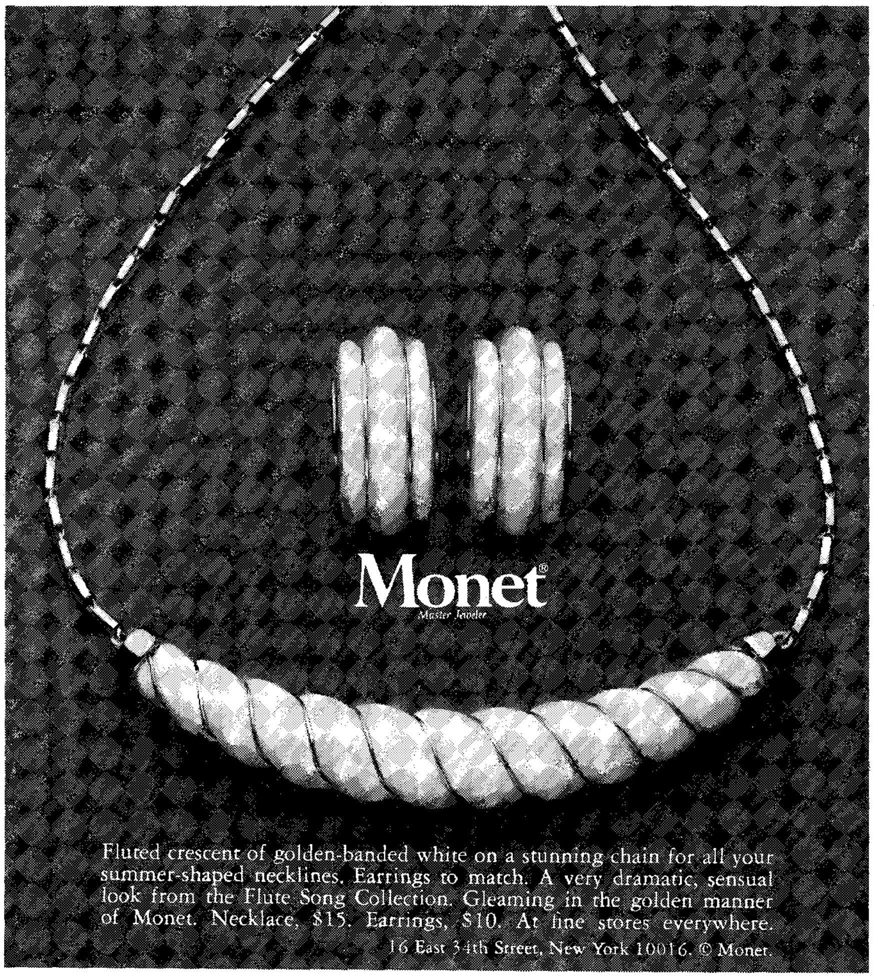
question the whole affair of biographical movies. Literalness about the wrong things is more ruinous than an inspired non-fact that catches the subject's spirit. One would not reveal very much about van Gogh, let alone about the process of his work, by showing that he had to have pain pills after the cutting off of part of his left ear. This bogged and genteel film about Fields could well have been called "A Tract on the Evils of Alcohol." One sees nothing of the hero as he seems to have been: playing a rancorous straight man to a life he didn't trust an inch; beguiled by euphony, heaping peculiarly phrased epithets on tarty beloveds whom he decided to court by never marrying them; writing notes of fiery parsimony to his deserted wife; and creating films of brave splendor in which the buzzing drone of the central character's voice comes and goes like the sound of a shortwave station. The commonplace that women don't respond to Fields is a libel that women's liberation might take up. Men and women are alike in responding to his funniness, and to his mood of august smolder. This cautious film misses its chance by failing to see that we all salute his sieged pomp.

THE W. C. Fields film might have been a lot more authentic if someone who understood his radiant rudeness had taken liberties. But with "All the President's Men," an account of the way the Washington *Post's* Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward uncovered the Watergate coverup, it was obviously essential to follow the news story as closely as possible. After all, this benighted country knows most of the details as well as it knows the history of the abdication of Edward VIII. Bob Woodward is played by Robert Redford, who seems almost too good-looking for a movie studio not to have plucked him out of the city room at once, but he is a fine, attentive actor, all the same. Carl Bernstein is played with intelligent nervous energy by Dustin Hoffman, cast as a long-haired, eager-beaver reporter who picks up Redford's copy from the copy desk and reads it because he has big-story aspirations of the kind that have always been conventionally respected in films about newspaper reporters. It is made to seem that for quite a time he has no instinct about the historic importance of the story he is on to. Jason Robards plays Ben Bradlee, the executive editor of the *Post*, who carries the ball. Robards looks very like the real Bradlee, except that he always has his top shirt button undone. In fact, every newspaperman



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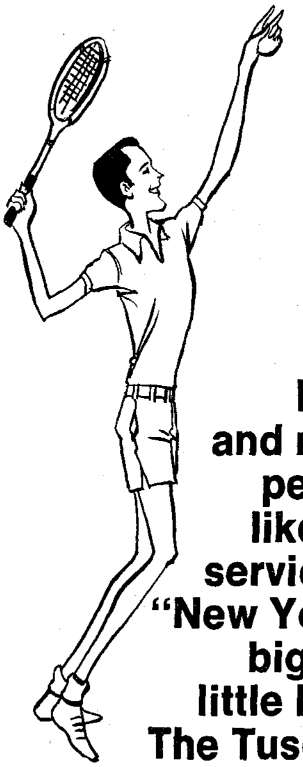

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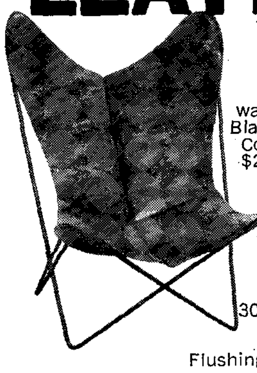

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CRAFTER

in this film always has his top shirt button undone. This is one of the clichés about working on a paper, like the one about wearing green eyeshades, though the actors here still have international-crisis conferences with their feet up on desks, and superiors still say curtly "We'll run it, kid" to reporters who have been up all night. The things that seem most authentic about the film are not the details of the look of the Washington *Post* city room—though these are literal—but the office badinage, the endless cups of coffee, the methods of breaking down the defenses of possible leads who are being interviewed, and the confidences purposely let slip after hours of stalling by people who have become curiously wed to the journalists they fear, in that black compact between questioner and victim which has so often been noted by writers reconstructing political inquisitions.

The reporters worked in tandem, like cops, who notoriously operate in pairs for reasons subtler than safety: one to chat amiably and one to play the severe, taciturn, more dangerous observer. The Woodward-Bernstein division of roles seems from this film to have been partly a matter of class. While Hoffman takes the notes, Redford is somehow a summer tennis player in these surroundings: late nights with a quarter of an hour's sleep in twenty-four take no visible toll of him, and even his unbuttoned shirt seems the mark not of the worried modern intellectual but of a man at his ease in East Hampton. It strikes one as native to Woodward's laxly higher-bred bearing that he should be the one of the two who has the crucial meetings in an underground garage with the authoritative source identified only as Deep Throat (Hal Holbrook). The cryptic Deep Throat must have been a hard part to cast. He is still unidentified here, naturally. But cast as a man, so not Martha Mitchell. In reality, maybe even a group of people? Or someone in the F.B.I.? We see the F.B.I. offices from the inside: they have an expensively polished, alarming, ice-rink corridor, with rows of closed doors that are undoubtedly authentic but irresistibly bring up the spate of pretentious experimental films ten or fifteen years ago in which a girl was always running along an endless corridor lined with locked doors representing hermetic modernity. The achievement of "All the President's Men," directed by Alan J. Pakula, is not so much that it seeks the modern as that it chronicles age-old political casuistry and the honorable tradition of journalistic muckraking.

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The script, by William Goldman, very closely follows Bernstein and Woodward's book. It has some fine moments. A thin, tired-looking bookkeeper for the Committee for the Re-Election of the President is expressively played by Jane Alexander: one knows that she is longing to give the reporters the hints they need, and that it is professionalism rather than fear of being found out which stops her. She says, almost under her breath, as if she half hoped herself alone in spite of desperately wanting to be heard, "If you guys could get Mitchell, it would be beautiful." Yes. The film intercuts television footage of Nixon, the happy President; reëlection; the oath of office; hypocrisy, graft, lies, peril. It was the worst of times, but, because of the acts of some then uncelebrated and endangered people, says this film, it was the best of times. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

THE TRESTLE

The rails shine like new wire
in the moonlight; the beams and girders
are a fretwork holding the hills.
The gorge holds darkness in cascade.

If a whistle lies like an echo
upon the prairie, among the stones
of the rising ground, it is perhaps an owl
or a coyote among the pines.

The wind hums in the frame.
A rock clicks and splashes,
sharp as silence in the starlight.
Something touches the tall grass

and curves again into the air.
On the high bluff a hump shifts,
then another and another—
a night of hummocks.

The rails begin to sing in the wind;
there is a lowing; there are sparks
among the stars. Then the earth moves:
it is a dune of shadow

that makes the trestle shudder,
that fills the gorge
with the sound of avalanche,
hair, horn, bone, and blood.

—LEWIS TURCO

•

Not being convinced, however, that theoretical lucidity is necessarily enhanced by terminological ponderosity, we shall avoid as much as possible the use of the sort of jargon for which both sociologists and phenomenologists have acquired dubious notoriety.—*From an article in Diogenes.*

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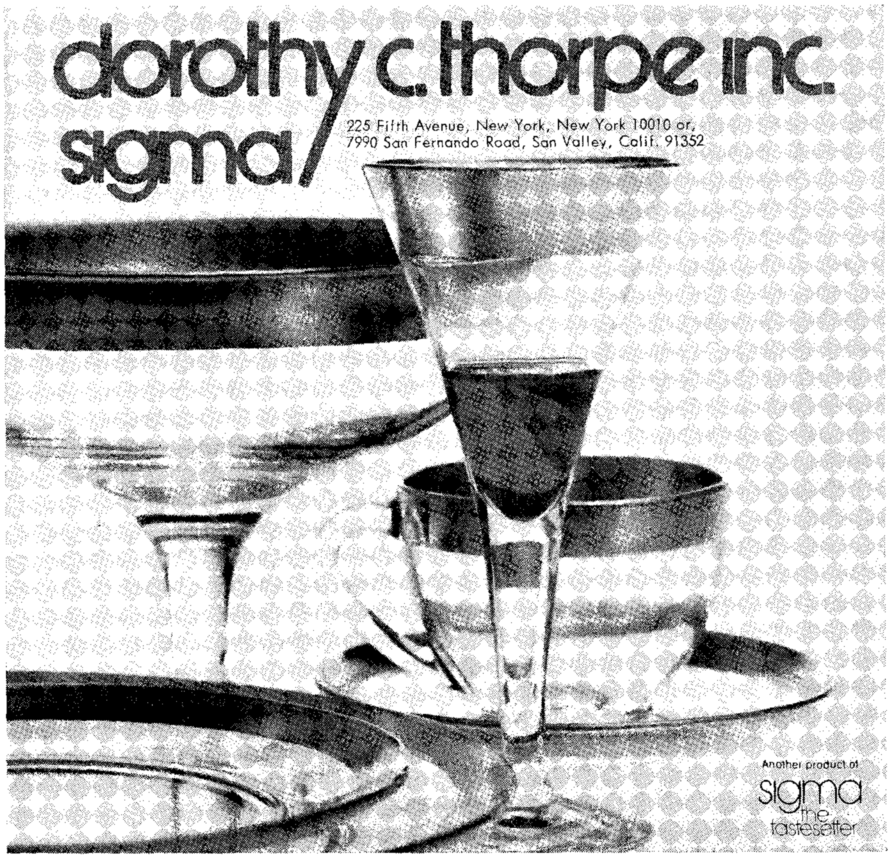

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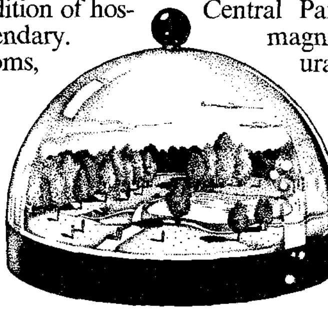


DANCING

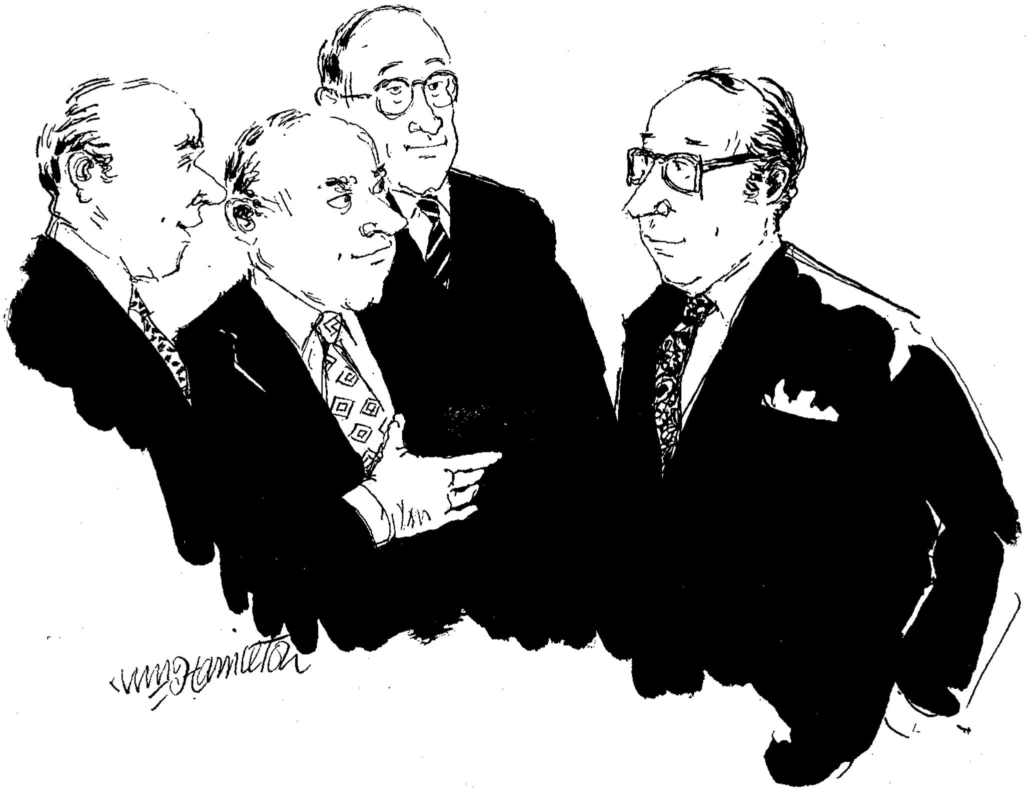
Twylathon

ALTHOUGH she has won a public reputation as the choreographer of original, sharp-sighted works for the Joffrey Ballet and American Ballet Theatre, Twyla Tharp has never made better dances than she has for her own company. Yet, except for a few fugitive performances around town and some television showings, these works have remained largely unknown to New York audiences. The ten-performance run of Twyla Tharp and Dancers which ended last Sunday night at the Brooklyn Academy included most of the near-legendary pieces in a compact Tharp retrospective that was long overdue. The oldest work in the repertory, "The Fugue" (1970), still had its authoritative smashing impact, and "Eight Jelly Rolls," composed the following year, reëstablished itself along with "Sue's Leg" (1975) as the finest jazz choreography of our time. Seen side by side with such smaller-scaled works as "The Rags Suite"—a distillation in duet form of "The Raggedy Dances" (1972)—and "The Bach Duet" (1973), these three pieces confirmed the sense and the structure of Tharp's choreography to be basically indivisible, clearly and cleanly produced from one mold of thought and yet never imprisoned within that mold. One supposes that Tharp's way of dancing, which is richly evocative, existed before she was born, and that her contribution to the dance theatre has been a process of organizing and legitimizing what might otherwise have remained adrift in the country at large, a series of wayward impulses. The process takes a certain amount of insistence. To some first-time observers, Tharp dances do look wayward and they all look alike, but that is because they look like nothing else. Within a consistent unified approach there is diversity—controlled diversity. This is plainly demonstrated in that cornerstone ballet "The Fugue," which is composed of twenty tiny canons varying a basic twenty-count phrase. Structurally impossible to follow all the way through, the action of the piece is never less than dazzling; its variety is fiercely explicit, even brutally explicit. Monomania, yes; monotony, no.

Seen all together, Tharp's ballets are as lively in their progression and interconnections as they are in isolation. The element that binds them is musical form. "The Fugue," which uses no score (the dancers are self-accompanied by the sound of their boots on a miked stage), is as musically articulate as "The Bach Duet," which is set to the second movement of the Cantata No. 78. Baroque contrapuntal technique also prevails in "Eight Jelly Rolls" (danced to music by Jelly Roll Morton), "Sue's Leg" (Fats Waller), and "The Rags Suite" (Scott Joplin). In the last, Mozart's variations on "Ah, Vous Dirai-Je, Maman" separate two Joplin rags and are danced as if no break had occurred. To my ear, the two composers do not sound naïve in the same way (or sophisticated in the same way, either), but the emotional tug of the combination is irresistible and so is the youthful fantasy of the steps that Tharp has set to it. The "Rags" is the sweetest piece in the repertory.

The Brooklyn engagement marked the company's tenth anniversary, and it was an elegantly produced affair. There was a program stuffer with a word-and-picture collage printed on one side and a full chronology of Tharp choreographies on the other. There were ingeniously simple costumes by Santo Loquasto, who joined Tharp last year, and sensitive lighting plots by Jennifer Tipton, who has been with her since the beginning. It is seldom that one sees such unanimity of style in a collaboration. But my only criticisms of the season concern production: the lighting in "Eight Jelly Rolls" this time was too dark, and the tape of the Waller music for "Sue's Leg" sounded muddy. The dancers were all at their best—high, loose, and swinging—and when there was live music, as in "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Bach Duet," and "The Rags Suite," they outdid themselves. "The Fugue," formerly cast with three women, is now given by Rose Marie Wright with Kenneth Rinker and Tom Rawe. To my surprise, the presence of the men makes the faceless logic of the piece look even more terrifyingly neutral. But I am glad to see "Eight Jelly Rolls" revert to its all-girl cast; it's funnier, and Kermit Love's bare-back tuxedo jumpsuits are better on women. Jennifer Way had the hard task of following Sara Rudner, who is no longer with the company, in the blues solo. Her first performance was conscientious; her next was relaxed, secure, and glowing. She was fine, too, dancing an old Rudner role with Rawe in "The Rags Suite." But the dance heroine of the season was the tall, imperturbably precise Rose Marie Wright, who appeared in every ballet but one, with an unvarying ease and steadiness. She has an unassertive style but a clearly defined and exceptionally spacious one, and she warms you with her air of patient good sense.

Tharp's attraction to American jazz and popular music corresponds to her legitimizing of those rootless vernacular dance forms that arose a half century



"Peter Barnes here is in charge of cosmetic reform."

ago to swell a vaudeville turn or a musical-comedy scene, only to sink back into a subcultural limbo where now an official "pop" exists to threaten their vitality. We all remember, or our reverberant psyches remember, when certain kinds of music are played, what that style of American dancing was like: vagrant, "anarchic," mutable, full of personality—the hardest of all styles to fix and deliver in coherent theatrical form. Central to the style was a complexity of figuration in respect to a beat; how you related to that beat, how far you dared stray from it without losing it defined who you were. It was preëminently a soloist's art. Twyla Tharp is a wondrously strong, fast, slouching hellcat of a dancer, and she has duplicated this style on the stage today. Other dancers in the company have, too. But for them to try it all together would be whimsical—truly anarchic, and self-defeating. The Tharp company has a special brilliance in duets, trios, and larger ensembles because Tharp has found a way of multiplying the effects of a jazz solo by as many dancers as she wants to use. She has done it by breaking movement down to its minutest fracturable elements, assembling these into phrases, and splicing the phrases together canonically. When the dancers whip through this material, they're as active in relation to each other as they are to the beat, but one feels it is the complexity of the activity that interests Twyla Tharp rather than its jazz verisimilitude; it's the complexity that makes her a jazz choreographer but not exclusively a jazz choreographer. This precision-engineered "jazz" technique is as perfectly faithful to Haydn as it is to Jelly Roll Morton or Thelonious Monk.

Just now, Tharp is moving away from contrapuntal variety toward unison movement, but canonical relationships keep breaking in. The Brooklyn series introduced a new work, "Give and Take," which seemed to grip the repertory at both ends, reflecting diverse elements from such recent productions as "Push Comes to Shove" (this winter's Ballet Theatre hit) and "Ocean's Motion" (a Chuck Berry piece for the Tharp company, as yet unseen in New York) and from such pre-"Fugue" works as "The One Hundreds." There is an opening solo by Tharp which suggests an adagio version of Baryshnikov's opening solo in "Push Comes to Shove," followed by a fugue for three girls. The music is that of Gregor Werner, a precursor of Haydn. Next, the solo and fugue material is elaborated by the full company of six in tight gestural sequences

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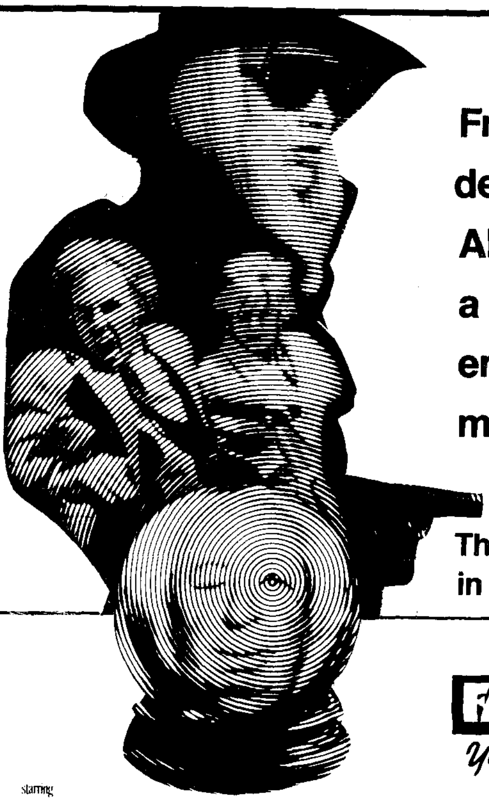

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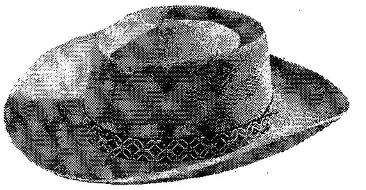

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to the accompaniment of "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Other marches are played. The group breaks up, reassembles, wanders off distractedly, returns to unison, or dissolves in counterpoint—and keeps it all going in the silences between the marches. Another Sousa, "The Liberty Bell," reproduces a wedge formation from Balanchine's "Stars and Stripes"—a joke half buried in the original material (the patriotic revues) from which Balanchine derived *his* joke. In Tharp's "marches," though, the parade's gone by; we are watching the crowd. The final abrupt transition is to Art Tatum's "Willow Weep for Me" as a solo for Wright. The piece is held together more by what it leaves out than by what it puts in; it has an elliptical tension that's hypnotic. The steps aren't always tightly fused to the music; at times, usually toward the end of a selection, they slip off the music and stay off, as if to suggest that what is seen and what is heard are merely coincident in time. But when they are on, they have a delicious cartoonlike accuracy, as in the solo to "American Patrol" performed by Shelley Washington, a gifted newcomer. The solo is all spraddles, shudders, pinpoint timing; it's Tharp drawing with a fine line instead of the square-tipped felt pen she uses in the rest of the march section. In other sections of the piece, notably Tharp's own solo and the one for Wright, there is a strange mixture of bold strokes and hesitations, as if the line had been partially erased.

"Give and Take" contains more negative space than other Tharp compositions, and as a view of American culture it's emotionally convincing—it has a right-wrong look of upholding the void, of being on the button and on the lam at the same time. As an audience piece, it's a courageous work for Twyla Tharp to have made at this moment—Twyla the toast of New York—because it's so unaccommodating. Not that it's unfriendly or anti-entertainment, but it just doesn't give away any secrets. It's anti-success. Even so, the Brooklyn engagement, which was sold out, may have been a turning point in the fortunes of the Tharp company. This month, the dancers invade neighboring educational and cultural institutions with a series of lecture-demonstrations and workshops, some of which are open to the public. The Brooklyn Academy management has done well to sponsor a local residency. If regular arrangements of this sort can be made, we may not have to wait so long for a season like this to happen again.
—ARLENE CROCE

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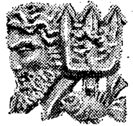

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"LIBERAL Europe is condemned to live dangerously," wrote Raymond Aron not long ago. It is "too divided and too weak morally." But if Western Europe does live dangerously, this is surely its own choice. The argument that Europe's political division is the source of insecurity and that Europe must be united in order to be safe has been made by virtually every non-Gaullist commentator and politician in Europe and the United States since the Second World War. Yet Western Europe today is hardly closer to political unification than it was when the European Coal and Steel Community was established, in 1952, on the initiative of Robert Schuman. Even if no one in power will bring himself to articulate the choice that has been made, or perhaps will even dare admit that a choice has been made, Europe plainly has all the unity it wants—or all the unity it can bear. The calls regularly heard for new initiatives, the plans and studies made, the timetables proposed serve as universally acceptable substitutes for action that no one intends to take.

Europe will not form a political union, because Europe cannot possibly agree on what it wants to become. A united Europe has one, and only one, obvious form to take: that of a federation dominated by West Germany and France. They are the richest and most powerful of the European states, with the largest military forces, including, in France's case, the world's third-largest strategic nuclear force. But Franco-German hegemony is not the Europe that the Dutch, Danes, Belgians, and Italians have in mind, to say nothing of the British and Irish (to confine the discussion to the European Economic Community). Yet it is exceedingly difficult to see how a truly united Europe could exist on any other terms. Industrial power, money, military forces, and population would all tend to subordinate the small "national units" of Europe to the two large ones. The federal political system of the United States has consistently been held up to Europeans as a model they should follow, a form of political union which avoids domination by its big states. But Europeans can see perfectly well that the United States offers little in the way of states' rights to Mississippi or New York on any issue that really counts. The American Constitution reserves foreign and defense policy to the national government, and even residual state military powers (such as the power to raise a militia) have been rendered inconsequential over time. Majority rules in the United States; war, foreign policy, and the national economy are run by the central government, with no possibility of significant challenge from the states. Such a model of political unity, in which a European president or prime minister—even if he were accountable to a directly elected European parliament—would rule Europe's economy and external policy and make war in Europe's name, without the possibility of veto by the old national governments, offends not merely the nationalists of France. It is not a Europe that the "good Europeans" of Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and Luxembourg find in the least reassuring. There are, after all, sixty-two million West Germans to vote for that European parliament, and fifty-two million French, but only five million Danes, ten million Belgians, and a little more than thirteen million Dutch.

The economic Europe that already exists—the Common Market—is a confederacy rather than a union. Even within that confederacy, the smaller European nations have sought to counterbalance German and French influence by bringing in Britain. Historically, Britain's political and military role in Europe has been to lead coalitions of smaller states in resistance to the unifying efforts of the European great power of the day—against the Bourbons, against Napoleon, against Imperial Germany and Hitler. The trouble with a British attempt to play a pacific and political version of this role within today's European institutions is that Britain itself is now a second-rank power in Europe. The British economy (on World Bank calculations) is only a third larger than Italy's. This is a big change. In 1960, Britain's economy was bigger than France's and about the size of West Germany's. It is now only three-quarters the size of either, and its relative standing continues to decline. Bowed under inflation and poor economic performance, its national wealth steadily diminishing in comparison with its Continental neighbors, Britain today mainly has tradition to trade on in any European test of influence. In the foreseeable future, Britain could not possibly counterbalance Germany and France. And, of course, the issue is beside the point, since the last thing Britain itself wants is true political unification in Europe. The matter of Britain's national sovereignty was the most sensitive issue of all in last year's referendum on Britain's continued membership in the Common Market. Even though that vote re-

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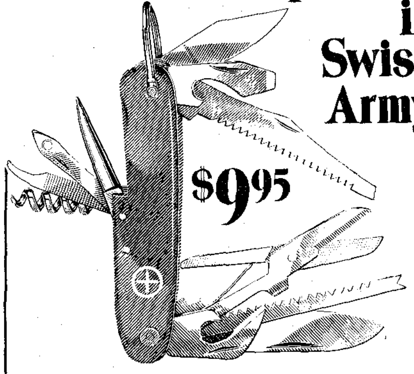

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committed the United Kingdom to membership, it also reminded everyone once again that Britain remains a society separated from Continental Europe by thought and feeling as well as by history. The historical British relationship with the Continent has been one of tension over European ideas and religion, and certainly over Continental political forms—which, as the British correctly observe, have usually been autocratic or authoritarian, and often despotic.

Britain's own historically justified distrust of Europe has a counterpart in the anxieties felt by the small European states about how lasting the benevolent "Europeanism" of their large neighbors might prove. Having been overrun by Germany, conquered or raided by the France of the Monarchy, of the Revolution, and of Napoleon, the small nations intended European unification to serve as a way to control the big states, not to increase their power. It must be understood that the initial motive of the movement for European integration was to control Germany. Nazism was still fresh in everyone's memory, and the Germans were to be so wrapped up in European institutions and European restraints that they could no longer make trouble for anyone.

BUT here a second key point must be noted. It was not the Europeans themselves who, in the expectations of the nineteen-fifties, were to be able to control Germany; it was the United States that was to do it. We had dominated but also sponsored the reconstruction of West Germany during the period of military occupation; we were expected to guarantee its subsequent good behavior. An American-supervised and American-underwritten "Europeanization" of Germany was Europe's condition for allowing the military occupation of Germany to end and the Adenauer government to be recognized as sovereign in 1955.

Thus, for the last quarter-century the "European unity" debate really has been as much about the relationship of Europe to America as about the relations of Europeans to one another. And this remains the situation today. In the eyes of the French, and of Gaullist-minded Europeans outside France, Europe must choose between an "Atlantic Europe" and what they like to call a "European Europe." Mr. Kissinger has accepted that this is so. During the ill-fated "Year of Europe," in 1974, he insisted that the question at issue was American participation in

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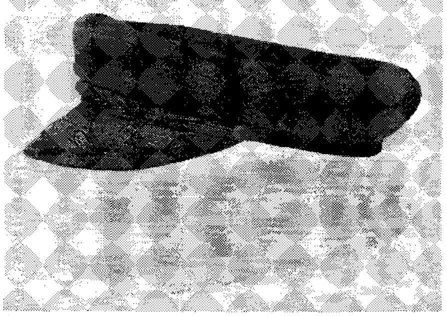

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Europe's debates and decisions. That is, he did not expect the Europeans to make up their collective mind and then let us know their decisions. The American government expected a role in the process of making Europe's own decisions; and, in fact, we expected to have a veto. We have possessed a veto for thirty years. We were freely given that veto by the Europeans just because they wanted us to control Germany. Today, the smaller European states still want us to have that veto because as long as we are "consulted" by Europe, and possess our veto, Europe is not a Franco-German Europe.

But how long will this relationship last? That is the question the small European states think about, or try not to think about, these days. The small NATO states that were in the market for a fighter airplane last year did not buy the American F-16 because the technical dossier overwhelmingly dictated the American choice. The technical judgments were divided: the French and Swedish candidates were sound airplanes, and the American plane inspired some military doubts. The choice made by the Belgians, Dutch, Danes, and Norwegians was in reality a purchase of continued American participation in Europe and in NATO. They were buying the American presence, not American airplanes—"Atlantic Europe" as against the "European Europe" that France was energetically selling as an integral part of the Mirage F-1 M-53. It was exactly that feature of the Mirage which put them off.

Today, while no one can say when the United States will finally leave Europe, no one can seriously maintain that it will not eventually leave. Then Europe will have to be "European." That frightens many Europeans, and the sources of the fear are not as simple as most, even in Europe, would prefer to argue. There is fear of Russia, but mainly there is fear of uncertainty. Part of that uncertainty is a persisting concern about a recurrence of Europe's own old tendencies toward violence and political excess. Thus, when Franco died, last November, with hardly an exception commentators spoke as if, thirty-seven years after it had ceased, the Spanish Civil War were about to break out again—as if Franco's regime had been some magician's interval in a permanent condition of Spanish internal conflict. A kind of convention exists to the effect that the natural condition of Europe is revolution, war, and totalitarianism—and only something exceptional can inter-

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rupt this. Thus, a dictator like Franco, or an extraordinary and authoritarian political personality like Adenauer or de Gaulle, or the rapid economic growth of the last two decades, which supposedly has drugged people with accumulating possessions, or the intervention of America in Europe—each or all of these are given credit for peace in Europe. The assumption seems to be that Europeans in their hearts wait in anticipation of a chance to begin killing one another again.

Or perhaps this is not an assumption so much as it is a precautionary belief—a fear that is meant to be kept from coming true by the very act of naming and expressing it. The fear surely is not unreasonable after all that has happened to Europe in this century. Nonetheless, the years do go by, and things can change. The economic and social conditions of Europe, the quality of European life, the relationships between classes and social groups have certainly changed deeply from what they were even thirty years ago. Cataclysmic and revolutionary war is itself an agent of change; the events of 1939-45 could hardly have left Europe numbly to revert to what it had been before.

RITUAL statements that Europe is weak and that as long as it is divided it must be looked after—with the unspoken qualification that it never will be united, and thus that the status quo must not be changed—serve today as incantations meant to perpetuate what actually has been an era of profound peace and prosperity, underwritten for Europeans by the generosity (as well as the ambition) of the American government and people. We have for thirty years exempted the Europeans from the need to think seriously, pay, or struggle for their own external security.

But in the course of this period of stability they have so overhauled their economies and the structure of their societies that it is not unreasonable today to say that in crucial respects such countries as Sweden, West Germany, France, and Holland are more modern than America. It is not only that such indices as life expectancy and infant mortality are often better than ours, or that education is excellent, or that people can be sick and not risk financial ruin. It also is that—in Paris, for example—garbage is collected daily by electric trucks from rubber trash cans, that mail is delivered three times daily, that fast trains run on time, that subways are constantly being expanded,

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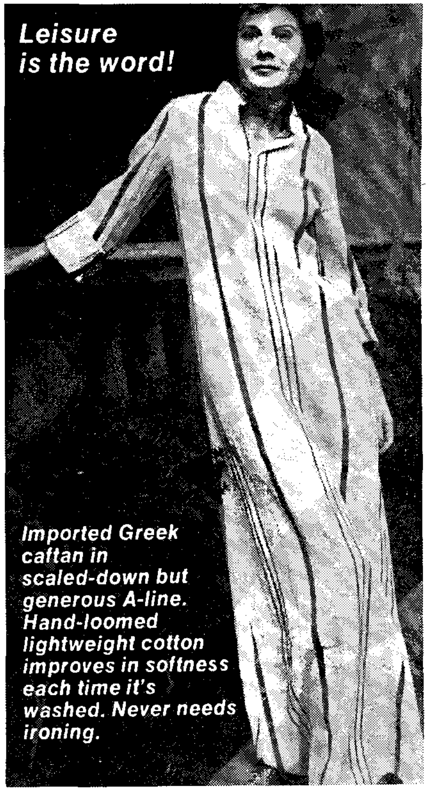
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The urge is to perpetuate this period of unusual stability—by allowing nothing to change, which would be reasonable enough were it possible—but there is an urge also to deny the evidence of changes that cannot be avoided. America's sheltering presence in Europe has solved not only the Russian problem for Europeans. It has solved the German problem, the Trieste problem, and the Oder-Neisse problem. Even now, Europeans wait (whether apprehensively or impatiently) for America to solve the Italian problem (will the Communists enter the government?) and the Spanish problem and the Portuguese problem. It is not unfair to say that even many of those who call most urgently for radical change in Europe do so on the assumption that America would prevent any change from having chaotic consequences.

Every European who opens his eyes and looks about him knows that the major states of Europe are great powers in all important respects—population, size and sophistication of industrial plant, gross national product, education and sophistication of work force, not to mention the capacity for producing munitions and the quality of political and military leadership. Individually, they obviously are not as powerful as Russia, although it is not in the least implausible that individually they could deter a Russian attack on them. France and Britain both now have nuclear forces with what the specialists call a capability for "assured destruction"—the basic factor in deterrence. Even in conventional warfare, a traditional military alliance of any two of the big three—France, West Germany, and Britain—adds up to an industrial, and potentially a military, force of the same scale as the Soviet Union's. France and West Germany together (to take World Bank figures) form an industrial agglomeration somewhat larger than the Soviet Union—with a total gross national product of $566 billion as against $506 billion for Russia. The European Nine possess a combined gross national product twice the size of that of Russia, and they have a somewhat larger population as well. These Europeans have nothing like the military forces that Russia possesses, but they also, on average, spend only a little more than 2.5 per cent of their gross national product annually on defense, whereas Russia spends more than twice that percentage (as does the United States). If the Europeans really were worried about

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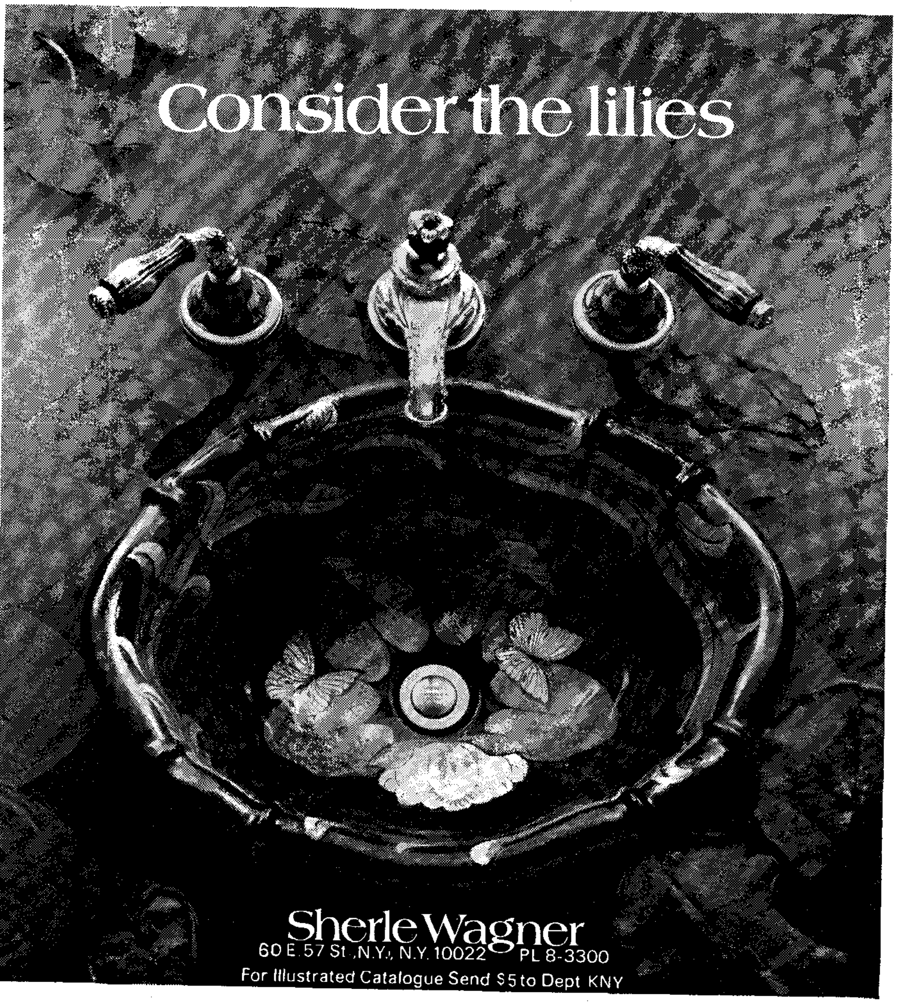
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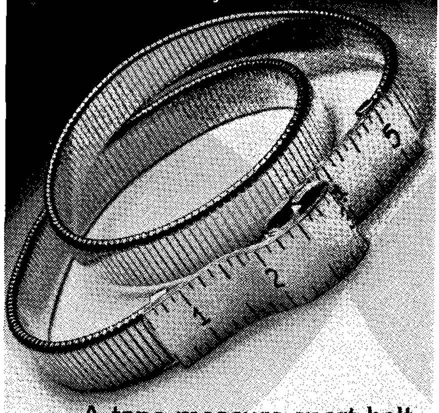

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defending themselves against the Soviet Union, they would need only to spend the same kind of money on arms the Russians spend. They would not need to unite to do so. Political unification is not a prerequisite for high defense budgets.

Military comparisons of this kind can be relied upon to bring conversations to an uncomfortable halt in Western Europe today. People prefer not to have Europe's strength drawn to their attention, since to do so is to open certain doors that were firmly closed back in the nineteen-forties, when the ruins of Berlin were still smoking. But the truth is that Europe can be as secure with respect to the Soviet threat as it needs to be or wishes to be. One reason it does not do more to make itself secure is that Europeans do not quite believe that the Soviet Union poses a very serious threat to them; and since we Americans still are *in* Europe, they also can excuse themselves from worrying over the consequences of being wrong. Such matters can be thought about when Europe is united. That day, if it ever comes, is when the Americans can be allowed to leave; that's when it will be necessary to face military problems in earnest.

Europe's political unification is a diversionary debate. Every intelligent member of a West European government senses that, even as he launches still another exploratory discussion of how unity might be brought about. Three and a half years ago, Europe's leaders announced the aim of monetary union by no later than 1980. Last month, the existing European currency agreement collapsed, and the franc, like the pound and the lira, has been allowed to float. Direct elections for a European parliament are an aim for 1978; but there still is no agreement on how the seats can be divided among big and small countries. And, in any case, the parliament would be without significant powers.

But surely the truth is that unity already exists in Western Europe. There is a pragmatic commercial community, and there is also a moral unity, derived from what European civilization has endured in this century. The real issue for Europeans today is how they are to accomplish the psychological transition (which is far more difficult than the practical one) out of a transatlantic dependence that can no longer, quite, be sustained by either Europeans or Americans. And most Europeans simply prefer to think about that tomorrow.

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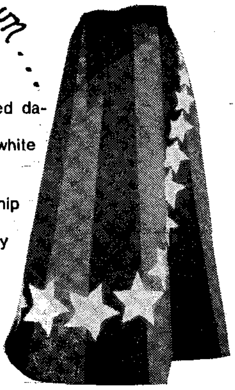

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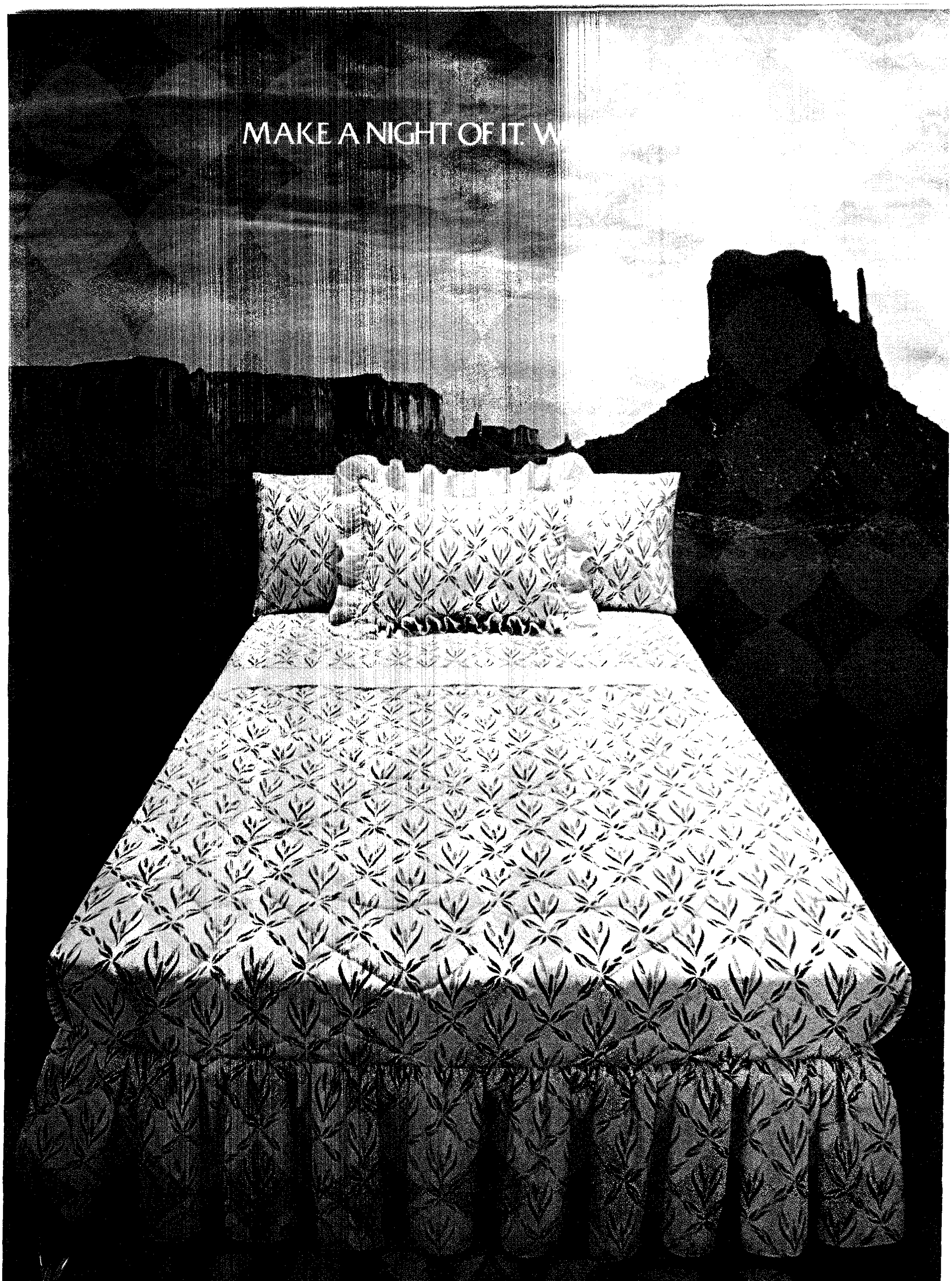

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SINCE a festival is a place and people, not just performances, any account of the Adelaide Festival of Arts must begin with praise of Adelaide, one of the most civilized and agreeable places in the world. The city, the capital of South Australia, was planned in 1837 during the last months of William IV's reign, named for his consort, and built under the young Victoria. Colonel William Light, Surveyor-General to the Colony of South Australia and charged with creating its capital, was a man of nice classical taste. On a coastal plain between the Mount Lofty Ranges and Gulf St. Vincent he laid out a square mile of city, whose principal roads intersect at a central forum; there stand the nineteenth-century equivalents of basilica and temple, with the mercatus close by. On gentle slopes above the city the Colonel set out long, pleasing lines of residential streets; this is North Adelaide, divided from Adelaide proper by a winding river. No city walls; these two square miles of built-on ground with leafy parks are girdled round (and there are gardens bright with sinuous rills, where blossom many an incense-bearing tree). Beyond the parks, Victorian suburbs; beyond them, the beaches and the mountains. A visitor who judges a city's health by the health and abundance of its trees, the glowing, healthy faces of its citizens, the freshness of the air (and other pleasant features: no tipping; excellent local wines; democratic customs such as sitting beside one's taxi-driver) will be happy in Adelaide. The place has not survived into the twentieth century quite unscathed. Though much of it is still only one or two stories high, along King William Street, the principal thoroughfare, and in Victoria Square, the forum, a few tall, crude buildings have been allowed to steal the skyline from spire and civic tower. (Nevertheless, during a busy ten days there I was only once confined in an elevator cabin.) The main south road has sprouted shopping complexes and plastic-pennanted automobile lots as beastly as any in America. Only one tramway route survives. But on the whole the impression is of a functioning, alert, and lovable city that has not sacrificed amenity to greedy commerce. It is the perfect place for a festival. In the words of the Beethoven song, one wanders to the events "Mild vom lieblichen Zauberlicht umflossen, Das durch wankende Blütenzweige zittert, Adelaide!"

Festivals celebrated daylong and nightlong through the theatres, halls, museums, galleries, houses, parks, rivers, squares, streets, bars of a town, at some point touching all its residents, are very common, perhaps too common, in Europe; I have not yet encountered one in America. There are other great festival places; York, Amsterdam, and Aix-en-Provence are three that come at once to mind. York, where Constantine was acclaimed emperor, may have nobler buildings, medieval walls, and a history underfoot reaching back nineteen centuries; Amsterdam greater pictures; Aix a more splendid cathedral, the shade of André Campra, and, at festival time, hotter sun than Adelaide. Norwich has its medieval churches; Aldeburgh its Constable skies and, in the concert hall of The Maltings, unrivalled acoustics; Spoleto its spectacular stone-walled vistas and lime-scented streets. But none has anything to compare with the Adelaide Festival Centre. In 1973, the opening of the expensive and extraordinary Sydney Opera House stole the Australian headlines; a few months earlier, without ballyhoo, Adelaide had opened the main theatre of its Festival Centre—a building that, roughly speaking, cost a tenth of what the Sydney house did, was built in a tenth of the time, and is ten times as successful. Its individual excellences can be matched elsewhere. There are other theatres that stand in a park beside a river; that are an easy walk from the city center; that have pure sight lines and admirable acoustics, spacious foyers and terraces, well-run restaurants open into the small hours, a well-stocked bookshop, an open box office—not a barred hole in the wall—from which it is a pleasure to buy tickets; that are cordial inside and, outside, sensitively related to their surroundings, with bold

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lanes responsive to changing lights. But the sum of these things—looks, facilities for performance and for the performers, convenience for the audience, setting, climate, and that elusive quality the "feel" of a place, its easy welcome to an audience where neither tiaras nor bare feet cause embarrassment—comes out higher in Adelaide than anywhere else. (Imagine Lincoln Center opening on one side to Central Park while, on the other, lawns slope down to the Hudson; with its Footlights cafeteria—which now closes at eight—brought up into the open and turned into a spacious restaurant where, for hours after the various shows are done, Met audiences and Juilliard students mingle.)

THE Centre's architects are the Messrs. Hassell & Partners, an Adelaide firm. Plans began with the large auditorium; the festival was already established as a biennial event, but the city lacked a full-scale concert hall and lyric theatre. Then the South Australian government decided to enlarge the scheme to include three other performance spaces, and the 1976 Festival, last month, was the first at which they were all in use. The large Festival Theatre seats just under two thousand people in well-raked stalls and two galleries extended down the sides as boxes. The stage is fifty-five feet wide and fifty-two deep, with four times as much wing space. The orchestral pit holds ninety players. For concerts, the pit floor comes up, the proscenium seems to disappear, and (as in the Juilliard Theatre) a timbered orchestral enclosure turns stage and auditorium into one resonant hall. I have heard grand opera, full orchestra, and the delicate sounds of solo guitar there, and heard everything well. The Playhouse, home of the South Australian Theatre Company, is a flexible theatre that can be used in thrust or proscenium form for drama, chamber opera, recitals, and dance; it seats up to six hundred and thirty-five people. The Space is a seventy-foot-square room, galleried round, provided with movable and removable banks of seating, trapdoors, a small orchestral pit, and abundant sound and lighting equipment. New Opera South Australia and Australian Dance Theatre, two Adelaide-based companies, favor it for their more adventurous presentations, and it is much used by children for dramatic activities. Between the Festival Theatre and the Playhouse is a fan-shaped open-air theatre, misnamed the Amphitheatre, which can hold about twelve hun-

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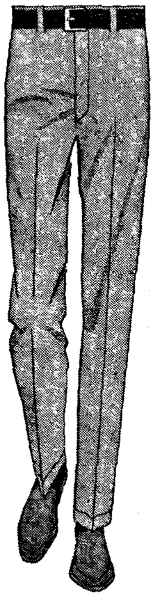

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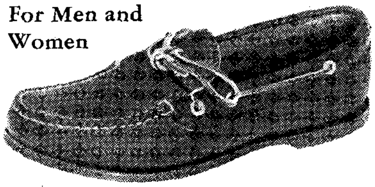

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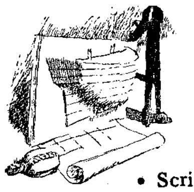

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dred people. Airy foyers, terraces, and walks of interesting shape, open to views of trees, water, and sky, link the four performing sites and are themselves performed in. I'm not alone in my enthusiasm for the place, in finding it superior to other edifices of the kind; let me quote two colleagues who were at the 1976 Festival. Peter Heyworth, of the London *Observer*, remarks that whereas on London's South Bank (where three concert halls, the National Theatre, the National Film Theatre, and the Hayward Gallery are clustered) "the environment is grim and faceless, the arts are acceptable only in so far as they fit preconceived forms, and people are not positively unwelcome so long as they do not sit on window sills or indulge in other unscheduled activities . . . the Adelaide centre seems to open its arms to people and to events. . . . At any hour of the day one is liable to round a corner and stumble on something going on." John Lahr, of the *Village Voice*, declares that "Adelaide's Festival Centre is unlike any of the cultural supermarkets in America which package art like junk food into neat and palatable units to be hastily taken away. The Festival Centre has been built . . . as a place to live in—a space where people come to play, talk, discover, relax. It's an extraordinary building—a vital part of community life." As such, it functions throughout the year. At festival time, there is an influx not of tourist audiences (Adelaide is 10,835 miles from New York, and a few miles farther from London) but of international performers, and activity spreads out from the Centre through the numerous and varied halls and theatres of the city and into the parks and gardens. This year, the railway station, in full swing, was taken over for one of Marilyn Wood's cityscape events; at another of them Juliet appeared on the Premier's balcony of Parliament House. At the Art Gallery, there was Fernand Léger, Thai sculpture, and a preview of the collection that is being amassed for the so far unbuilt Australian National Gallery, in Canberra. Parallel to the official program there runs, as at the Edinburgh Festival, the "fringe;" campus troupes and local artists in all mediums display their talents. And so on any day there may be twenty, thirty, even forty events competing for one's attention.

IN this Bicentennial Year, American visitors were prominent. The Composers Quartet played Elliott Carter's three string quartets, in successive re-

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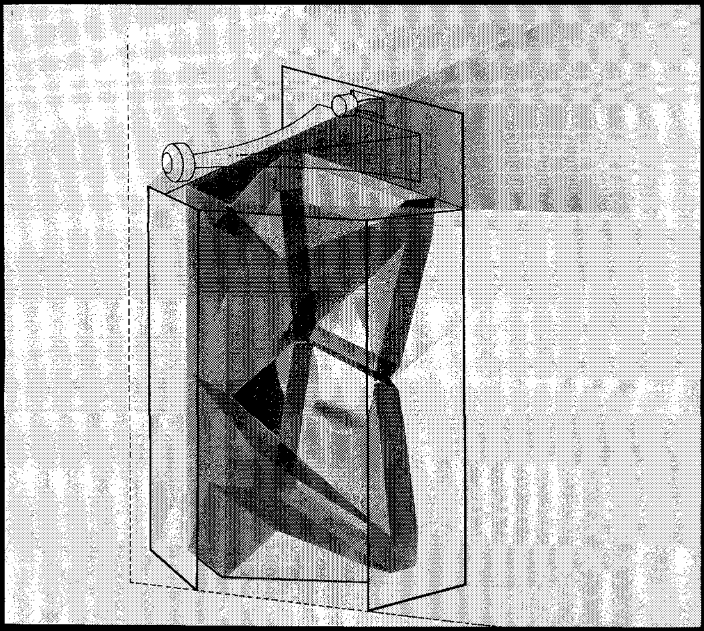

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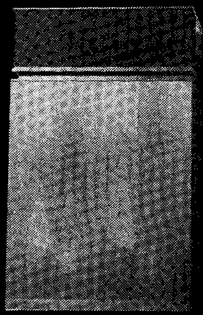

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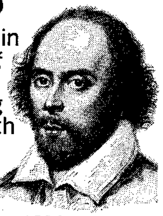

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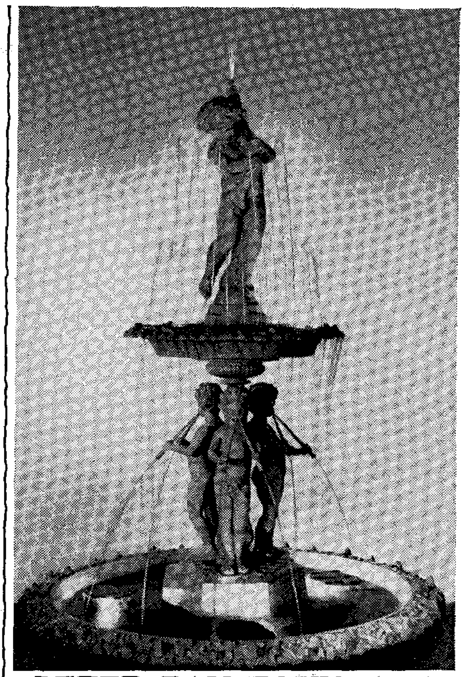
citals. Four programs by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble of New York included Carter's Sonata for flute, oboe, cello, and harpsichord and his Double Concerto, a full evening of George Crumb, and works by Jacob Druckman, Donald Martino, Arthur Berger, and Chou Wen-chung (also those international classics Varèse's "Octandre," Webern's Concerto, Op. 24, and Boulez's "Marteau sans Maître"). A new work had been commissioned for the festival, by two Adelaide patrons, from Charles Wuorinen. It is called "Hyperion," lasts about fifteen minutes, is for twelve instruments, "proceeds through and is generated by a rotating series of pitches . . . and a reordering/transformation of motivically-treated fragments" (the composer's note), and sounded dense, sometimes sparky, mainly clotted—a satyr to Berger's elegantly wrought Septet, which preceded it on the program. The Ensemble also performed, with chat and explanation, to a hallful of fairly attentive children. Jan DeGaetani captivated all listeners in Crumb's "Ancient Voices" and in "Le Marteau," and gave two solo recitals as well. Merce Cunningham and Dance Company gave five performances, and brought out a new work, "Squaregame," which is a sort of company square dance enclosing trios, solos, duos—a happy, sunny invention. All Cunningham's work looked good on the big, open Festival Theatre stage. John Cage gave a solo recital, including "Empty Words Part III," which puzzled people, as well it might. Nigel Butterley, an Australian composer and pianist, played, across two recitals, the full set of Cage's Sonatas and Interludes for Prepared Piano, with mastery. These formed part of a late-afternoon series called "Mozart Plus." Among other plusses of the series were Charles Ives's four violin and piano sonatas, and two Australian string quartets heard for the first time. Colin Brumby's Quartet is not new but dates from 1965, after his study with Alexander Goehr; it is a worthy, well-ordered stretch of serial discourse. Butterley's Second Quartet *is* new—and rapturous, lyrical, joyful. In earlier works—"Laudes," "Meditations of Thomas Traherne," "In the Head the Fire," "First Day Covers," "Fire in the Heavens"—this prolific composer has sometimes seemed to me to be so eager in his pursuit of new techniques as to obscure his individual voice. But the Second Quartet is written with serene confidence and is made of beautiful, arresting, eloquent ideas. These chamber recitals were given in Edmund



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AS the festival is intended mainly for Adelaide residents, a visitor's disappointment that there should not have been more native music is irrelevant. Australians can hear it the year round; Carter, Crumb, and Cage are more unusual fare. All the same, I think so large a festival could have found a place for a series of all-Australian concerts. There are plenty of pieces worth hearing. Peter Maxwell Davies, after a spell as composer-in-residence at the Adelaide conservatory, wrote that "I dealt with a class of half-a-dozen or so of the most gifted composers I have ever been privileged to teach or learn from." Richard Meale, Peter Sculthorpe, Don Banks, and Malcolm Williamson are the Australian composers internationally known; of the generation born in the forties, Peter Brideoake, Anne Boyd, Barry Conyngham, Alison Bauld, and Ross Edwards are among those whose works and personalities have caught my ear. Only Williamson, whose "Symphony for Voices" was sung by the John Alldis Choir, figured in the festival. There were two new Australian one-act operas, done with spirit by the New Opera troupe: Larry Sitsky's "Fiery Tales" and George Dreyfus's "The Lamentable Reign of King Charles the Last." But these were lumpen comedies: the first "The Miller's Tale" and a tale from the "Decameron" slung together—a closestool their common feature—and enacted to undistinguished music; the second a ham-fisted political romp. The big operatic production was of Alban Berg's "Wozzeck," mounted for Adelaide by the Australian Opera. (This is a Sydney-based company, but "Wozzeck" is too big an opera to fit the cramped quarters of the Sydney Opera House.) I missed the show, saw a television tape of it, and feel able to report that by Edward Downes it was wonderfully well conducted, in a performance at once very clear and very lyrical. Lens and microphone revealed finely detailed individual performances, but I am told that in the theatre they did not carry strongly. To judge Elijah Moshinsky's production from its showing on the small screen would be unfair.

The chronicle could easily be extended—there was an equally busy theatre program, including a clever, lively, affectionate entertainment based

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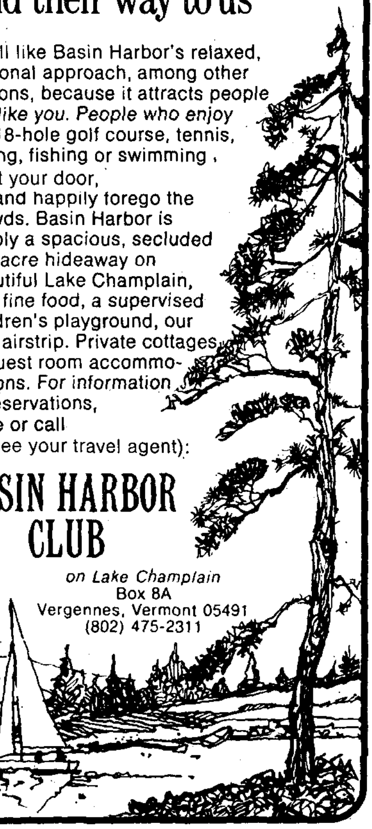

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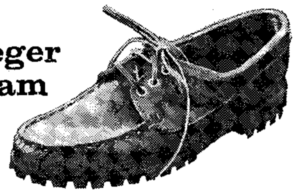

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on the life of Melba, by Jack Hibberd; rock concerts; films; lectures; an international writers' conference—but perhaps I have said enough to show that the Adelaide Festival, which lasts three weeks, is on the scale of those in Edinburgh and in Holland and has a vigorous character of its own. Two remarkable Australian performers, destined, I guess, for international acclaim, should be noted. One is Reg Livermore, a pop star with a difference. Working with borrowed material—songs by, among others, Billy Joel, Leo Sayer, Charles Aznavour—he assembled it into a new kind of music-theatre. A protean Pierrot, his white makeup unaltered but everything else—costumes, wigs, personality, stature, sex, voice—mercurial, for nearly three hours, with only a brief interval, he played out aspects of a human comedy. The other is Lyndon Terracini, who took the title role in Hans Werner Henze's "recital for four musicians," "El Cimarrón." Henze was in Adelaide. With the Saarbrücken Radio Orchestra, he conducted his First Symphony, Second Violin Concerto, "Compases," and "Kammermusik," and he coached Mr. Terracini and three young Sydney instrumentalists to give an electrifying performance of "El Cimarrón." How Mr. Terracini's baritone sounds in straight cantilena I have no idea; as the smoldering, explosive, shrieking, whispering, singing, expansive, fierce, suddenly sly runaway slave he was tremendous. It may be glib but it also is irresistible to see in both Mr. Livermore and Mr. Terracini models of that honest, open vitality and naturalness which make Australian art, and Australians, so invigorating to encounter. —ANDREW PORTER

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CLEAR DAYS IN OUR BICENTENNIAL YEAR

[*From the Congressional Record*]

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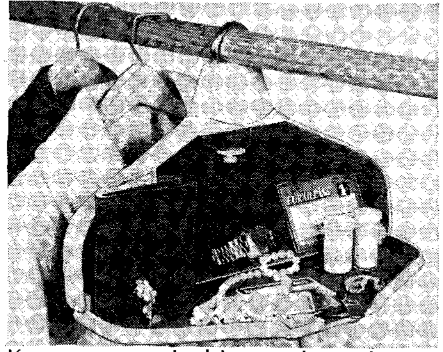

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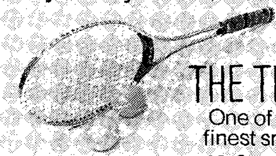

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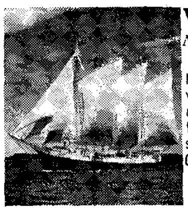

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BOOKS

Painfully Human

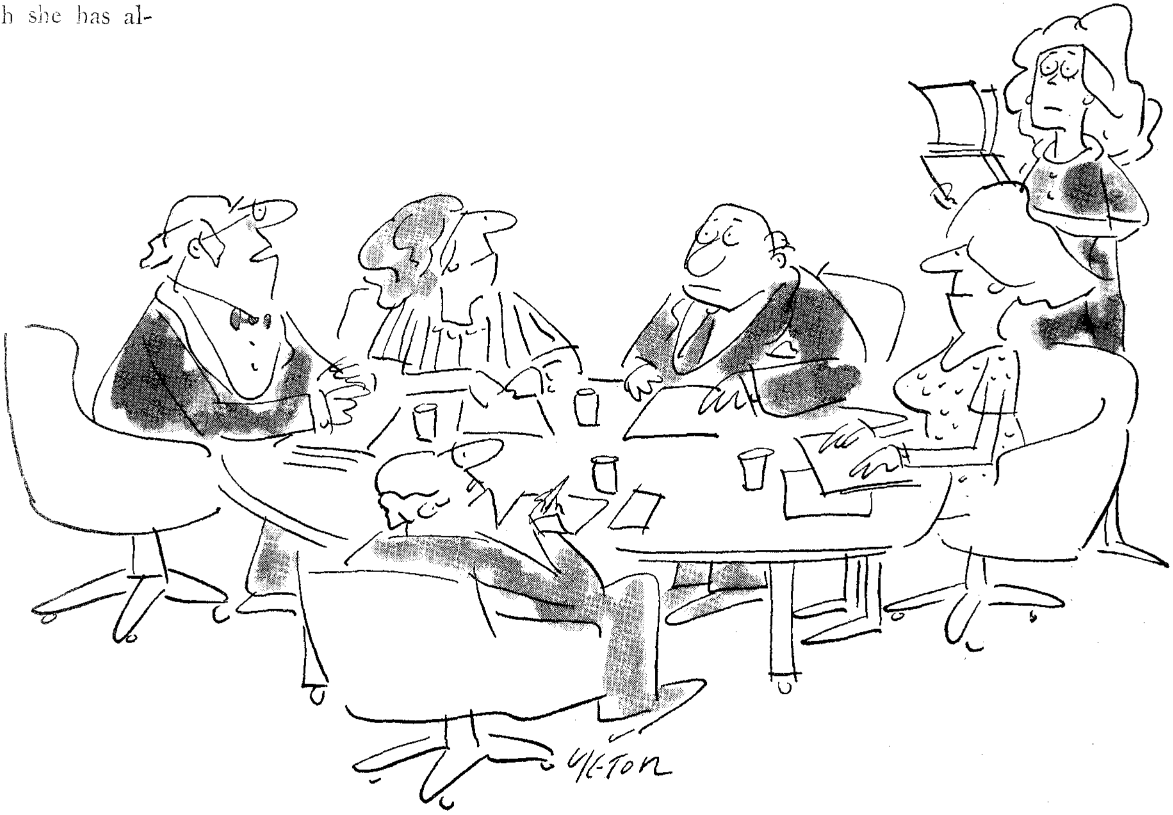
Ann Cornelisen, a gifted social observer and novelist, has lived in the southern provinces of Italy, on and off, for twenty years, and has done her best to understand the region's poor but proud people. In "Torregreca," a beautifully wrought social document, she told of her efforts to set up a nursery for the children of the area, and she has also given us a novel, "Vendetta of Silence," that draws heavily upon local legend and truth. Now, in "Women of the Shadows" (Atlantic-Little, Brown), she returns to nonfiction with a strong and lyrical account of how the women of these provinces—Lucania, in particular—manage, barely, to keep themselves above despair, despite the constant threat of hunger and the other hardships that beset them.

Miss Cornelisen, an American, describes her relationship to southern Italy, right off, as one of "voluntary bondage." In a few words she provides a textbook's worth of comment on the psychology of social observation; she says that her "allegiance" to the region is "a chronic, even pernicious affinity which familiarity and disappointment have not cured and which neither absence nor bitterness can weaken." She suffers what she calls "an inconvenient malaise"—one that "imposes its own quarantine," even though she has always realized that she can, if need be, leave the place and stay away as long as she wants. When she is there, however, she takes up a quite special and limited life. In a matter-of-fact way, neither self-serving nor martyrish, she tells us how it went in Lucania: "I shared what there was, including food of poor quality at high prices, capricious utilities, a wretched climate and the disdain of every outsider. Money could not buy comfort, much less delicacies or amusements."

The men of the southern provinces have their cliques, the women theirs. They are all hardworking. There are few illusions. The only solace is gossip—the satisfaction that comes from voicing doubts or misgivings about others. All are victims of one kind or another, even those who belong to the petite bourgeoisie. And so the apparently quiet, forbearing, enduring people crave occasions to release tension: "Those same women who used weeding hoes with infinite care and patience lunged at their buttons and darns as though seeking revenge for the day's frustrations." Miss Cornelisen does not seem especially interested in rendering the more dramatic moments of the life in which she has immersed herself, convenient as they probably would be for narrative purposes; nor is she a polemicist, interested in making points and assembling them into lectures. At times, as she introduces the reader to a village or to a particular person, she writes like the curé in Georges Bernanos' "Diary of a Country Priest;" she is very much entangled, as a neighbor, with certain hard-pressed women, yet she also watches them somewhat dispassionately:

> When I lived there I did not have to think each day, This is all of life, there is nothing more. I doubt that I could fight as they fight in enduring their days, or that whatever is human in me, that sets me apart from an animal, could survive their lives. They say "life brutalizes." That they recognize it explains why, for all that has been said to the contrary, they remain painfully human. They are women of tremendous strengths, these women of the shadows. One of their strengths, and not the least, is their silence, which outsiders have understood as submission.

"Women of the Shadows" is primarily an effort to bring us closer to some of these remarkable women, whose resourcefulness and liveliness flourish in spite of their brutish social circumstances. It offers, in a quiet, understated way, a demonstration that even extreme poverty does not necessarily make for equality between the sexes. The men of Lucania strut, play cards, pontificate, and sit and sip wine in cafés; the women are more wary—they stay nearer home and confine their talk to the concrete particulars of village life. There is mutual distrust as well as an abiding loyalty. Men and women size one another up cannily, sometimes scornfully, but they also fall passionately in love and never for a moment think of betraying one another. There are exceptions to this rule of fidelity, however—couples doomed by personal incompatibilities, or victims of an economic order that forces men by the thousand to leave the countryside and look for work in Milan, Rome,



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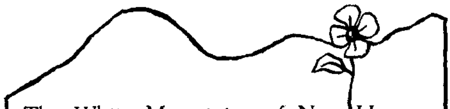

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Six women are portrayed here in detail. They are farm workers and peasants, as are about eighty per cent of the people who live in southern Italy. They work a reluctant, exhausted land, and are glad if they manage to survive. Many don't. There is meagre medical care, and children often die young. The people are always "one step behind disaster," Miss Cornelisen tells us, and are always "trying in their desperation to lay it low with the blunt instruments of superstition." The author is sensitive, delicate, and at times admittedly perplexed when she writes about Catholicism. As she says, "it is hard to know whether the practices of the Catholic Church in Southern Italy are the result of a domestic evolution of theology or simply versatile adaptation to the mores of the parish," but she does seem to believe that the Church should not become a scapegoat, to be held entirely responsible for its flock's abject condition. In fact, the Church is to some degree responsive to its adherents: they are able to exert a certain amount of influence on it by choosing among symbols, rituals, and traditions. The women Miss Cornelisen knows carry enormous burdens, and, for all the braggadocio of their husbands, are the ones who really exercise power and command respect. The religious beliefs of the peasants reflect that state of affairs: there is a strong Marian cult, and by the author's estimate it has turned into "the core of local belief."

The author's approach to the women she describes is refreshing. They are never excuses for ambitious generalizations, nor are they romanticized and made into accusers of the rest of us—the noble, suffering poor versus the wicked wealthy. "These are not lovable women," we are told at one point. "They are blunt, often crude and at times unable to control their grotesque ferocity. Their minds are not cluttered by theories; they know no extenuating circumstances; almost any means, except murder, can be justified." Having presented that candid portrait, the author turns around and says, in the same paragraph, "I know them as Teresa who solves problems this way, Maria that way, and Carmela, with whom everyone can work because no matter what the tension she has a remark ready to ease it. They have a certain wit and resourcefulness and a kind of bludgeoning courage." Like the women she writes about, Miss Cornelisen is of two minds. She knows that consistency, whatever

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its proclaimed virtues, is an illusion.

The peasant women of southern Italy not only are in many respects unknown to their more comfortable countrymen and to us but also too often lack the time or energy to be in touch with themselves. Yet even this formulation has to be qualified, as the author tells us:

> Odd that we insist that "simple" people, poor people, do not feel deep, continuous emotion. We allow them animal explosions of rage or passion or illogical exuberance and then dismiss them as too insensitive to suffer from the more subtle miseries, the psychological peas that we, the princes and princesses of a more intellectual world, must endure. We have a lot of time for rambles through our psyches. We tell each other about them—in excruciating detail—or we pretend we would not give ourselves away for the world, while we long for the relief of boring someone. In the end I suspect it is not a matter of our feeling more, but rather that we have more verbal facility and more time to kill, for we have to do less to stay alive.

This final attempt to distinguish one group of people from another also founders, for the women show in their speech a great deal of vitality, spontaneity, and shrewdness. They can be meditative and unnervingly observant. Speaking of the anguish she has experienced in the course of bearing her many children, one woman remarks:

> The men used to say, "She's a brave one, she is." But I'll never forget the pain. I remember all nine times, just how they felt—and every one is different, I can tell you—and you just lay there and bite the towel and never let out a sound. Not once. So many times it was all for nothing too. Six of mine died. I could have wailed then—that's all right—but there are some hurts that stay inside.

The woman who says this reveals herself to be quite adequate with words and as reflective as many of us who are better educated and have an easier life. She may even be better-spoken than some of those who are all too anxious to study her and her neighbors. Italy's social scientists and bureaucrats, with their reports and conclusions, get a bad time of it in this book. The author has watched them come and go, has read their analyses, and, alas, has seen what comes of them: nothing, except maybe a conviction on the part of those who profit from the status quo that there is little to be done with the peasants, because they have certain "traits." Miss Cornelisen is devastating in her exposure of the arrogance and dishonesty that characterized the "reforms" set in motion after the Second World War in order to prevent Communism from taking hold in

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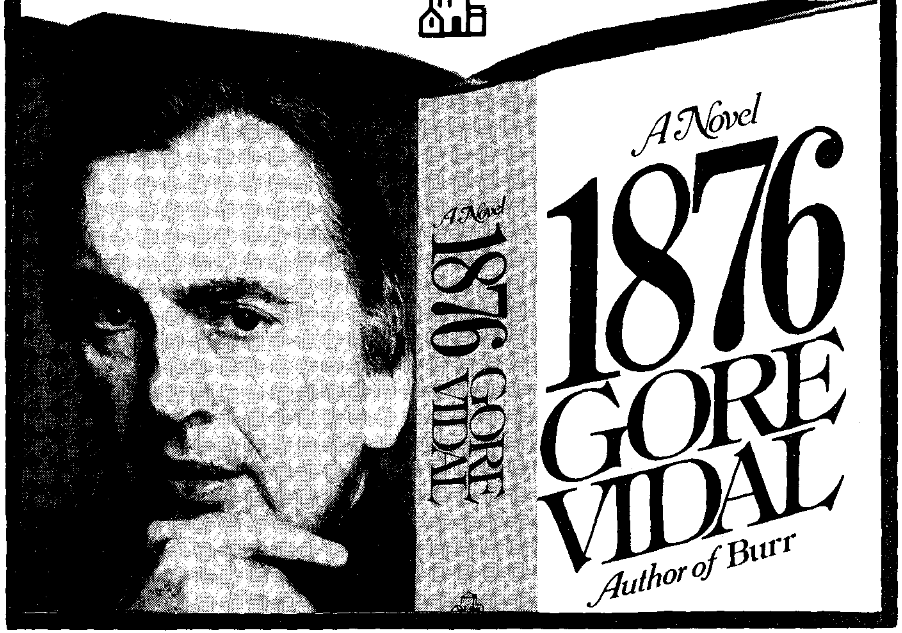

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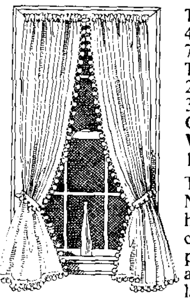

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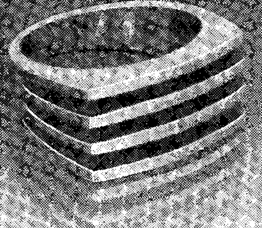

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Italy's south. She documents the tragedies that were caused by new laws, edicts, and programs developed by outsiders who, however well-intentioned, had no real knowledge of the people they wanted to help. And she asks us not to forget that the blunders she has seen have their parallels outside Italy:

> It has all happened before in other countries. Wineries were built where no grapes grew. Every town has a slaughterhouse, though it may see only one aged cow a month. Tuberculosis sanatoriums were built but never opened for lack of patients (one was finally adapted to the care of children with ringworm). Entire agricultural villages were constructed *ex nuovo* and then inaugurated by the local Minister-protector, flanked by the obligatory potted palms and unknown Powers in black suits. Still no one has ever lived in those villages.

In spite of their moments of bitterness, the author's "women of the shadows" have not lost their sense of humor. They are wryly fatalistic, and know that when all is said and done they have only themselves to fall back upon. That knowledge has given them self-respect as well as suffering. They turn out to be not only stronger and more intelligent than we might have thought (and than their husbands may want to know) but privileged in a way some of us are not, for they realize what their situation is—which shadows fall on them, and why.

—ROBERT COLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

IN A SHALLOW GRAVE, by James Purdy (Arbor House). A mawkish black fantasy, set in an old house on the Virginia coast, about a man who returns from a war (coyly described as having taken place "near the South China Sea") so battle-scarred that he looks like the Phantom of the Opera and so frightening to people that he's as lonely as a hermit. Mr. Purdy tells this melodramatic (to put it mildly) story in sentences that veer crazily from the highfalutin to the showily ungrammatical, and includes among its characters a handsome young murderer, a stoical black man who rubs the central character's feet and reads to him, and a young widow to whom the lonely man sends flowery love letters.

GENERAL

A GEORGIAN AT PRINCETON, edited by Robert Manson Myers (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). A second volume of the personal correspond-

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ence of the family of Charles Jones (1804-63), a Presbyterian minister. The first, "The Children of Pride," which won the National Book Award, dealt with a later period and took the family through the Civil War. These letters cover the years from 1850 through 1852, and though they are less politically eventful, they are most engaging. As the volume opens, calamity after calamity descends on the family, then living in Columbia, South Carolina, where Charles, the father, has been teaching at a seminary. By way of climax, their house burns down. And then—everyone who writes back and forth wonders if this is a providential sign—Mr. Jones is offered a job in Philadelphia, as secretary to the Presbyterian Board of Missions, and the family moves North. The sons go to the stringently Presbyterian Princeton, while Mr. and Mrs. Jones and their daughter board in Philadelphia. The Joneses' nineteenth-centuryness is the book's appeal. They write copiously and well, and they all express the intensity of the era. They feel fortunate to be Americans and to live in modern times, amid such wonders as the telegraph. To our mind, their lives seem perilous—fires are common, runaway horses are as dangerous as automobiles, people write of epidemics and of nameless or undiagnosable diseases. One cannot help noticing how frequently young people die. Their United States is still a-making—the Washington Monument is not yet finished, and St. Louis is "the West"—but we can recognize the landscapes they saw. The family is condescending rather than sympathetic to immigrants they notice in the North; the Irish strike them as inherently hilarious, the Germans as slightly less funny. Their deepest concern for blacks is to convert them, preferably to Presbyterianism. The Joneses, by the way, never write "slave;" they call their slaves "servants" or "the people" or "our people," and, while they love some of their people, no Jones questions the peculiar institution.

THE FOX IS CRAZY TOO, by Eliot Asinov (Morrow). The life story, up to now, of Garrett Brock Trapnell, the young man who hijacked a T.W.A. Los Angeles-New York jet in January, 1972, and was shot and wounded and captured at Kennedy Airport. Trapnell—born into a wealthy and distinguished family, personable and energetic, with an

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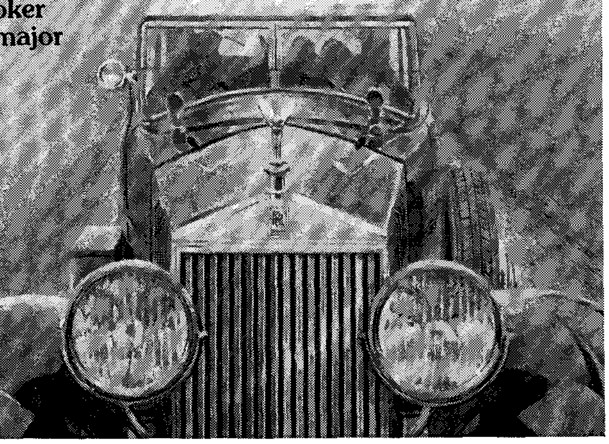

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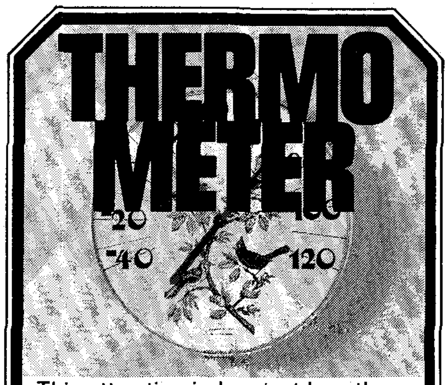

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unusually high I.Q.—was thirty-three when he was brought low by an F.B.I. marksman, and in his short life had gone through American society like a piranha. He robbed banks for a living; he did it very well, countless times, and he lived high. Every time the law caught up with him, he feigned insanity, and he did that very well, too: first he would con the legal authorities into committing him to an asylum, then he would con the psychiatrists into releasing him. The irony of the tale (which does not add any lustre to either American jurisprudence or American psychiatry) is that when he tried to prove that he was insane at his skyjacking trial no one believed him, and he was sent away for life plus two additional terms of thirty years each; yet the author and quite a few other people who have followed his case are convinced that by the time he conceived and carried out that climactic, grandiose, and defiant act he was a man totally out of his mind.

THE LAST EUROPEAN WAR, SEPTEMBER 1939/DECEMBER 1941, by John Lukacs (Anchor Press/Doubleday). The first, and shorter, section of this work is a summary of the events leading up to Hitler's invasion of Poland and the Franco-British declaration of war, and of the course of that war in Europe until the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor enlarged it into a world war. The second section is a brilliant, original study of what this era meant—socially, politically, artistically, intellectually—in the lives of the peoples of Europe. There are a few points that Mr. Lukacs may argue too hard—his insistence that Hitler was intelligent and evil but not mad, when he may have been all three, and his conviction that nationalism matters more than ideology, when nationalism is itself an ideology—but his grasp of emotional as well as intellectual history is commanding. His exposition of the broad attractions of National Socialism—outside as well as inside Germany—is remarkable and useful: few historians are as good as he is at understanding and explaining the appeal of ideas of which they themselves disapprove.

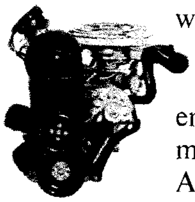
MARY PETTY

Mary Petty, who died recently, at the age of seventy-seven, first appeared in these pages in 1927. For the following thirty-nine years, we were privileged to publish her elegant, meticulous, and supremely funny drawings and covers. Although it was occasionally topical, her work for the most part chronicled a unique, private world. It was a world of imperious dowagers, decaying tycoons, lovesick spinsters, and vaguely epicene young men. Attended by a most extraordinary housemaid, half waif, half butterfly, they glided from brocaded Victorian interiors through a dreamy landscape of picnics, hunts, and croquet matches. This privileged and easeful vision was in marked contrast to the modest, industrious life that Mary Petty led with her husband, the late cartoonist Alan Dunn. They lived and worked in a three-room apartment on East Eighty-eighth Street, she at a drawing board in the bedroom or kitchen and he at a portable drawing table in the living room. Although jealous of their privacy, the Dunns were far from being the reclusive couple often described. Within a small, protective circle of friends, they enjoyed a busy social life, and for many years Mary Petty was a familiar figure in our own corridors. A quiet, pale, classically beautiful woman in a large, floppy hat, she appeared punctually each week for the Wednesday art meeting, bringing with her a portfolio of her husband's drawings and, less frequently, a drawing of her own. Mary Petty, although she received encouragement and guidance from Alan Dunn, was essentially self-taught. With the years, her drawings grew richer and more confident, but the essential elements of her style—the delicate line, the sinuous, almost baroque play of light and shade, and the lovingly delineated details—were evident from the beginning. The last piece of work turned in to us by Mary Petty was the cover that appeared on the issue of March 19, 1966. It provided an unintended but appropriate finish to her chronicle. In a dark and heavily panelled room we see the most familiar and formidable of the Petty dowagers. On the mantelpiece sits a large vase of lilies. Her string of pearls has just broken, and as they spill along the carpet she tugs at the ancient bellpull, only to have it tear off in her hand.

Vega. The three-way economy wagon.

1.

Five-year, 60,000-mile engine guarantee.



This engine guarantee is for five years or 60,000 miles, whichever comes first. It's an added value feature included in all 1976 Vegas equipped with Dura-Built 4-cylinder, 140-cubic-inch engines. It means that should something go wrong with the engine your dealer will fix it free. This limited warranty covers repairs to the cylinder block, cylinder head, all internal engine parts, intake and exhaust manifolds, and water pump, made necessary because of defects in material or workmanship. It does not cover repairs required because of accident, misuse, or lack of proper maintenance. See your Chevy dealer for a complete guarantee statement.

2.

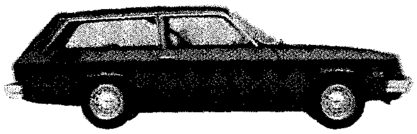
35 mpg highway. 24 mpg city. EPA ratings.

These ratings are for Vega wagons equipped with the standard Dura-Built 140-cubic-inch 1-barrel engine, 3-speed manual transmission, standard rear axle. Another popular combination, the available 140-cubic-inch 2-barrel engine with 4-speed manual transmission and standard rear axle, has an EPA rating of 35 mpg highway, and 23 mpg city. These test cars were not equipped with air conditioning.

Remember: These mileage figures are *estimates.* The actual mileage *you* get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your car's condition and available equipment. In California see your Chevy dealer for EPA mileage figures and power train availabilities.

3.

Lowest priced '76 wagon built in America.



Based on a comparison of Manufacturers' Suggested Retail Prices, you won't find a lower priced wagon built in America than the base Vega Wagon model shown above. Its price includes the standard 140 1-barrel engine. Tax, license, destination charge and available equipment additional.

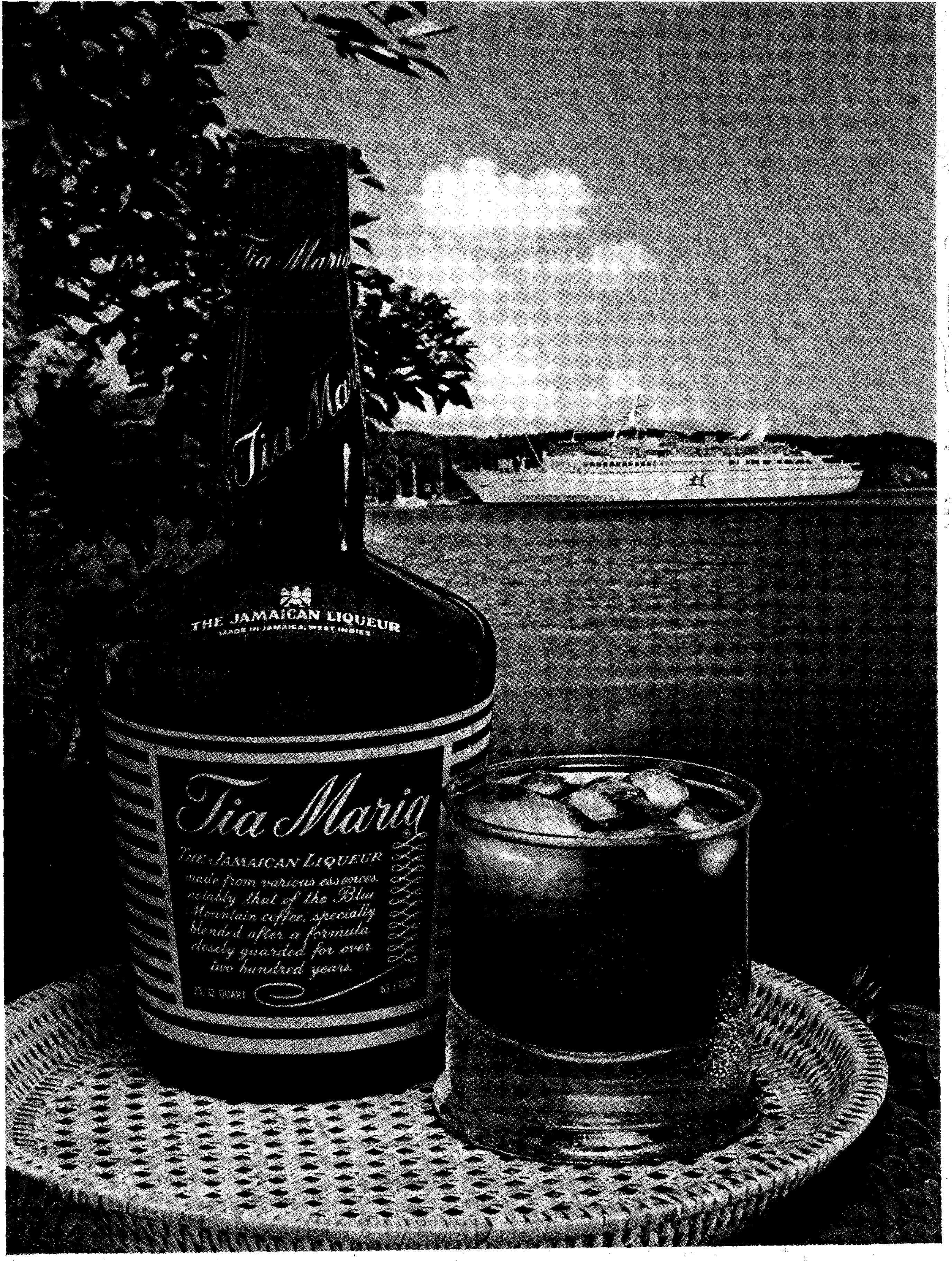
If you're looking for an economical way to get room for four plus extra carrying space, see your Chevy dealer about a Vega wagon.

Chevrolet, America's Family Station Wagon Builder.

Chevrolet

Vega Estate

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE


Tia Maria
THE JAMAICAN LIQUEUR
MADE IN JAMAICA, WEST INDIES
Tia Maria
THE JAMAICAN LIQUEUR
made from various essences, notably that of the Blue Mountain coffee, specially blended after a formula closely guarded for over two hundred years.

From the happy Caribbean...Tia Maria

63 PROOF LIQUEUR.

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The luxurious cruise ship, M/S Starward of Norwegian Caribbean Lines, is seen at Port Antonio, Jamaica, one of its ports of call.